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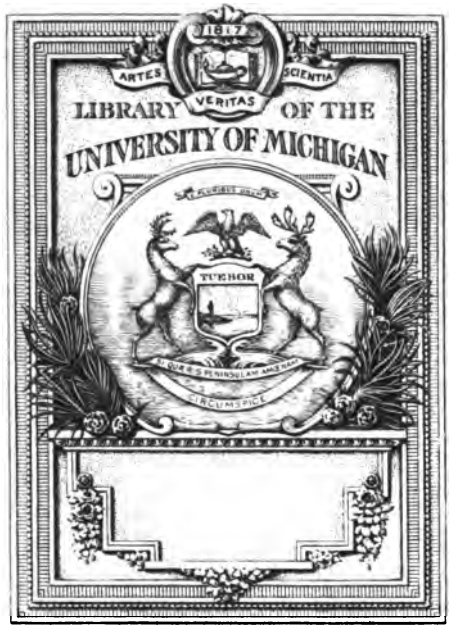
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1849.

D. Gallagher

THE

WESTERN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI:
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PREFACE.

THAT the strong loves of the Heart may find a congenial echo—that the searching Intellect may find a place where no partial or one-sided Philosophy is presented—that Human Rights may have a fearless defender—that the Poor, the Ignorant and the Oppressed may be encouraged by a well-grounded Hope—that old Error, whether Social, Religious or Political, may have an unflinching opponent—that all existing institutions may be subjected to the strictest scrutiny—that Literature, Art and Science may have an advocate in the West—and, finally, that the resources of our country, and particularly of the West, may be exhibited, and the importance of all branches of Industry set forth, this work is commenced.

THE

WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1849.

REMARKS INTRODUCTORY.

A SALUTATION to you, Reader! A salutation for dimes and dollars—a Judas' kiss—an hypocritical profession for my good, while patronage to the Western Quarterly Review is the great object;—Is this your language? Well, so let it be. We cannot undeceive you by any special pleading. If we would make everything subserve our own interest, we would also represent ourselves as extremely disinterested laborers for the Great Public, while the direst selfishness entered into all our feelings. Those who make the loudest professions are not the most to be trusted. True merit is usually silent, unobtrusive; is never impudent nor importunate, but stands out in modest demeanor, the same under all circumstances:—not overcome by assailants, but smiling benignantly upon her enemies: not puffed up by a just praise, but all the time self-conscious that many an unfortunate convict has struggled more severely to be good.

But, Reader, will you listen while we tell you a few things concerning this Review? The first number is now before you: whether it be such as you may think the times require, is a question you must answer for yourself. Among the many things herein said, there must be some truth—some pleasing thoughts—some valuable suggestions. That is all Truth—that even any single author may succeed in developing his thoughts, unmixed with error, is not to be expected:—indeed, it is absurd, for any man to imagine that all his thoughts are pure and true: it is dangerous for any one to cease suspecting himself. Whether in the church or out, no man is perfect, nor any body of men infallible. The highest walls of sectarianism have not

been able to keep out the enemy. Grey-bearded Error, all bruised and scarred by the thrusts he has received, still obtains the ensigns of servitude from every individual of Humanity. We need not count the number who receive the principles we have adopted, and seek strength from contact with fellow disciples:—*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, might as truthfully be written *Vox Populi, Vox Diaboli*. In all ages it has been the Few and not the Many that have held the most of that precious treasure. Every progress that has been made was commenced by a small band, that pressed their views, in the consciousness of the truth, upon the public attention, until the mass that once reviled them as heretics receive them as messengers of the new Gospel. If, then, the reader finds himself backed by the multitude, let him not point to the host, and scorn him who, almost alone, attempts to call attention to new doctrines: he should rather mistrust the truth of the principles that are adopted by the mass, because, from time immemorial, the opinions of the majority on the most abstruse questions have been false.

We come, therefore, in behalf of personal independence, and ask each to think for himself, feel for himself, and act for himself. Reader, you are good against the world. You have as much right to ask the million to hear you, as the million have to demand your attention. We have no cord to bind you with —no collar of our own construction to place on your neck. Here you may preserve your identity—appear as God made you, and not be compelled to suppress your thoughts or feelings, and thus in part annihilate yourself. Come, then, as you are—open the fountains of your own spiritual life, that we may see who you are, and what there is in you, that the world should know. We would not abridge your liberty, and we dare not sit in judgment and condemn you, for you may prove, in the light of that unerring Wisdom which is eternal in the Heavens, far above us in all that is pure and true.

The Western Quarterly Review comes also to act a part, in these unsettled times, in the construction of truthful institutions. It shall criticise things as they are, and spare not. It shall expose, with an unflinching probe, whatever is believed unsound and untruthful, no matter how consecrated it may be in the affections of its supporters. We only say to them, that the way is open, the same channel is free to them, to repair, if possible, whatever breach any assault may occasion.

This is a crisis that demands stout hearts and steady nerves.

All things with which man has to do seem to be more unsettled than ever. There is more disputation about the right way, at this moment, than ever before. Notwithstanding the great advancement the world has made, there is less quietude in the opinions of men, and more dissatisfaction with regard to things as they are. And this augurs hopefully; for it tells us that Mind is alive and applying its test to everything within its reach, to know if it be founded in Truth. Heretofore the regularly dubbed Doctors, who have been weighed in the balance of Old Opinion, and found whole, have dictated to the world like enthroned Deities, and all have bowed in acquiescence, fearing to question, suppressing each rising doubt and choking off each rebellious feeling. Now the man rises on his own account, and challenges the most time-honored opinions to a hearing, and summons the Doctors to the defence. The more to advance this mental freedom, and to canvass these opinions, to settle mooted questions, and to moot those which are consided settled, is one object of this Review.

The philanthropic—the great-souled and noble-hearted, have looked abroad, and lo! the poor are in the land, and multiplying exceedingly. Europe is rocking like a tempest-tossed ship, in the commotion occasioned by those increasing unfortunates—shall we say, as some do, desperate scoundrels?—who have lived amid plenty, without a mouthful for a starving child, and who have felt from the depths of their own natures that all is not well—there is something wrong in this unequal world. They have consulted together and said, let us go up to this stupendous castle, where there is "much goods laid up for many days," and ask by what right they maintain such a retinue, and draw their lines about so much of the free Earth, while we are without a home for our little ones, yea, even without bread. Let us ask them to defend their claim—to apologize for their idleness and wastefulness, while we starve. They are asking these questions, but are met with scorn; their repeated inquiries have been answered by repeated injuries. This is the reason that an hired soldiery is kept in requisition at this moment, to prevent outbreaks of violence, on the part of the injured millions. To-day vast standing armies are maintained, not as of old, for purposes of assault upon other powers; not for purposes of princely acquisition—nor to make a nation great at the expense of others,—but to suppress all rising tumult on the part of those whose arduous toil will not give them bread—whose

unremitting labor will not make a family comfortable. When the people cried for bread, a lady, of the French Court, asked why they did not eat cakes if they could not get bread. Neglect of the poor, in consequence of such ignorance, is excusable; but so often the alarm has been sounded from every hill and dale, by trumpets of the most certain sound, the millions have justly concluded that the obstinate deafness to their wants is unpardonable, and the judgment of Heaven should be executed upon them. The cause of this commotion has been increasing, and even in our own boasted land, with domain stretching from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the same cause is on the increase:—Alms-houses and Poor-houses are multiplying, and the number of the poor increasing at least four-fold the ratio at which the population is increasing. There is something, then, in this country, to be said and done, before all the people can rejoice under their own vine and fig tree. Alas! many have not the vine and fig tree, and the great question arises before the selfish and unsympathising, in all its frightful magnitude—"How shall all be enabled to enjoy their own vine and fig tree?" This question must be answered before the close of this century, and if our work can do anything to advance this solution, it will repay its proprietors.

This Social question cannot be blinked down, laughed down, nor choked down: it must be met—it is forced upon us by men and women, who will "give no sleep to the eyes nor slumber to the eyelids," until they are heard. They know one thing—that all will not be right on earth until all are happy; that Benevolence is at the basis of all the Divine arrangements, and an Eternity of woe cannot be reconciled. Therefore, there is "something wrong," and the inquiry arises: What is it?

There are two classes of Social Reformers, who take their positions at opposite poles;—one class go to the soul of man and say, some important change must be wrought here, before any great improvements can be effected in the Social Organization; the other class go to the Institutions of Society, which, they say, mould and temper the soul, and these must first be modified, before any real improvement can be realized in the internal condition of man. Here opens a wide field for investigation. It involves a thorough knowledge of the nature of man, of the true means of education, and of the springs of human action. Before it can be settled, the doctrines of Circumstances, of Necessity, and of Free agency must be canvassed.

Political Economy, too, must be overhauled. It is a question with some whether truth would not completely annihilate the whole system of Smith, Ricardo, Chalmers, Wayland and Mill, and establish a system more hopeful in its promises, and more humanitarian in its doctrines. This whole subject must be reviewed. J. Stuart Mill has made some assaults upon the old system in his two large tomes of 1848, which bring suspicion upon it in high places, and prepare the way for a successful warfare. The questions of wages, of accumulation, of distribution and profits are now open for solution; nothing is settled. The subjects of banking, tariff and revenue, of the occupancy and tenure of land, and even of the purchase or sale thereof, have been recently laid bare by skillful dissectors, and must be thoroughly investigated.

In our Republican Government even, little is really settled. Usury, Criminal and Civil Law, and the Law of Procedure, are open for argument. Capital punishment, Penitentiary punishment, or no punishment at all, and whether laws for the collection of debts, and the fear of constables and sheriffs make men more honest than would the reign of honor among the people, are also questions that three thousand years of legislation have failed to settle. On all these questions we want facts and figures that cannot deceive. We wish some reflecting person in every county of the Union would look upon the Court roll, and find the recorded costs of litigation, and then calculate the other actual expenses, such as lawyers' fees, loss of time in attending court, in preparing cases, &c., and then see how much of all that is collected through the courts is expended in making the collection; whether it does not amount to at least seventy-five per centum!

The constitutions of the country need reforming; they have been broken so much that they have lost their original vigor —are almost obsolete. The constitution of this State, Ohio, scarcely enables the people to appreciate the fact that they have a Constitution. The question whether the Constitution should settle for years most of the subjects of legislation, and thus prevent the annual expense and corruption of legislative bodies, or whether it should merely organize the government and let the people, through their representatives, annually review, remodel, amend and repeal the laws, and thus render unstable governmental policy, or how far the organic law should

cut off legislation, are questions that the people should consider; and they will be carefully reviewed in this work.

The Constitution of the United States has also ceased to be a sacred instrument, and needs some new consecration. The people must swear again to support the organic law of the Nation, and to do so with a grace, they must reconstruct it. The portions that need amending are the veto clause, the regulations concerning the elections, providing the apportionment of representatives, and many other clauses not established in the people's love, should be discussed, and if thought practicable, amended. All these questions, the Western Quarterly Review will not be afraid to grapple with such ability as it may be able to command.

Neither the Rights of Persons nor the Rights of Things are established. We find one individual holding it the right of one man to accumulate all the property, both real and personal, that his ability will enable him, regardless of others, while another denies this right and contends that great accumulations are a violation of other's rights to adequate support. One denies the right of property in the soil, except for the supply of immediate necessities, while another says this right is necessary to stimulate industry. What is the truth on this subject? These questions lie at the basis of all that is just among men; and what the truth is, it is important to know.

The subject of Free Soil will be considered, both in respect to free homes for the people and freedom from the curse of chattel slavery. Nothing can better conserve public morals and domestic happiness than to throw a sacredness around the endearments of home, and make its sanctuary inviolable. By what right, except the right of might, as represented in the Statute law, one individual can say to another, this field you have cleared and tilled under the encouragement of Hope—this house you have built after many years of unceasing and arduous toil—these trees you have planted and these flowers you have cultivated—all these comfortable situations you have been so solicitous in making, and which have almost become a part of your nature, must be vacated by yourself and your family in order that my claim may be satisfied. This language is that of heartlessness as well as of absolute disregard of the rights of a family to the roof under which they were born, and to the locality where their affections have centered. Exempt the Homstead; free the Soil to actual settlers, and limit the

Quantity which one man may hold, will be the demand of this Journal; although any one opposing its propositions can be heard through its pages.

After speaking thus of Free Soil, it need not be stated that the Western Quarterly Review will oppose the extension of slavery, and also discuss those questions which involve both chattel and wages slavery. The world is slowly but surely moving on toward that Freedom which is real, and looks to the abolition of all institutions that give advantage to some at the expense of others, and of all individual conduct which is not consistent with the highest good of every human being.

The call for Reform has gone abroad and has summoned to battle many active and fearless spirits. This call cannot be disregarded with impunity, for it appeals to the hearts of the Good and the True that will beat a deep response to the notes of Love they hear.

The trumpet note of Reform has been sounded by the most illustrious personages who have thrown light upon the darkness of the world. The Prophets and Seers of the olden ages looked forward to the time of Human Regeneration, when the Purity and Greatness they felt in their own spirits should be actualized in Humanity at large. The Forerunner in the wilderness, across whose soul flitted the "shadow of coming events," lifted up a voice as of a descended spirit, and startled the fallen ranks of the people by the cry of "Reform! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand!" That Kingdom of Heaven he saw about to descend in gentleness and love in the person of the Divine Man, Jesus Christ, whose Radicalism, as portrayed in the Sermon on the Mount, and indeed in all His teachings, we cannot hope faithfully to imitate.

Through all the ages that have trod the Earth, destroying on the one hand and upbuilding on the other, faithful sentinels have been found on the towers of progress to point the people to something higher and purer than they enjoy. Sir Thomas More, in his UTOPIA, pictured mankind in a state of elevation full of the happiness that is in waiting for all, and which is just being hoped for after the lapse of three hundred years. Sir Thomas has been called a dreamer, and the name he gave his happy island has been adopted as a reproach for the visionary: but he was a true Priest and Prophet. St. Pierre, in his ARCADIA, breathed also the inspiration of one looking forward to that BETTER TIME when plenty and peace shall abound for all, and

Universal Humanity, as one Mighty Spirit, enjoy the beatitude of Brotherly Love. Harrington, in his OCEANA, imagined his beloved England reconstructed as a happy Republic, in which all the people were politically equal.

But these, to say nothing of Fenelon, Owen, Fourier, and a shining host of others, who, whatever may have been the errors they entertained, possessed that which typifies the Future of Society, and is a foundation for an animating Hopefulness in the most desponding. Let not, therefore, the sound of REFORM be unheeded as an idle wind, for it has called out the most illustrious of the race, and is summoning the old and the false to judgment.

But to close this introduction, we will call the reader's attention to only one more characteristic of our periodical. Its most uninteresting feature shall not be its Review department. Next to a healthful atmosphere, we are in want of a healthful Literature. It is the province of the Critic to superintend the issues of the Press, and see that nothing shall pass unworthy of the age, nor prejudicial to the public morals.

But the Critic should be judicious. There is no province more obnoxious to humbug than his; for who shall stand up as the model spirit of the age, and say that nothing is good which finds not in him an approving response? There is no established standard of taste in Literature and Art. The most perfect man is alone entitled to the most deference in respect to taste: but who shall say that this or that man is the most perfect? We judge only from within ourselves, and our judgment will be erroneous in degree as we are imperfect. But some things are settled as the landmarks of Criticism, and the aim of all should be to advance nearer to the Good and the True. A goodly degree of modesty should, therefore, attend all the efforts of the Critic, remembering that though he may not be able to appreciate the glowing of another's spirit, it may, nevertheless, breathe a higher and purer atmosphere, and reach farther forward toward that which is to be.

The Western Quarterly Review will not, at first sight, appear to be of the generic character of the pure Review. It will be seen to partake both of the character of the Review and the Journal, which in reality is that of the principal Quarterlies of the age. Such as it is, it goes before the country to "bide its time."

Art. I.—THE YOUTH OF CHRIST.

In his youth, occupied in toil such as the great majority of men pursue.

Jesus Christ came into this world to redeem it, to fill it with needful instruction and saving grace. There is not only infinite efficacy in the power of his blood to cleanse from sin,—there is also light in his life adapted to every age, force in his example vouchsafed to sustain the aspiring every where, and fortify the weak. The period of early youth, his preliminary training, is less amply portrayed in the gospels than his public ministry; but the stupendous achievements of his maturity bear an intimate relation to his juvenile career, rendering it desirable that we should contemplate the entire life of the great Redeemer as an unit, his teachings and actions as they are connected throughout, so as to derive the greatest profit from the harmonious view.

In this discussion, we will consider two general points. In his youth, Christ was occupied in toil such as the great majority of men pursue. That toil was prosecuted under circumstances adapted to develop his powers, and prepare him for the perfect accomplishment of his divine mission on earth.

In the first place, Christ, in his youthful condition on earth, was occupied in toil such as the great majority of men pursue. The Roman domination embraced nearly all the known world, when the Redeemer was born at the precise moment and in the exact locality where the sacred oracles had predicted that he should appear. Springing from a race of kings, and in his extreme indigence, deprived even of the humblest asylum upon the earth he came to save, he represented in this double state, the entire race of man. All the unfortunate who bear the burdens of toil and of pain, exiled patriotism, banished merit, wandering tribes, and outraged benefactors of every degree, may turn to the babe of Bethlehem; and recognize a brother in "Him through whom Jehovah bestows salvation," who was cradled into suffering by both power and want, and was from the onset violently pursued by the tyranny he came to overthrow. Several of the first years of our Lord's temporal life were passed in almost entire obscurity, wherein he accomplished the destiny of man, eating the bread which he gained in the sweat

of his brow. Submissive to every filial obligation, it is recorded that he obeyed Joseph and Mary with perfect docility; he accomplished with them the precepts of the law, and it was thus that he grew in wisdom, in age and in favor before God and men. As the deliverer of man condemned, the ennobler of man degraded, it was necessary that Jesus should at every step be the model of man in perfection, the source of all the graces by which we can, in following his precepts, and imitating his examples, reestablish in ourselves the image of God which sin has defaced. No period of his progress, no incident in his life, is unworthy of our profoundest study. We should strive to penetrate the thoughts of eternal wisdom, and contemplate his ways in the marvelous work of our redemption.

Infinite wisdom has not seen fit to grant us copious and minute details of our Saviour's early life, but enough are transmitted to us to excite interesting thoughts and impart the most profitable lessons. The events of his maturity command our attention by their grandeur; but they are not the only ones worthy of our observation. On the contrary, we should study the *growth* of this divine being—"seek for the bud which concealed the seed, and the powers that conspired to unfold it."

No other child was ever harrassed by adversity and subject to the necessity of exhausting toil like Jesus Christ. It began in the manger and ended only on the cross. A divine messenger came to Joseph, and directed him to fly with the child and his mother to Egypt. Think of the length of the journey required; the ignorance of the parents with respect to the way they were to pursue; the youth and feebleness of Mary, and the trembling age of Joseph; the delicate condition of the infant they were to transport so far, over so rough a way; and especially think how utterly unprovided they were with means of supporting themselves in a foreign land. Groups of the lonely, sojourning in poverty far away from natal soil, behold your prototype and consolation in Christ! How did that family procure food by the way, a shelter from the sun, and a covert from the storm? Think of the tasks and sorrows that encompassed the child Jesus, in the dawning of his first consciousness, and the exercise of his first strength!

At length the angel of the Lord again appears unto Joseph, saying, "Take the boy and his mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead who sought the life of the boy." Josephus has told us who the tyrant was who had driven the young

Redeemer from Judea, and whose death now allows his return. It was that Herod, who, at the close of a blood-stained life of seventy years, goaded by the furies of an evil conscience, racked by a painful and incurable disease, waiting for death but desiring life, raging against God and man, and maddened by the thought that the Jews, instead of bewailing his death, would rejoice over it as the greatest of blessings, commanded the worthies of the nation to be assembled in a circus, and issued a secret order, that, after his death, they should all be slain together, so that *their* kindred, at least, might have cause to weep for his death. It was this monster who sought to destroy the infant Christ, and it is the like of him that perpetually persecute the innocent, feeble and unfortunate of earth. But he who is about to return from Egypt will grow up to be a mightier than Moses to conduct the people from bondage and deliver the tyrant's prey. His first impressions are those of cruel wrongs, his earliest days are troubled by despotic rage, his youthful limbs are chafed with incessant toil, and he grows up keenly to observe on the one hand benignant old age buffetted by scorn and doubt, while on the other the "bright consummate flower" of her sex bends before the storm she cannot resist, diligently labors to foster the excellence she has produced, and at the source of human hope and fear tempers for our redemption the swelling attributes of one mighty to save. "Thus" says Neander, "in the very beginning of the life of HIM who was to save the world, we see a foreshadowing of what it was afterwards to be. The believing souls, to whom the lofty import of that life was shown by Divine signs, saw in it the fulfilment of their longings; the power of the world, ever subservient to evil, raged against it; but amid all dangers, the hand of God guided and brought it forth victorious."

From this general statement of the circumstances attendant on the early days of Christ on earth, let us proceed to remark that the suffering and toil into which he was plunged at so tender an age were adapted to develop his powers and fit him for the perfect accomplishment of the redemption he came to execute. The painful experience of his earliest struggles had the triple advantage of unfolding his energies, his sympathies, and his aspirations.

In the first place, as is the case with all redeemers, his best energies were developed by the worst trials. Christ assumed our nature, bore our sorrows, fought our battles, won our tri-

umphs. He came to this tearful and stormful earth to live out in actual experience from the first pang to the last, the spiritual sorrows and physical deprivations of all Adam's race. Monarch supreme in heaven, and regal on earth even by right of birth, he chose to appear in the most humble condition. For our sakes he became poor, and entered upon the conquest of the world without noticing either its honors or its emoluments. In the eye of the wealthy and powerful he was regarded only as "the carpenter's son." The morning of his career dawned in the lowest vale of life, where he shared the sufferings of the most destitute, the wretched abode of cattle even, for there was no room for him and his associates at the inn. Such was the pomp in which the Deliverer of mankind appeared. The first acts of his divinity here below were struggles against want, and his destitution increased in proportion as his functions arose. The foxes had holes and the fowls of the air had nests; but the Son of Man had no reposing place for his head. Poor and toil-worn to the end, he earned all with his own hands, or received from charity the bread he ate, the garments he wore, and the winding-sheet in which he was entombed. Whoever has struggled with difficulties almost to strangling at the very outset of his heroical career,—whoever has toiled all day to win a scanty sustenance, and in mental desolateness and gloom deeper than night has shrieked in agony to the God of heaven,—whoever has cloaked his outward wants and inward aspirations beneath the humble mechanic's garb, and gone forth, firm, silent and resolute, learning the "priceless wisdom from endurance drawn" among his fellow-men,—whoever has mourned for "all the oppressions which are done under the sun," and been "mad for the sight of his eyes that he did see,"—whoever has felt all the "wanderer in his soul," and striven through the tender years of youth with sweating brow, blistered hands and bleeding heart to win the weapons of moral warfare and cleave a way to self-emancipation and the disenthralment of all mankind,—let him come and hug to his bosom that brother of the poor and young champion of the weak; let him receive cheering words of fellow-feeling, and strength that shall never fail, from that Boy of Nazareth, the working Son of God. And in his intercourse with such an example of overcoming courage and patient efforts for the common weal let him never despond, but remember

> "He that is born, is listed; life is war;
> Eternal war with woe."

Early to task the energies of a predestined hero through severe toil is gradually to make him acquainted with his latent might, and causes him to taste the the glory of his own puttings forth and triumphs. It is thus that personal power is quickened and kept in motion. All that is divine on earth must be developed and find expansive scope through resolute exertion. Of what use are wings to a young eagle so long as he sits in his eyrie, looking out idly upon the vast expanse around him? Because the first flappings of those pinions are of necessity feeble, they are not therefore to be kept perpetually unemployed. Mere instinct teaches the parent bird better than this. He early induces his young to try his strength, and if he refuses for lack of confidence, he pitches him out, and a few weeks of trials constantly increased, constitute the glory and the joy of the young monarch of the air. Had he been moored in the dove's downy nest, his first flight would have sent him down dazzled before the rising day; but with strong plumes growing from within himself, and strenghthened by struggles to surmount or penetrate opposing blasts, he wins and adorns the birthright of his race, darting to the zenith unblenched, snd bathing himself in the splendors of the noontide sun. The very condition of one in this world of sin and sorrow, the obscurity in which we perish, or from which we are compelled to emerge—vicissitudes of every degree, and wants of every kind—every objective difficulty, and every subjective trial—all that can by any possibility be made to invigorate the body or arouse the mind—may be regarded as the compost out of which true heroism draws sap, acquires fibre, and imbibes the sustenance which aids the rising champion to disclose the hidden beauty of his spirit, the symmetry of his form, and the flexile majesty of his invincible strength. Says Cowper, truly,

> "No soil like poverty for growth divine,
> As leanest land supplies the richest wine."

All our higher faculties gain infinitely more of purity and power by breathing in content the keen and wholesome air of penury, than by all the enervating fumes which wealth can furnish through luxury and lust. The history of true greatness exhibits not a single model who did not from the first accustom himself to drink only from the well of homely life. Adversity, in exercising her power, loses her most offensive features and develops in her victims their best strength. Said William Wallace to king Edward I., "Thou hast raised me among men.

Without thy banners and cross-bows in array against me, I had sunk in utter forgetfulness. Thanks to thee for placing me, eternally, where no strength of mine could otherwise have borne me! Thanks to thee for bathing my spirit in deep thoughts, in refreshing calm, in sacred stillness! This, O king, is the bath for knighthood: after this it may feast, and hear bold and sweet voices, and mount to its repose." The best energies of the greatest men are never fully unfolded within and without except by the ordeal of severe struggles and malignant sufferings. Almost every champion who has won eminent influence among his fellows, might adopt the motto of Rousseau: "I was born weak; ill treatment has made me strong." They who "wander in the torrid climes of fame," the sons of beneficent genius who are born to elevate the existence of the human race, must in the beginning shed many bitter sweat-drops, and give vent in solitude to many tear-steeped sighs. It is thus that the god-like is ever compelled to do penance for superabundant powers, and pay, with exhausting interest, the debt which he owes to suffering humanity. No great redeeming spirit appears on earth to be ministered unto, but to minister; it is his highest prerogative and best reward to serve, to elevate, to bless. All wisdom that pertains to salvation is bought with labor and pain, and he who pants for the holiest truth and the highest power, will be indulged just so far as he climbs the rugged heights of tribulation with delight.

Lord Bacon compared virtue, or true manliness, to precious odors, "most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." Here is a high truth,—but Jesus came, in the circumstances of his birth, in the toils and deprivations of his youth, to teach us a higher and a better. He would have us no longer leave, unperceived, or if known, despised, the numerous examples of heroical poverty, which lie all around, and which should challenge the fostering sympathy of all mankind. Shrouded in obscurity and enduring neglect, still are they the choicest denizens of the earth, coming here to devote their lives to benevolence, sacrificing themselves to duty and the defence of justice in view of inevitable persecution, perhaps of prisons or the rack. Oh, what moral grandeur in such examples is exemplified, and what divine lessons do they teach. We almost hear each consecrated votary at the shrine of Eternal Righteousness exclaim from the depths of his soul, "Poverty

may humble my lot, but it shall not debase me; temptation may shake my nature, but not the rock on which thy temple is based; misfortune may wither all the hopes that blossomed in the dewy morning of my life, but I will offer dead leaves when the flowers are no more. Though all the loved objects of earth perish,—all that I have coveted fade away, I may groan under my burden, but I will never be recreant to duty, never disloyal to thee, oh my God!" Such resignation, suffering supported with so much constancy, was indeed noble, as seen, for instance, in the immolation of Socrates, but how much more sublime in the youthful struggles of Jesus Christ. What is there so exalted or divine, "as a great and brave spirit working out its end through every earthly obstacle and evil: watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd around it; wrestling with the mighty allurements, and rejecting the fearful voice of that WANT which is the deadliest and surest of human tempters; nursing through all calamity the love of the species, and the warmer and closer affections of private ties; sacrificing no duty, resisting all sin; and amid every horror and every humiliation, feeding the still and bright light of that genius which, like the lamp of the fabulist, though it may waste itself for years amidst the depths of solitude, and the silence of the tomb, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed, when all around it is rottenness and decay!" But if it thrills every generous fibre of our nature to observe a fellow-creature thus toiling to be free and beneficent, what shall we think of that wonderful Being who deigned to assume humanity's woes and struggle up from childhood through the most abject trials, that from the throne of heaven, and the throes of earth he might win the energies of Almightiness to redeem Mankind! It is indeed strange to see a Savior incarnate in a manger, and from the first developments of youth tied with base entanglements which through all subsequent life are destined to grow closer and closer till death sets the enthralled divinity free. But the sight is glorious and instructive as it is strange. It tells us that effort is the condition of growth; that he who came to be a matured and perfect Redeemer had first to perform the appropriate toils of a youthful God.

In the second place, the sympathies of the young Messiah were as effectually developed by the stern necessity of toil, as were the other elements of redeeming strength. Man's destiny is best achieved, and his most valuable fruits produced, through

the agency of suffering. This is a great mystery, and would be stranger still, did we not see the fact exemplified in the purest man "that ere wore flesh about him," and who, in all his career on earth, was the greatest of sufferers. Standing on the shore of that great sea of agony, into which the Deliverer plunged, to rescue a perishing Race, we learn through our own limited but bitter experience, that in the tumult and pressure of the profoundest billows of dark despair, God elaborated the sympathetic love, and gave to the world a tortured and bleeding heart, as the best symbol of its condition and solace for its woe. As the unfathomed deep which unceasingly vibrates, the billows which forever moan, the water-spouts which fall back with crashing might upon the tempest that gave them birth, the lightnings that fringe cloud and billow, and the thunders which shake the mighty main, may all be necessary to perfect the pearl lying in the obscurest coral depth; so are the storms of life designed to develop in their gloom, bright gems for the sunshine of Heaven. Pliny tells us that the ring of Pyrrhus contained a jewel which had the figures of Apollo and all the Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art. The youth of Christ was adorned with fairer features than any that belong to the loveliest productions of earth, but they were unfolded amid the severest exactions of sublunary toil. At an early age he was given up to the powers of darkness, to the end that, tempered in suffering, like a blade of steel in furnace flames and mountain torrents, he might become an irresistible sword to conquer the genius of evil and set Humanity free. It was necessary that he should traverse "the vacant bosom's wilderness," and stand worn and desolate in "the leafless desert of the soul," that he might sympathise with the great mass of our race, who are born in that condition, and in it are compelled to grow. "If misfortunes could be remedied by tears," says Muretus, "tears would be purchased with gold: —misfortune does not call for tears but counsel." This advice, however, which is adapted at the same time to soothe and guide effectually, can originate only in a tenderly experienced soul. "Few are the hearts whence one same touch bids the sweet fountain flow," but Christ was the chief of such, and was always ready to relieve the distressed, because from his tenderest years he had experienced their direst pangs. In every respect he was a model of moral excellence, possessing superlative

worth, and this superiority consisted not a little in the fact that, considered in his human qualities, his was one of those,

> "Souls that carry on a blest exchange
> Of joys, they meet with in their heavenly range,
> And with a fearless confidence make known
> The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,
> Daily desire increasing light and force,
> From such communion in their daily course,
> Feel less their journey's roughness, and its length,
> Meet their opposers with united strength,
> And one in heart, in interest, and design,
> Give up each other in the race divine."

The youthful days of our Savior were full of toil, such as is common to mankind, and this toil was adapted to develop his energies for the coming strife, and enlarge his sympathies for the suffering of every class;—these are the points thus far considered. We would remark, thirdly, that in those early scenes of bitter experience, his aspirations were divine, and doubtless urged him with profounder ardor to break the fetters of the world. The Hebrew nations expected a Deliverer, and Micah had foretold that the promised king should be born in Bethlehem, the very place where the house of David had its origin. The Messiah appeared—but the lowly circumstances of his birth and youth were in striking contrast with his inherent dignity, and the glory it was supposed he would bring. That he should make his advent in the guise of a carpenter's son, and accustom himself to manual toil, instead of assuming at once the splendors of worldly dominion, rendered him, to the minions of priestly and regal power, the object of loathing and contempt. We must remember that Christ was all the while conscious of this, that in the face of the upper and most oppressive circles, and in spite of their rage, he, from the beginning, chose to identify himself with the lowest rank of common people, share their burdens, sympathize with their sorrows, and aspire to deliver them from all their wrongs. In the midst of the most menial pursuits, he fostered the sublimest purposes of soul; in "clear dream and solemn vision" he contemplated the auspicious destinies of the human race, and in view of what his own Almighty hand should, at the proper time, perform, labored on in patient thoughtfulness, lifting his young brow ever and anon toward heaven, to "hail the coming on of time." Let the youth, whose divine aspirations chafe against the chill impedi-

ments of earthly want and depressing toil, contemplate the history of the great pattern, and be content to

> "Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
> And snap the chain the moment when we may."

The fallen race of Adam have an Advocate who ever lives to make intercession in their behalf,—one who was thrust out from the houses of the rich and powerful here below, that he might prepare for outcasts, mansions of glory on high,—one who graced the mechanic's shop, and sweat great drops of agony on the barren earth, ere he broke his mighty heart on the cross, and ascended in triumph to the mediatorial throne. He was humanity's worker before he was humanity's Savior. His experience in the flesh spread out his sympathies from the lowest to the highest, prompted him to break down all hindrances to personal freedom, and by both precept and example encouraged pure aspirations in every breast. There is vast significance in his command,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Because Christ had himself been a child, he knew to what sublime height the thoughts of children, the most obscure, may rise.

So abjectly subject to sin, and the slavery of groveling habits is man, that he needs some one who has not partaken of the Fall, to stand by his side at every step, and with divine earnestness to tell him how much he is yet able to perform, despite the degradation he has incurred. The world of youth needs the example of that sinless one, whose every action and appearance are designed to disclose how that we should put forth all the divinity of deed, of attitude and of expression, of which our immortal nature is capable. He demonstrated that all fortune can be conquered by bearing it, and no more valuable lesson can, by the young, be learned. Every soul has its bright visions, as well as its sombre,—but unfortunately, in this uncongenial world, it is the better aspirations that we are least disposed to indulge. "The vision and the faculty divine" is greatly obscured, because its exercise is but little encouraged by our associates. Each one may have his own occasional gleams of exalted things, but he will be little inclined to contemplate the revelations made to others. The world is less disposed to recognize our sincerity, when delineating the gorgeous heights of celestial achievements which, in meditation, we have

seen, than when detailing those loathsome phantasies in which the best of depraved beings sometimes revel. Thus the frigid multitude without, forces us to be hypocrites, when we have the strongest disposition to be sincere in the best pursuit, and to assume a supineness and meagreness, which ill correspond to the heighth and depth and lavish variety of the inner man, in its spontaneous effort to expand and soar. But Jesus most acutely experienced "the reachings of our souls," and made provision for their freest and widest flight. Impelled by divinest aspirations, he would have us mount to the starry gates of God's dwelling in the skies, and drink into our panting souls, with unutterable ravishment, broad and clear beamings of his mysterious splendor, and then, in our generous warmth, he would have us haste to distribute among our brethren the glad and sanctifying beams with which we are imbued. If they spurn our gift, depreciate its value, deny even its existence, and question our capacity to attain views so blissful, he would not have us chilled into despair by the captiousness we incur, but hold on our way in patient effort, till Omnipotence comes to crown with success our beneficent design.

Says Neander:—"There was peculiar fitness in Christ's being born among the Jewish people. His life revealed the *kingdom of God*, which was to be set up over all men—and it properly commenced in a nation whose political life, always developed in a theocratic form, was the continued type of that kingdom. He was the culminating point of this development; in Him the kingdom of God, no longer limited to this single people, was to show its true design, and, unfettered by physical or national restraints, to assert its authority over the whole human race. The particular typifies the universal; the earthly the celestial; so David, the monarch who had raised the political theocracy of Jesus to the pinnacle of glory, typified that greater monarch in whom the kingdom of God was to display its glory. Not without reason, therefore, was it that Christ, the summit of the theocracy, sprang from the fallen line of royal David." And yet, what was remarkable in the youth of Christ, he never fortified his claims to popular regard by allusions to an illustrious ancestry, and his origin from royal blood. On the contrary, he avoided courting the favor of the worldly great, refused to meddle with every thing connected with oppressive sovereignty, and preferred the humblest position among the masses, at once their symbol, their champion and friend. The beautiful spirit of

young Christ, rising from the people, and shining on them all,

> "Looked down on earth's distinctions, high and low,
> Sunken or soaring, as the equal sun
> Shed's light along the vale and mountain's brow,"

Great and beneficent souls always rise from the general mass and belong to it. They spring from the industrious ranks, diffuse the principles of equality, bind the great elements of society together, and ennoble them. They inspire fresh thoughts, execute generous deeds, and transmit the grandest influence to the end of time. Such, in a pre-eminent degree, was the case with the "child Jesus." Though he was in character Divine, and of exalted birth, he claimed no immunities on account of these considerations, but from the lowest grade of rational existence, dared to aspire to the highest, and win the most glorious attitude by his own sufferings and toil. He was not educated in a learned school, nor sustained by any favorable combination of clique and circumstance. "He was obliged to contend with poverty, lowness, and contempt, and was surrounded with obstacles, difficulties and dangers, which seemed invincible. In his obscure and helpless condition, however, we find him capable of forming a plan for the good of all nations, and cherishing a thought which lay beyond the reach of human intellect, though possessed of the greatest powers, and exercised under the most favorable circumstances, we find him capable of making a bold effort to carry it into execution, and indulging a hope that all would be accomplished, never firmer than in the moment when to human view all was lost; when he was forsaken by his friends, opposed and even put to death by his nation. What conclusion must we draw from a phenomenon so distinct in its kind? Shall we not be justified in *considering him the most exalted sage*, the *greatest benefactor of mankind, a most credible messenger of the Godhead?*"

The aspirations of our Lord in his early youth, their intensity and lofty aim, are indicated by the circumstances of a well known event, concerning which the profoundest of modern commentators remarks as follows:

"Of the early history of Jesus, we have only a single incident; but that incident strangely illustrates the manner in which the consciousness of his Divine nature developed itself in the mind of the child. Jesus had attained his twelfth year, a period which was regarded among the Jews as the dividing

line between childhood and youth, and at which regular religious instruction and the study of the law were generally entered upon. For that reason his parents, who were accustomed to visit Jerusalem annually, at the time of the Passover, took him with them for the first time. When the feast was over, and they were setting out on their return, they missed their son; this, however, does not appear to have alarmed them, and perhaps he was accustomed to remain with certain kindred families or friends; indeed, we are told (Luke ii. 44) that they expected to find him "in the company" at the evening halt of the caravan. Disappointed in this expectation, they returned the next morning to Jerusalem, and on the following day found him in the synagogue of the temple among the priests, who had been led, by his questions, into a conversation on points of faith. His parents reproached him for the uneasiness he had caused them, and he replied, "*Why did you seek me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?*" Now these words of Jesus contain no explanation, beyond his tender years, of the relations which he sustained to the Father; they manifest simply the consciousness of a child, a depth, to be sure, but yet only a depth of presentiment.

"We can draw various important inferences from this incident in the early life of Christ. At a tender age he studied the Old Testament, and obtained a better knowledge of its religious value by the light that was within him, than any human instruction could have imparted. Nor was this beaming forth of an immediate consciousness of Divine things in the mind of the child, in advance of the development of his powers of discursive reason at all alien to the character and progress of human nature, but entirely in harmony with it. Nor need we wonder that the infinite riches of the hidden spiritual life of the child first manifested themselves to his consciousness, as if suggested by his conversation with the doctors, and that his direct intuitions of Divine truth, the flashes of spiritual light that emanated from him, amazed the masters in Israel. It not unfrequently happens, in our human life, that the questions of others are thus *suggestive* to great minds, and, like steel upon the flint, draw forth their inner light, at the same time revealing to their own souls the unknown treasures that lay in their hidden depths. But they give more than they receive; the outward suggestion only excites to action their creative energy; and men of reflective and receptive, rather than creative minds,

by inciting the latter to know and develop their vast resources, may not only learn much from their utterance, but also diffuse the streams which gush with overflowing fulness from those abundant well-springs. And these remarks applying—in a sense in which they apply to no other—to that mind, lofty beyond all human comparison, whose creative thoughts are to fertilize the spiritual life of man through all ages, and whose creative power sprang from its mysterious union with that Divine Word which gave birth to all things, show us that His consciousness developed itself gradually, and in perfect accordance with the laws of human life, from that mysterious union which formed its ground.

"And further—without in the least attempting to do away with the peculiar form of the *child's* spiritual life—we can recognize in this incident a dawning sense of his Divine Mission in the mind of Jesus: a sense, however, not yet unfolded in the form in which the corruption of the world, objectively presented, alone could occasion its development. The child found congenial occupation in the things of God; in the temple he was at home. And, on the other hand, we see an opening consciousness of the peculiar relation in which he stood to the Father as the Son of God. We delight to find in the early lives of eminent men some glimpses of the future, some indications of their after greatness; so we gladly recognize, in the pregnant words of the child, a fore-shadowing of what is afterwards so fully revealed to us in the discourses of the completely manifested Christ, especially as they are given to us in John's gospel.

The history of rising worth has nothing to compare with that temple-scene. A youth appears "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers." He comes into the assembly of venerable sages with a mild and pensive countenance, that seems haunted with earnest thought. He is no favorite of earthly fortune, no scion of aristocratic pride, no pet of exclusive schools, but the simple child of the unsophisticated people, steeped to the lips in suffering; and yet, mightier than the domes that bend above him, he is for the intellect and heart of man a glorious living temple, built with the choicest riches of unnumbered worlds. The first question he propounds startles the attention of all who hear him, and creates the greatest astonishment in the most

profound, for his words bear that charm of immaculate wisdom which can neither be defaced nor excelled. Question succeeds to question, and learning, in despair, grows more and more confused in this, the grandest gladiatorship of mind yet witnessed on earth. Sage after sage, swelling with wounded pride, is silenced before that youth appareled in the plain attire of peasant life, radiant with the celestial life that emanates from an aspiring heart, and bent on throwing wide open the gates of instruction to all. The whole park of artillery which power and craft have erected on their contracted citadels he has spiked, and like "a mailed angel on a battle day," he rejoices in his triumph, not for himself, but for the sake of the benighted multitudes around. *Free thought and free discussion then and there were born!*

Art. II.—INTELLECTUAL UNION.

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
  Ye who wield the mighty Pen,
  Scanning souls with angel ken!
Ye who mould our human kind
  In the matrix of your thought,—
  Why have ye for ages wrought
  Moral miracle and wonder,
  Still asunder—still asunder?

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
  Could the electric fire of soul
  Fuse ye in one glowing whole.—
Could the immortal flame, enshrined
  In each stranger heart and brain,
  Flash from one tremendous fane,—
  Then might all the world awaken—
  Then might Earth with joy be shaken!

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
  Ye are stewards of your Lord—
  Ye are treasurers of his Word!
Whatsoe'er on earth ye bind,
  Lo! it shall be bound in heaven:
  What by you on earth is riven,
  Shall in heaven be loosed and broken—
  Lo! the Eternal Voice has spoken!

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
  Flash your million souls in one—
  Let the stars become the Sun!
Be ye as your God designed!
  Then shall Error withering fall—
  Then shall perish Wrong and Thrall—
  Then shall Freedom's song arise—
  Earth's Eternal Sacrifice!

Art. III.—THE LAND QUESTION.

Freedom of the Land the People's Right.

Monopoly prevails throughout society. On the right wing of humanity we see a monopoly of wealth by a few, while on the extreme left we behold a Monopoly of Poverty by another class; both of which are equally blameless for their condition, —because they have sinned through ignorance. On the one hand, those who monopolize the wealth are ignorant of the relations they sustain to their fellows, of the fact that all cannot be rich, and while some are so, others must be poor, and believe each has a perfect right to accumulate all to which his powers are adequate, regardless of the well-being of others.

Those who make money under this delusion, are no more blame-worthy than he who spends the last cent, which should buy bread for his children, in purchasing a white robe ornamented with gold, under the delusion that the "last great day" is at hand and the saints should prepare to ascend. Correctly viewed, both cases appear equally ridiculous; for the man accumulating wealth, as a general rule, does so at the expense of his moral and intellectual nature, as well as that of his children, who will be certain to distinguish their progress through the world by gilded trappings and a gorgeous display of expensive pageantry.

On the other hand, those who monopolize the poverty of the world are not culpable, because they are either inadequate in business tact and talent to cope with the other class, or they are too honest to resort to the usual means of getting wealth; or, finally, the chances in the great lottery of the business world have proved unfortunate for them.

This class of monopolists is most wretched in this life. They are the prey of all other classes who have reduced them to gaunt skeletons and ghostly shapes, which make them at once objects of contempt by those of better condition, and of startling affright to themselves. They look about them, and are amazed at their own existence. They see nothing to enjoy—nothing to live for —a dark mystery hangs over their existence, and they wonder

for what purpose they were brought into the world. They find their fate to be little better than that of slaves; one ceaseless round of unmitigated drudgery—one unceasing struggle with crushing toil, in order to get the scantiest means of subsistence. They rise at the early dawn, and swallowing a morsel, are lashed speedily to work by dire necessity,—and it is through all the "live long day," work, work, work, even after every bone aches and every muscle groans under the o'ermastering task. At nightfall they return to their dreary homes, and without a moment's time for pleasure or intellectual diversion, are driven to the slumbers of the night by a necessity for repose. My God! of what value is a life thus doomed! Talk of Slavery! Let there be slavery if the slaves are well fed, well clad and moderately worked, in preference to such a toilsome lot, aggravated by all the mental torments that can spring from a fear of starvation for themselves and children!

We are told that Liberty is a jewel, and is "dearer than life," but it is a jewel that is daily steeped in tears—a jewel that the worn-out with toil and the starving loathe and abhor. Liberty is called a "delightful sound;" but of what avail is it to utter the sound with a thousand trumpets in the ear of him who is steeped in intoxication, or who knows not, while exhausted with the labor of the day, whence will come the next meal, or how he can support his children so that they will not be absolute curses to themselves and to society! Ah! I fear this sound of Liberty is calculated more to cajole us into quietude, while our wealthy masters lash us on to our tasks and reap the profits of our labor.

We would not apologize for slavery in any form, but would be glad to strike the manacles from every slave, whether white or black. God grant that the time may soon come when good deeds may so increase, and benevolence become so familiar, that plenty shall abound with easy toil, and real Freedom be enjoyed by those who can only boast of it.

But this is not an overwrought picture. We know a Clergyman who finds it difficult to support himself and family, on a salary of $1,500 per annum! What, in the name of Heaven, does this Clergyman think the hard day-laborer can do for his family on the yearly earnings of $200? less than one-seventh of his salary! Is it not a fact, ye herald of Christian Love and Peace, that the laborer's son and the laborer's daughter need as much to support and educate them as your own? While,

therefore, you complain of the pittance of $1,500, have you no tear to shed over the destitution of the laborer for daily wages?

Let us look at the benefit which a family can derive from $200 per annum. In the city, $100, and more, must be paid for the rent of a house. Then an ordinary family of five persons should consume at least fifty cents' worth of provisions each, per week, which amounts to $130. And then their clothing should amount to ten dollars each per year, great and small, which would be $50 more. Then also, the educational expenses should be, at least, $20 more. And, finally, the Doctor's bills and incidental expenses amount to something, which we will not estimate, because the amount of a most economical living has already reached $300, being $100 more than the poor man can get for his labor. This calculation is for the city laborer; but he of the country fares no better. Both can bid farewell to a home in the present state of things, and deem themselves, as they are in truth, outcasts from the bounty of Heaven. The laborer can "sing with the spirit and the understanding" the hymn reminding him that he lives at "this poor dying rate."

But how does the man live whose lot is cast on the right wing of Humanity; who is one of the monopolists of the wealth of the world, and also a good christian? Let us calculate. The first item—that of rent—we will not estimate, for his business is to rent houses and lands to those of the left wing. He has a family of five persons, who, with the friends who occasionally sit at his table, require a weekly expenditure of at least ten dollars, making for the year $520. Then their clothing must be of the first style, and will cost $100 per individual, making $500 more. And then horses and carriages will cost $300 more. A man servant must also be employed, whose duty it is to take the family to church and wait without in company with the splendid horses and carriage, while they pay their devotions and beg the forgiveness of their sins; the expense of a man, board and all, is $250, and that of two maid servants $400, making $650. Then, finally, the "items of an extraordinary character not reducible to any particular head;" such as traveling, wine, oysters, &c., $500 more, at the lowest estimate. The whole living, which is very economical for a blooded family possessing wealth, is nearly $2000 per annum.

Here, reader, you discover the extremes of Humanity. In one you see a man of elegant dress and of fine, plump proportions, feasting and drinking, and dancing and laughing life

away; while in the other you see a man of deformed body, the result of over-toil, lying on his beggarly hearth at night in a dead repose, because the poor man is completely exhausted. In the one extreme you see a gay, fluttering, flirting daughter, while in the other you see one who feels to the heart's core the contempt her poverty brings upon her, and who suffers for a small portion of what the rich man's daughter wastes.

We need not dwell upon the extremes and inequalities that prevail in society; the world is full of it, and it has a tongue to speak for itself, and requires no one to give it voice.

The question asked by all good men who see the evils of the times, is, how shall the social severities be mitigated? What can be done to distribute more justly the blessings which the Creator has bestowed upon the race? If the constitutions and laws of the nations foster inequalities, how can they be modified?

Let us first inquire whether the laws have not greatly widened these extremes. It is frequently objected to the efforts of those who seek a change in the present state of things, that too much legislation is an evil, and "the people should not look to the government for too much." This is a truth; but we contend that bad laws should be repealed, and we ask rather that some of the past legislation of the world be obliterated, rather than that new laws should be made.

Nature introduced man upon the earth without written law, and imposed upon him the necessity of discovering the laws that would most subserve his happiness. Man is a discover of the laws of nature, applicable to his highest well-being, and not a maker of them,—they exist in the nature of things, and do not originate with man. But the world has been governed, or rather misgoverned, by laws which man has made and not discovered. Let us cite an example:—The law of nature, or of God, is, that the land shall be free to all who wish to till it for procuring the necessaries of life, and that no one has a shadow of right to more than his real good demands. The law of nature says that the earth was given to the race, to be enjoyed as shall best promote the general good. But man, in his capacity of legislator, has not discovered this law, but has enacted that the earth may be bought and sold and monopolized to an unlimited extent. Chieftains and kings first monopolized the land, and parcelled it out to the people according to their own good will and pleasure, as if the people had not the faintest

shadow of a claim to the soil. Was this in accordance with Natural or Divine law?

But in the progress of the race, great, or rather strong men increased in the land, and they rallied round their standard followers who would fight with and for them. Wars were constantly carried on for supremacy, and for the sake of peace the rights of chieftains must be compromised. The result of this compromise was the establishment of the present Land System of the world. Whole countries were secured, by law, to the chiefs, who agreed to protect each other in their possessions, and provisions were made for disposing of land by bargain and sale, and by descent to the oldest son. In the enactment of these laws the rights of the people were not recognized, and the system established by the Right of Might was guarded by constitutions and statutes.

This, we say, is the present Land System, with the single change, that the children may inherit equally the estate of the parent. The great doctrine of the Right of Might is retained: that is, he who is strongest in physical and mental power may employ all his powers in acquiring and holding, against all the world, as much land as may fall within his reach.

These laws are usurpations which have created the present inequalities of the Social Condition which we wish repealed, or so far modified as is consistent with the highest good of all the people in their present state of moral and intellectual development.

Whether the reader is convinced of the justice of our demands, depends upon his acknowledgment of the truth of our premises, that Nature did not design the Earth to be bought and sold and monopolized by a portion of Humanity. The reader will receive this truth on further reflection, because he will see that every individual who comes into the world must look to others even after he becomes mature, for the privilege of living. The right to life is universally acknowledged as independent of the will of others, except for capital crimes, which, in the opinion of some dark minds, renders life a forfeiture. But under the present Land System, a man cannot live until he has labored under the mastery of others for the means of obtaining land, the original source of the sustenance of life, or for purchasing provisions which others have grown. According to the Law of Nature, he could go directly to his Mother Earth, and raise his own livelihood, independent of the will of others; but under

the legislation of man, he must ask of others who have the right to refuse them the means; and such refusal is tantamount to starvation. Here we see the Old System reduced to an absurdity.

The next question is, has this Land System created or been a principal cause of the inequalities subsisting among mankind? We must unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative, and ask the reader to consider a few facts:

1. It is easier for a man to support a family by cultivating a farm of his own than by cultivating that of another, whether as a common laborer or a lessee; the difference in one case being the amount exacted as rental, and in the other, that which is equivalent to both the rental and the master's profit. If this be true, it follows that a great inequality is at once produced by the introduction of the Land Laws, which protect the strong in their vast possessions, and force the landless to buy at an enormous cost or be without a home.

2. This inequality increases as the inhabitants of a country multiply, in consequence of the enhancement of the price of land. Does not the accessibility of land to the landless depend upon the price at which it is held? If so, will not the number of those who must remain landless and poor, depend upon this value? In Iowa, where land can be purchased for two dollars per acre, few will be found without a home on the soil, and almost every agriculturist will be found cultivating his own farm, as God designed. But in old States, where land cannot be purchased but at rates varying from twenty to fifty dollars, many will be found who never ventured a hope of ever living in their own house, surrounded by their own neat garden, and still more widely circumscribed by their own fields of stately grain.

3. But the operation of this cause of human inequality does not stop herer Multitudes who can have no farms, flock to the towns and cities, and by throwing too much labor into the market, diminish its reward, and enhance the power of the capitalist to oppress them. Thus have the few been enabled to speculate the more from the labor of the poor, and thus the luxury increased among the wealthy, which has created a demand for more and more of those unpitied beings, who work for wages under more discouragements than do the slaves work for food and clothing. Again, because farms are not accessible to the mass in old countries, all branches of busi-

ness are thronged with competitors, whose object is to make money, and to this end seek labor in the markets—yea, from the stalls, to which multitudes have resorted for chances to "hire out" at the lowest possible rates; so low, indeed, that they or their families have really starved upon the reward of the most wearisome labor.

But, not to dwell upon this unpleasant branch of the subject, we will turn to the counsel of Nature, and seek instruction in the mode of dividing the earth's surface among the people. The earth is free to the use of men, and the grossest wrong against man is that of fixing a price upon the soil, and making merchandize of the free gift of God to the human family. A father makes a bequest to his children, and constitutes the eldest son his executor; this executor fixes a price upon the gift by measure, and offers to divide it at such rate—making that which was given freely to all, an article of trade, and a means of private emolument! These cases are parallel, and the injustice of the transaction is only equalled by its impudence.

The remedy we propose for the social inequalities of man is to return to obedience to the laws of Nature, and make the soil free; limit the quantity to be owned by one person, and secure to the family a home against the world. To this end we propose to apply the Reform we seek to the unsold lands, where no confusion will be occasioned by the change. We propose to make the Western domain free to actual settlers, in limited quantities.

Let us take a view of the Public Domain of the United States, and thus be enabled to appreciate the extent of the earth's surface, which is to be either the magnificent scene of millions of happy Homes, or of Monopoly, Landlordry and Oppression. That this was a great thought, inspired by a spirit fresh from the Eternal Mind, that all should have a place without price, which shall be sacred to the family.

The following statistics, recently reported to Congress by Secretary Marcy, show the extent of our Public Domain:

	Square Miles.	Acres.
Oregon,	341,463	218,536,320
N. W. Territory,	745,584	477,173,760
Western Territory,	248,851	159,064,640
California,	448,691	287,162,240
New Mexico,	77,387	49,527,680
Texas,	325,520	208,332,800
Total,	2,187,496	1,399,997,440

Here we have 2,187,496 square miles, or 1,399,997,440 acres of territory, which is for the most part unsold. To show the extent of the whole Republic, we will complete the above table with the following:

	SQ. M.	POP. SQ. M.		SQ. M.	POP. SQ. M.
Maine,	32,400	15	Georgia,	61,683	11
N. Hampshire,	9,500	30	Alabama,	54,084	11
Vermont,	9,700	30	Mississippi,	49,356	8
Massachusetts,	7,800	75	Louisiana,	47,413	7
Rhode Island,	1,251	87	Arkansas,	54,617	2
Connecticut,	4.789	65	Tennessee,	41,752	20
New York,	46,220	52	Kentucky,	40,023	20
New Jersey,	7,948	47	Ohio,	40,500	38
Pennsylvania,	46,215	37	Michigan,	60,537	4
Delaware,	2,068	39	Indiana,	35,626	19
Maryland,	10,775	44	Illinois,	56,506	9
Virginia,	65.700	19	Missouri,	70,050	6
North Carolina,	51,632	15	Florida,	56,336	1
South Carolina,	31,565	19	Iowa,	50,940	
			Wisconsin,	53,924	
Total,	327,563		Total,	993,379	

Making a Grand Total of 3,288,436 square miles, or of 2,104,599,040 acres. The following shows the number of acres that have been sold:

Previous to 1820 the land was sold on credit at $2 per acre. Much land was purchased on time in 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818 and 1819, with the view of making large speculations. But many of its purchasers found themselves unable to pay for the lands, and Congress permitted their relinquishment. In 1820 the credit system was abolished, and the price fixed at $1 25 per acre. From 1810 to 1839 there was a gradual increase in the annual sales from about 600,000 acres in 1820 to 1,344,860 acres in 1829. From 1828 the sales were as follows:

YEAR.	ACRES.	YEAR.	ACRES.
1830	1,929,732	1840	2,236,889
1831	2,777,856	1841	1,164,796
1833	3,856,227	1842	1,129,217
1834	4,658,218	1843	1,605,264
1835	12,554,478	1844	1,754,763
1836	20,074,870	1845	1,843,527
1837	5,601,103	1846	*1,924,697
1838	3,414,907	1847	2,526,600
1839	4,976,381	1848	2,821,551

*Estimated for fourth quarter.

The acres for 1846, 1847 and 1848 are calculated from the aggregate values of the sales of those years, being for 1846, $2,405,871; for 1847, three quarters, $2,337,584; and for 1848, $3,520,000.

The number of acres sold from 1833 to 1848, inclusive, is, in whole numbers, 72,000,000. To this, if we add the amount sold between 1820 and 1833, in part estimated, we have a grand total of acres sold between 1820 and 1848, inclusive, of 83,000,000 acres. Previous to 1820 much land was sold on credit, a large part of which was restored to the Government. Calculating from the gross amount of value received, we have 26,000,000 acres sold previous to 1820, which makes an aggregate of 109,000,000 acres disposed of by the United States to purchasers. To this we must add the donations to the States for internal improvements, school purposes, &c., 17,318,623 acres, and given as military bounties in 1812, 9,750,000 acres, and, given on account of the Mexican war, 6,000,000 acres, making a grand aggregate of 142,068,623 acres. If we subtract this from the number of acres the Republic once owned, and exclusive of the old thirteen States, amounting to 1,877,949,440 acres, we shall have 1,735,880,817 acres remaining unsold.

The question here is, shall this amount of land be consecrated to Human Happiness, or shall it be the prey of speculators, jobbers and heartless capitalists? Enough has already been squandered. How much of all that has thus far been sold have mere speculators purchased? Since 1830, we may safely estimate the amount sold to actual settlers, per annum, at 1,500,000 acres, which would be for the ten years, 15,000,000 acres. This amount subtracted from the actual sales, leaves 44,833,772 acres, which went into the speculators' hands during the ten years immediately preceding 1840. We shall estimate the whole amount purchased by non-residents from the time the first National Land-office was opened to the present time, at 50,000,000 of acres, or nearly one-half the whole amount of sales that have been taken by capitalists, for the purpose of re-sale, at a profit. At the lowest calculation, these speculators have doubled the money they paid the Government, in selling the lands to the poor pioneer; that is, they have made out of the toil and sweat of the poor who go into the wilderness to prepare the way for the march of civilization, at least $60,000,000. If they realize $5 per acre, which is not an extrav-

agant estimate, they make more than $180,000,000 out of the hardy settler who swings his axe in the wilderness, while his speeulator reposes in an easy home, making money out of every blow struck by the industrious man.

This is the manner in which the soil is monopolized, and the practical working of the laws which thus favor the capitalist and injure the poor. This is the disposition that is made of the Lord's Free Earth, which he has given as mueh to one as to another of the Race.

To show the evils of this Land Monopoly, we will refer to examples in our own State. When Connecticut ceded to the General Government her Western Lands, she reserved for special purposes that portion of Ohio known as the Western Reserve; being eleven counties in the North and North-western part of the State. Two Counties, Huron and Erie, were granted by the Legislature of Connecticut to the sufferers by fire in the time of the war. It was then considered so far out of the world that the grantees sold their claims for a trifle per acre. The consequence was, that the settlers were occasionally visited by robust Yankees, who bore either the title of Judge, General, or Honorable, for the purpose of making collections or resuming the possession of lands on which the amount paid was forfeited. The settlers paid the land speculator $5 per acre, when there were not people enough in a Township to support a School, and before the Erie Canal was built to open a market for produce. The writer of this does know, that many, with small means, settled upon these lands, paying all they could spare down, and agreeing to pay at certain times, but failing in their payments, were compelled to lose all they had paid, all the improvements they had made, and leave the premises they had fondly hoped to make a home.

This is but an illustration of the monster evil of Land Monopoly every where. Shall the free Earth be longer the scene of such cruel oppressions?

But let us make more arithmetical calculations. Figures tell the truth, and cannot be denounced as visionary. Let us calculate the benefit of Free Soil, and the curse of Land Monopoly for ages to come.

The extent of Great Britain, at home, including England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, is 119,924 square miles, or 78,-76,751,608 acres. England alone contains about 37,000,000 acres, 29,000,000 of which are under cultivation; the difference

being parks and barrens, of which 6,000,000 may be estimated as susceptible of profitable culture, but which is occupied to please the luxury of the wealthy. These facts we get from McCulloch's great work on the condition of Great Britain. Mr. Coleman, one of our own citizens of distinction, in the agricultural world, has recently been traveling in the "fast anchored Isle," and says that the land of England is held by 30,000 proprietors, the number being, in 1775, 24,000. This vast increase in Land Monopoly being made in the short space of seventy years,—it being in 1845 when Coleman wrote on this subject. McCulloch puts the whole value of the wealth of Great Britain at $10,560,000,000,—of which $5,760,000,000 are estimated as the value of the land. Under the principle of Free Soil and anti-rent, this latter amount, more than half the gross sum, would be cancelled—stricken out. There being no value on the soil, as nature designed there should be none, it would be distributed among all the people, for no one would have any inducement to hold more than was necessary to supply his demands. Instead of the 37,000,000 acres in England being held by 30,000 proprietors, it would be owned by at least 1,500,000, who, with their families, would make 7,500,000 happy people getting their living from the cultivation of their own fields. The remainder of the people would find ample employment in the other pursuits. There would be no such thing as rents, and consequently the fifth of the whole population, which Lowe sets down as non-producers, or drones, would be earning their own living.

Under the operation of the principles for which we contend, there would not not now be a homeless person in the British Isles, nor one whose wants are not all supplied.

It is calculated that, in the present state of Agricultural Science, Great Britain could feed from her own soil 60,000,000 of people—were the best interests of such a population consulted. How is it under the system of Land Monopoly? Out of a population of 28,000,000, 20,000,000 have no capital; at least, 27,700,000 have no title in fee to a foot of ground, and 5,000,000 are absolute paupers! My God! what a perversion of the bounties of Providence! What a crime is Land Monopoly against Humanity!

If Great Britain can sustain 60,000,000 of people with 75,000,000 acres, how many can our Republic support with 2,100,000,000 acres? Nearly 1,690,000,000 of people! But

how many can the lands of the Republic support if the present system continues? We may put it down as a fact, that all the old settled States are now full. Indeed, they have been running over into the West for many years, and are as thickly settled as is consistent with the good of all under the present system. Calculating from the condition of the people in the old States, the whole Republic will not be able to maintain over 120,000,000 of people, or one-eighth of the number she should support! And not more than half of the 120,000,000 will get as good a support under the present system, as will the most poorly sustained portion of the 690,000,000 under the true Land System; the absolute freedom of the soil from all price whatever. Is not this a calculation which should startle every friend of man into action on this subject?

On a foregoing page we estimated the number of acres squandered upon speculators at 50,000,000. To this we may add 21,000,000 of acres given to soldiers for service in killing men in the war of 1812, and in the recent Mexican butchery. This latter amount we call wasted, because the soldiers sell their claims to Land Jobbers at a mere trifle. Every city is now full of offices having for a sign, "Soldiers' claims wanted!" and few escape without either selling their rights voluntarily, or being persuaded to sell them. This, it may be said, is not an entire waste; but it will be found that it is worse than a complete waste of 71,000,000 of acres, as far as any consideration of benefit to the settler is concerned. In this item of waste, we have 71,000,000 out of 148,000,000 acres disposed of which are wasted; 71,000,000 designed for the free use of those who need homes for themselves and little ones, squandered upon heartless speculators! Shall this work of devastation continue?

For the purpose of showing where the principal portion of the public lands have been sold, as well as to illustrate the progress of Monopoly, we will introduce the following table of the amounts received in the treasury on account of sales from 1833 to 1840, inclusive. It will be seen that sales increased to speculators, in proportion as the currency of the country increased, the largest sales being when there was the largest bank-expansion.

States and Territories.	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	Total
Ohio, : : :	$ 692,426	$ 600,561	$ 826,224	1,663,116	588,564	303,945	315,559	27,146	$5,017,544
Indiana, :	693,522	842,170	2,075,571	4,061,492	1,564,653	753,419	773,998	114,157	10,878,986
Illinois, : :	450,242	439,631	2,604,698	4,000,294	1,266,118	987,170	1,445,766	387,304	11,581,209
Missouri, :	296,522	320,978	828,121	2,071,204	830,095	642,087	1,304,718	587,152	6,880,880
Alabama, :	565,818	1,444,299	1,985,449	2,377,573	477,219	204,935	152,728	43,442	7,251,460
Mississippi,	1,531,390	1,470,323	3,835,625	2,531,282	320,660	339,060	22,234	18,395	10,068,973
Louisiana, :	111,809	104,813	407,445	1,099,323	288,692	216,330	822,080	189,875	3,240,369
Michigan, :	563,264	643,826	2,271,575	5,241,228	969,071	121,929	175,008	24,340	10,010,245
Arkansas, :	52,324	213,020	787,927	1,204,544	353,063	197,587	188,710	113,199	3,110,377
Wisconsin,			316,[illegible]09	808,932	223,479	109,416	819,909	127,197	2,405,644
Iowa, : : :						343,664	373,180	590,798	1,307,643
Florida, : :	14,963	48,264	60,455	108,839	125,907	86,018	70,660	29,191	516,408
Total,	$4,972,280	$6,127,885	15,999,799	25,167,827	7,007,521	4,305,560	6,464,550	2,252,296	72,269,738

COSTS OF PUBLIC DOMAIN.—In 1832 the Register of the Treasury reported the following on this subject:

Purchase of Louisiana,	$14,984,872 28	
Interest on $11,250,000,	8,529,353 43	
		$23,514,225 71
Purchase of Florida,	$4,985,599 82	
Interest to Sept. 20, 1831,	1,265,416 67	
		$6,251,016 49
Payment to Georgia,		1,065,484 09
" Yazoo Claim,		1,830,808 06
" to Indian Tribes,		11,852,182 54
" to Agents, &c.,		3,563,834 46
Total,		$48,077,551 40

This brings the expense up to 1832. Since this time about $30,000,000 have been expended on account of the Public Lands. The whole cost up to 1848, was stated in Congress by Gov. Brown, of Mississippi, to be $77,130,348. The whole amount received for sales up to 1848, is $130,280,156, leaving a clear gain to the Treasury, on account of the Public Domain, of $53,149,424, besides the lands unsold, to which the Indian title has been extinguished, amounting to 242,342,802 acres. The Government has about 800,000,000 acres of unsurveyed land in the North-western Territory. The expense on account of the public lands should not embrace all the items usually included. For instance, the payments to Spain and France, for Florida and Louisiana of about $30,000,000, should not be charged upon the lands, because the State made the purchase, for the purpose of removing a troublesome enemy; it was a national speculation, and no charge should be made against the settler on account of it. The same may be said of the purchase of the Indians. But setting aside these considerations, the settler should not be charged a cent to pay any of these expenses, for neither Spain, France nor the Indians had any right to sell them, nor to hold them against the will of the occupants. Because the Government has violated Natural Law in making purchases, it is no evidence that this violation should be carrried on to all time. And as for the expense of making the surveys and of the Land Agents, the whole people should defray it on the same principle that they pay the expense of making laws for punishing crime. By Natural Law each has the right to mark out his own land where he pleases, if no one

else is in possession;—but inasmuch as men will do wrong, and confusion will arise in the exercise of this right, on the same principal that confusion arises in consequence of crime, the people undertake to fix the limits of each man's farm, to preserve order in the settlement of the lands. They might with the same propriety, therefore, charge each man, on becoming a citizen, a portion of the cost of the Criminal Code, as to charge the settler with the expense of surveying his farm.

To show the grants that have been made to the States and Territories for particular purposes, we will give the following table:

States and Territories.	Colleges & Academies.	Internal Improvmts.	Seats of Government.	Salines.	School Sections. Each 16th Section.	Total.	Amount at $1¼ per acre.
Ohio	69,120	1,050,257	.....	23,680	678,876	1,822,653	$2,278,328
Indiana	46,080	783,200	2,560	33,040	556,184	1,411,073	1,763,841
Illinois	46,080	699,085	2,520	121,629	977,477	1,836,751	2 295,938
Missouri	46,080	500,000	2,449	46,080	1,086,639	1,681,248	2,101,560
Alabama	46,560	500,000	1,620	23,040	722,198	1,293,410	1,611,742
Mississippi	46,080	500,000	1.280	.....	635 884	1,183,244	1,479,055
Louisiana	46,080	500.000	.....	.....	873,973	1,420,052	1,436,565
Michigan	46,080	500,000	13,200	46,080	950,258	1,149,253	1,941,272
Florida	46,080	500 000	1,120	.....	877,484	1,424,684	1,780,855
Arkansas	46,080	500,000	10,606	46,080	950,258	1,527,018	1,941,272
Wisconsin	46,080	171,200	.....	.....	1,310,424	1,519,704	1,909,630
Iowa	46,080	500,000	640	.....	469,832	1,016,552	1,270,690
Total	576,480	6,693,781	36,029	329,629	9,862,814	17,618,623	$21,648,279

The benefit of an equitable division of the Land, and the curse of its monopoly, are illustrated iu the comparative condition of the English and French. To show this, we quote the following, from a late number of the American Quarterly Review:

"France is far less wealthy than her rival, though her population is nearly twice as great; her people, also, it will be generally admitted, are less ingenious, less enterprising, less industrious, and no better educated, than the English, so that we might expect to find among them more destitution and suffering than in Great Britain. And before the revolution of 1789, which introduced the new law, regulating the succession of property, this was admitted to be the case. Since then, in spite of long and exhausting wars, and frequent revolutions, happiness has been widely diffused among her people, and there is abundant evidence to show that, during the last 30 years, they have made more rapid progress than the inhabitants of any coun-

try in Europe towards the general attainment, the broadly extended possession, of all the means of physical comfort and enjoyment. In 1836, the total imports of France were to those of Great Britain but as 36 to 47; the exports of native produce and manufactured goods were as 23 to 53. The annual revenue of real property is estimated in official documents at 63 millions of pounds sterling against 95 millions in Great Britain. There is less wealth, then, and more mouths to feed; but the wealth is distributed with an astonishing approach to equality, and the general well-being of the people is the consequenc.

"Two-thirds of the population of France, as we have seen, belong to the families of landed proprietors; and if to these we add six millions for the families of 1,200,000 persons who are licensed traders, and of 200,000 more, who have capital vested in the public funds or in mortgages, there remain but six millions, or 1,200,000 male adults, as ordinary laborers, who are dependent entirely on wages. Fourteen-seventeenths of the whole population own property either in land or commerce, the proletaries being but three-seventeenths, instead of half the whole nation as in Great Britain. France has full employment for this fraction of her population in cultivating the larger landed estates, in manufactures and the arts, and in the ordinary labor required by the cities and larger towns; so that wages might be expected to increase, as they have done, slowly but steadily, since the opening of the present century. Pauperism certainly exists; large cities cannot be without it; intemperance, vice and disease spread throughout community. But the amount of it in the rural districts is very trifling, and the aggregate for the whole kingdom is small indeed, when compared with its frightful prevalence in England. It is estimated that there are about 75,000 absolute mendicants in France. The bureaus of charity, in 1833, gave in-door or out-door relief to less than 700,000 persons, or one in fifty of the whole population, instead of one in eleven, as in England; the sum distributed to them was £354,000, or one-twentieth of the annual cost of English pauperism. Even if we include the charge for hospitals, in which the government gives medical and surgical relief to all invalid applicants, and of course to many who are not absolutely indigent, the total expense would yet be less than half of the English poor rate. In 1829, M. Villeneuve-Bargemont estimated the number of indigent persons in France at one in twenty, and of actual beggars at one in one hundred and sixty-five, of

the whole population: the former ratio indicates the whole number of poor, only half of whom in any one year may be supposed to need public charity, so that they should be compared with the three millions, one-half of whom become public paupers each year in England.

"As to the improvement in the condition of the working classes generally, we will cite Mr. McCulloch himself, who, on this subject is a most unwilling witness:

"'In 1698, Marshal Vauban estimated that, of the total population of France, one-tenth was in a state of mendicancy, and five of the remaining tenths in a condition but little above. He, at the same epoch, estimated the wages of the weaver at 12 sous a day, or about 108 francs yearly (excluding fast days, &c.) Arthur Young, 99 years afterwards, found that wages had risen to about 19 sous; but provisions had also increased in price. In 1827, M. Dupin estimated the average gains of an artizan in a town, and his wife, at 783 francs a year; and in 1832, M. de Morogues estimated their united wages at 800 francs. The condition of the artizans has of late generally improved. Rye flour, after supplanting buckwheat and oatmeal, has, in its turn, been superseded, in many parts, by wheat; and but for absurd regulations in the cattle trade, there can be no doubt that the consumption of butcher's meat, instead of being diminished, would have been increased.'"

Art. IV.—THE POETS.

Past is now the battle day;
Fearful was the earnest fray,
Broken lance and armor gay,
On the field are lying.

Scattered are the hosts of wrong
Error's chapparal among,
And their wonted triumph song
Broken is by sighing.

We have bravely held our own,
Many a rank of theirs o'erthrown—
We, of all who fought, alone
Hold our ground undaunted.

And the armor we have worn
Still is sound as in the morn:—
Blows have *proved* that theirs is shorn
Of the strength they vaunted.

But while counting o'er our host,
Searching if a man be lost,
Where are they, our Armies boast,
They, the bards of Freedom?

While the battle's rage was strong,
Fearless, thickest strife among,
Singing still a hopeful song,
Earnest hearts would lead them.

And, as the departing day
O'er us shed his dying ray,
Still we heard, above the fray,
Their united voices.

Still they sung that glorious song,
"Brothers, tho' our foes be strong,
This time forth triumphing wrong
Never more rejoices."

Ah! upon the battle field,
Leaning each upon his shield,
Are the brother bards revealed:
WHITTIER and BRYANT!

Caring not to rest from strife,
For the morrow's contest rife,
Hear them sing these words of life,
On the right reliant.

"Brothers, raise the triumph song;
Right shall burst the chains of wrong,
And the time shall not be long,
Ere we prove victorious."

"Pause not for the battle's spoil,
Raise again our cry, FREE SOIL—
THERE SHALL BE NO UNPAID TOIL
IN THAT GOOD TIME GLORIOUS!"

Art. V.—ETHOLOGY.

Is Science antagonistic to the true development of man? Pardon us for putting the interrogatory. We would not question, had not the negative been seriously maintained, if not directly, yet indirectly, by many of the leading thinkers of the time. Macaulay, in his youthful essay on Milton, maintained that the growth of the world in civilization, was the decay of the poetic fervor; and, consequently, of the heroic quality, which others regard as the only index and quality of manhood. His maturer reflection disavowed the idea. The character and elevation of the poetry of our time, proves, that a rude, unsettled, unscientific age is not the age of true poetry, however rich it may be in metaphorical language, and however great in Hesiods, Homers and Ossians. There is no beauty withdrawn from the rainbow by the unweaving of its many-hued tissue by the analysis of Newton; no glory withdrawn from the stars by the telescope of Rosse, or the philosophic ken of Herschell; and no fascination taken from the unreal creations of fancy by the real developments of Chemistry, Geology or Astronomy; nay, further, and which is more to our present purpose, there is nothing withdrawn from man, which tends to ennoble and dignify character, by the utmost reach of analysis, applied to character.

Nevertheless, there are many who will reason pertinaciously to prove, that in all that makes human nature noble and heroic —in all that tends to the formation of character, a scientific, logical, analytic, probing age is wanting. So far do some carry this idea, that they reject with scorn all the processes of right reason, and flinging out dim hints of scholastic subtlety and inutility, maintain that a blind, uncontrolled, dashing impulse, is the only true index of heroism. Duty is made subservient to inclination. Right is made to yield to mental energy and reckless wilfulness. Art is stigmatized as nothing more than superficial trickery. The transcript of nature by the pencil of genius is regarded as effeminacy; while a bold impostor like Mahomet, or a great and ambitious soldier like Cromwell, are deified as the very Gods themselves. It is contended, that just in proportion as man advances in power over the material world, obtains "an intellectual mastery over the blind elements," and

enriches the cabinet of Truth, with specimens, which may be felt, seen, and applied to useful purposes, he retrogrades in meekness, humility, patience, love, and all the virtues which constitute true character.

This view of human progress has given occasion to some fine writing by some of the *spirits* of the time. With what "purfled prettiness of phrase" do they glide over the substantial elements of character, and play with their own feathery fancies. Such writers as Whewell, Mill, Chalmers and Wayland, with their massive thought and invincible logic, are to such, the embodiments of plodding, methodical common sense. Give them no such ordinary minds. We would not attribute either inability to comprehend, or laziness in mental labor to such. O! no. When Carlyle, in his peculiar way, thunders his peals against the system-makers, and holds them up with a broad grin of delight, all plastered over with his beautiful epithets, who can help pitying them; and who can help concluding the writer to be anything else but the reverse of these system-makers? Then, too, how easy to read and comprehend the huge generalities and vague spiritualities of writers of this class. How classic and elegant their denunciations of science. Astronomy is brushed away by an antithesis; and the "older and nobler astronomy," which did not condescend to number the stars and map them down in vulgar nautical charts, must suffice in its stead. Botany is said, by one of those writers, to have a value; (very considerate!) but what is it in comparison with the old lessons of the flowers! No doubt the moralists and scientific men of the day are much beholden to these great souled denunciators. They should drop science and logic, and go into the field to pick posies and wear them, like Jean Paul, in their button holes; break their telescopes, and listen to the star-tongued night for the music of the spheres; cease to delve into the earth with safety lamps after useful ore, and run, like a child after the rainbow. Thus only will their characters grow into "the image of beauty and truth." Otherwise, woe to them and our material age!

Our humble view of the formation of character doth not coincide with this. Not only do we believe that dialectics tend to form true men; indirectly by arresting the vagrant thinkers and impulsive pseudo reformers of the time; but directly, by straightening and developing the character. As exercise and uprightness give a fine form and physical health; so systematic

training and consecutive thought tend to beautify and develop the human soul. These may seem common place thoughts. But we believe, further, that this very formation of character can itself be systematized scientifically. Before another century the infant science of ETHOLOGY, which has this for its object, will be as well understood in its principles, as it will be salutary in its influence upon human action. To elucidate the principles of this science is our present purpose.

The term "Ethology" is, in one sense, new. It was first applied by that sound thinker, John Stuart Mill, in his recent admirable work on Logic. He takes it from *ethos*, a word very nearly synonymous with disposition, character or manners. There is a propriety in the term. Aristotle applies it, in his treatise on Poetry, to the peculiar characteristics of the *dramatis personæ* in a tragedy.

Psychology is the science of the elementary laws of mind. Ethology, as will be more fully seen in the sequel, is a science subordinate to the former. It determines the kind of character produced, in conformity to those general laws, by any set of circumstances.

The first duty of him who undertakes to propagate a new science, is to repel all objections and surmount prejudice. Mr. Mill has performed this duty. We shall have occasion to refer to his treatise, in considering the objections. These are of two kinds. The first is, as to the practicability or utility of such a science as Ethology; the second, as to the possibility of perfecting such a science. If the last were true, it would preclude a discussion of the first. Both objections are rather the result of a certain vagueness and want of precision which distinguish popular fallacy.

A science of character is not impossible. It should not be constructed out of *a priori* generalizations. While it is founded on the elementary laws which govern mental action, it is not based on vague abstractions about human nature. This is the rock upon which so many so called sciences have split. The laws of character, like those of chemistry, are to be learned by seeing the agent at work. They depend upon the closest observation of particulars. To know man, *men*, not *man*, must be the object of study. It has been well said,* that those who know man very well, know little or nothing of men; that is,

*Hudson's Lectures on Shakspeare.

they understand the species, not the individual—can reason admirably about the generic qualities and universal attributes of humanity, but cannot rightly perceive or apprehend the qualities of actual men; and, on the other hand, we often find men who, knowing and caring little about abstractions and universals, are remarkably accurate in their judgments of men, and can almost always hit the individual between wind and water. The last is much the truest Ethologist of the two; but Ethology, while it siezes upon the fixed laws of mind, at the same grasp gathers in the minutest experience of every individual.

The true scope of science ranges from the minutest glance to the loftiest and broadest comprehension. To use a figure of Gilfillan's, Science can carve out a head from a cherry-stone, and a Colossus from a mountain. It begins with the simplest; with the individual; but soon, by judicious generalization, it adapts its conclusions to the variety of complex cases. Hence, by observing closely the relations of friendship in him who claims that sacred relation, and when the observation is easy and clear, we are enabled to classify certain emotions which, under similar circumstances, may *always* indicate correspondent results, even in those with whom we are not familiar.

It depends upon the scholars and thinkers of our time to illustrate this science of Ethology, and rescue its study from the vagaries of popular discussion. There is no subject which has received so much informal and unsystematic discussion, as this of Character, with such unsatisfactory results. Pope may sing of the proper study of mankind, Foster may write essays on Decision of Character, and ethical writers, from Aristotle down to Mackintosh, may unfold all the law of morality; yet, unless some precision is given by the limitations of science, there will always remain the same lamentable incongruity among writers, and the basis of character will forever remain insecure and sand-like. In every other department we can lay our hands on certain truths—fixed—axiomatic. In conchology, meteorology, ornithology, and the like, we can point out certain invariable phenomena; but in the great science of human character there is only uncertainty, doubt and darkness. Why is it? There has been, it seems, in this science, not only a wrong choice of method, but a failure skillfully to apply the right method.

Ah! but it is said, for centuries ingenious minds have been engaged in constructing a science of human character, and have not succeeded; because, human conduct being variable,

cannot be subjected to invariable laws, such as science enacts. This objection is not devoid of plausibility. To the careless it would be insuperable. It is, however, true—*not* whether human conduct is variable—but *so* variable, that it cannot be reduced to invariable laws? Is there not a constancy of causation sufficiently discernible for all the purposes of science? Are motives the result of blind impulse, and actions the chances of circumstances? Why, to a scientific mind, even impulse, like the comet, hath its determinate orbit; and there is no action but depends on a certain antecedent.

Here we are brought to the old challenge—*Liberty* or *Necessity*? This question has almost ceased to influence zealotry and foster prejudice. It is not our purpose to discuss it. We would only consider it, so far as it bears directly upon the main subject. It matters not, for our purpose, whether human volition and action be inevitable, or determine themselves without antecedents. There is no doubt they result from causes. Now, are these causes sufficiently uniform, and the effects so truly consequent, as that a science of Ethology may be constructed?

Without advocating that iron necessity which seems so repugnant to the eagle-like freedom which every one feels belongs to the immortal soul,—without degrading this nature of ours, instinct with the God, and impeaching the free consciousness which beats in every bosom; still, there is abundant reason to believe, that human actions are the *necessary* consequences of certain motives, presented to the mind: so that, if the predisposition of an individual be ascertained by careful observation, and if the motives presented be given in connection with the elementary laws of mind, you may infer, with the certainty of science, the conclusion he will draw and the deed he will do. This certainty—this reasonable necessity, does not jar with free will. The objection, if any, will go to the knowledge requisite for your influence. Who doubts but he could tell how his friend would act under certain circumstances, if he knew him thoroughly? The doubt arises solely from the ignorance of facts. Nay, we would resent as an insult, any doubt by a friend who, even partially, knew us, as to how we would act under certain circumstances. We are free to choose; yet another, with a proper knowledge of facts and a subordination of those facts to principles, may be certain of what use we may make of our freedom.

Is there, then, anything humiliating in this view? Does it constrain our volition? Is it not just the very provision which an Omniscience would make, in order that men should hold reasonable interchange with one another? Does it not conform to our idea of a just Providence? There is no magic, by which we are compelled to obey a particular motive. It is just as easy to counterwish as to wish, to produce a new antecedent to our actions. Here is no dim, mystic compulsion, such as is shadowed forth in the myths and embodied in the drama of the ancients.

Mr. Mill thus happily illustrates this idea. "When we say that all human actions take place of necessity, we only mean that they will certainly happen, if nothing prevents:—when we say, that dying of want, to those who cannot get food, is a necessity, we mean that it will certainly happen, whatever may be done to prevent it. The application of the same term to the agencies on which human actions depend, as is used to express those agoncies in nature which are really uncontrollable, cannot fail, when habitual, to create a feeling of uncontrollableness in the former also. This, however, is mere illusion. There are physical sequences we call necessary, as death for want of food or air; there are also others which are not said to be necessary, as death from poison, which an andidote or the use of a stomach pump will sometimes avert. It is apt to be forgotten by people's feelings, even if remembered by their understandings, that human actions are in this last predicament."

In human actions, the causes are never uncontrollable. There are countervailing influences; and these, also, as we shall see, are made the subject of science, with as much certainty as the aberrations in Astronomy, or the uneven bottom of the sea, in Tidology.

If we could only banish from our reasoning, the old idea attached to that harsh, rigid term, "necessity," the difficulties would vanish also. It is a lamentable instance of the controlling power of words over ideas.

In the construction of any science, the object to be attained is thorough systematic instruction. Mr. Locke it is, who says, that a man who has a clearly defined idea, may teach more than he who talks learnedly, yet confusedly, whole hours. We believe that the phenomena of human conduct have a harmonious inter-dependency with one another: and that it is not only possible, but practicable to bring them into one intelligent system,

possessing complete philosophical unity. We believe that there is an instrinsic order and beauty in human character, even in its perversion; just as in growth, and even in decay, bodies are said to observe the same uniform and beautiful law.

Facts and laws are the essential constituents of science.—Facts alone, do not constitute science. Men have been collating facts about human nature since the deluge; yet, after all, they are but the unhewn materials for the temple of science. Mere laws, without facts, are not sufficient to constitute a science. That the ancient philosophers thought and reasoned upon an opposite idea, was their capital delinquency, and the secret of their failure. Facts alone are semblance; principles alone but the vagaries of fancy; but facts *and* principles combine observation with generalization; and the cestus of science, like the fabled zone of Cytheria, encircles them, to give proportion and beauty to what was otherwise misshappen and ungainly.

It is scarcely doubted now, since the wonderful effect of the inductive method of investigation, that the outward objects of nature are susceptible of the strictest scientific study. This is done by a single colligation of facts under their laws. Is there not the same scope for science in the character of man? Let us trace the analogy between natural and ethological facts and principles.

Facts are anything *made—factum;* including as well those which belong to the elements of air, fire, earth and water, as those of the reason, volition, sensibility or the imagination; including not alone the flowers of the earth, the beasts of the field, the stars of the sky and the birds of the air; but the prejudices, the passions, the impulses and all the phenomena which belong to human nature. Science should enchain all nature by its golden links of consecutive thought. It teaches us,* that in the material world, the slightest alteration in the force of gravity would alter the position of the tiniest flower; that an earth greater or less, by the smallest increase or diminution, would require a change in the structure and strength of the stalks of our flowers; and that, therefore, the whole mass of the earth from pole to pole, and from circumference to the centre, is employed in keeping a snow drop in the position most suited to its vegetable health. This indeed is wonderful and beautiful—surpassing the sublimest ideality. Not less wonderful and beautiful are the results of science applied to human character.

*Whewell.

"How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve,
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of Nature."

These may be the subjects of observation by all—the philosopher as well as the clodpole, the poet as well as the proser; yet how transcendently superior in delight and wonder is the observation of him who ranges his observations under their appropriate laws.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

The eye of science penetrates the superficies of nature, and "opens out a way for the imprisoned splendors of the soul" to illumine and beautify all outward objects. True illumination and beauty are the daughters of science, not of fiction. Science is the harmony of *Truth.* Not a bird trills its carol to the hushed air; not a vine curls its ringlets over the glassy lake; not a petal is painted by the sun; not a tear trickles down the face of beauty; not a ripple frisks over the face of the river; not an eddy dimples its placid features; not a leaf rustles like a "noiseless noise;" not a fish cleaves its silvery way through the stream; not a rainbow arches the fountain but has been watched, admired, and embraced by the Genius of science. To each, new beauty and grace have been added, by placing it in its precise point of relationship to all other facts in the domain of nature.

Thus each science hath its own peculiar facts. Every science is governed by comprehensive laws; so that all nature is ensphered in a complete sublime unity. If therefore the scientific colligation of mutual facts be a noble theme for the human intellect, what shall we say of a science which systematizes, so as more fully to instruct man in the mysteries of his own being—in the formation of his own character, upon which depends his woe or weal, for Life and for Eternity? It is no more impossible to construct a science from facts, than from Ethological material facts. No one doubts Meteorology to be a science, yet every one knows, that the most familiar phenomena—rain and sunshine—no more follow each other, with an accustomed order of sequence, than the despondency of hopefulness of a human soul. Who doubts that the phenomena in Meteorology do not depend on laws, and these laws derivative from known ultimate

laws, such as those of heat, vaporization and elastic fluids? These ultimate laws, like those of the elements of mind, are known; and if we could only know the antecedent circumstances, we could predict the state of the weather at any given time. So in Ethology, we could, with a knowledge of the antecedent circumstances, make similar predictions as to character. The inherent difficulty in observing facts, renders both sciences imperfect; but are they less sciences? Who expects a perfect science? Science is for some practical purpose. The true inquiry should be: is it sufficiently certain for practical purposes? Even in so exact a science as Astronomy, the nicest calculations depend on a hair breadth in the position of the glass. Newton did not, at once, account for all the phenomena he observed. When, on that clear, bright evening, in 1666, sitting alone in his garden, gazing with intent awe and sweeping thought, upon "the starry boss of high and vaulted heaven," he grasped the stupendous idea of an all pervading gravitation, there were many facts, or received facts, totally inconsistent with his splendid conception. But time discovered fully their reconcilableness, and perfected his system; and now, Herschell darts his gaze into the furthest bounds of the visible universe, and finds in every new star and system, confirmation strong, of the great law of the universe, propounded at first, with hesitation, by Newton.

Astronomy never could be an exact science, until, not only the general course of the planetary motions, but the perturbations also, were accounted for, and referred to their causes. Now, if Ethology can only, for the present, systematize the more influential causes of human conduct, the aberrations and perturbations may sometimes be brought under their appropriate laws. The effect of each aberration may not be distinctly ascertained; but the relation of each effect to the other may be; so that, it is really no more a reason why Ethology should not be a science, that it cannot be exact immediately, than that Astronomy, in Newton's time, should have been excluded from the fraternity of sciences. The same reason would crush every science in its budding. It would stifle the now infant science of Tidology, as Mr. Whewell designates it; and stop all the efforts of true philosophical inquirers. The remarkable Minerva-birth is no fit comparison for the generation of science. A fitter comparison is found in the little coral of the Indian sea, which adds slowly and silently to its small beginnings, until in

time it rises surely and strongly above the waves, an islet of beauty—a gem set by the Genius of Perseverance amidst the wild waste of waters! Haste, in accumulating facts and constructing laws, is not a mark of wisdom. *Optat ophippa bos piger.* Dullness desires swiftness. Perhaps there is no other mental characteristic in which American mind needs more caution, than its haste in building science, and its impatience in awaiting the developments of time.

The actions of individuals can never be perfectly systematized. We claim for Ethology no prescience such as inspires Astronomy. To pretend that Ethology could foretell how an individual would think, feel and act, a given number of years hence, would subject it to deserved derision. It pretends to no rivalry with the science of a La Place, which traced the motions and positions of stars, and determined them for centuries. The agencies which determine character are so numerous and diversified, that even if we could tell as to one individual, we could not apply our science to society. But then, let it be remembered, that, *that which is only approximate—probable, when asserted of beings individually, is for all the purposes of social enquiry, certain and useful.* Hence, not only does our science, however imperfect at first, become possible and reasonable; but, when we consider the intricate and complex relations of the social man, and the great and crying evils, growing out of his imperfect association, it becomes highly practical and useful;

Having, therefore, considered the objections against our theme, and defined the purposes of Ethology, let us enquire into the method by which character is to become the subject of science. We do not mean to discover any one universal character in mankind, nor paint a model of imitation, nor yet hold up a pattern to deter. It is the duty of mental philosophy to present the succession of mental states, and upon these elements being found, it is a subject of ethological enquiry, how far these elemental laws may explain actual phenomena.

Mr. Mill has laid down the following, as having for all the purposes of science, a fixity. *First:* Every mental expression has its idea. After one state of consciousness has been excited, another resembling it is capable of reproduction, without the presence of the object, which excited the first. *Second:* The laws of association—that similar ideas tend to excite each other; that ideas connected by succession tend to excite each other;

that greater intensity tends to a frequency of conjunction between ideas.

These are some of the fixed laws of thought. Character depends on the mental operation, liable to be modified by circumstances. These circumstances are multiform. Some may be physical, some national, some hereditary. Dr. Priestly, acting in obedience to his own scientific disposition, and unconsciously, has drawn a valuable conclusion, which may serve as a specimen of ethological enquiry, viz: that persons of great original susceptibility will probably be distinguished by fondness for natural scenery, natural history, a relish for the beautiful and great, and moral enthusiasm; where there is but a mediocrity of sensibility, a love of abstract truth, with a deficiency of taste and of fervor is likely to be the result. SHELLY, in all the phases of his singular character, is a fine illustration of the first; DAVID HUME, the subtlest of the "subtle tribe" of metaphysicians, and the old critic and fault-finder of Shakspeare—who could better exemplify the last?

By this method, peculiarities and even idiosyncrasies would be explained, and made to turn around a uniform rule. They would cease to excite wonder, except when they should occur from causes which may be ranked as *residual* phenomena, to be explained by that oracle of oracles—Time.

The sources of our observation upon human nature are numerous. Our every day association—being conversant with the best and most acknowledged treatises on human character, and with the biographies and experiences of remarkable men—with writings of fiction which have a veri-similitude, as Shakspeare and others of similar fidelity to nature—studious observation of the peculiarities of the prominent ages of the world and the influence of different characters in developing and controlling the age; all these are the reservoir whence facts may be drawn for our science.

The best time for truthful observation, is when a whole class of which we are enquiring are in action at once. All the great periods of history have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment, as a universal principle of action. We have had an heroic age, a chivalric age, a fanatical age, an artistic age, a devotional age, a free age, a scientific age; each so termed from some predominant characteristic. It is well to observe the general current of opinion,—the apothegms of a people, which Bacon thought embodied in its most certain form, fixed thought

—the laws of the land, from the rudest of which, as the Salique Law of the early Franks, Professor Smythe has, by pure reason, drawn the richest materials of history,—and even the mythologies, the superstitions, and the religion of the age. Especially is it requisite to understand the literature—not alone that which was born at the time and reached maturity afterwards—but the currently received literature. If you doubt of the age, study its men. If doubt still exists, look to the physical influences. If the flower be new and unclassified, examine the stalk; if the stalk beget misgiving, look to the soil; if that be not satisfactory, turn to analogy and the elementary and universal principles of human nature. By the latter, you may verify and determine all phenomena. If the conclusion cannot be verified by a uniform law, discover why, and by what peculiar circumstances the law fails.

Take the age of Queen Elizabeth. It is full of great and distinctive features. Enterprize was linked with Learning; Courtesy was combined with Christianity; and Philosophy went hand in hand with Poetry. Howard was on the sea, Coke upon the bench, Bacon in the chair of philosophy, Shakspeare on the living stage, Sydney in the field and in the boudoir, Hooker in the church, Raleigh everywhere,—at one time polishing a "sonnet to a lady's eyebrow," at another cutting with his keel his course through the western sea after splendid Eldorados, and Queen Elizabeth, the real of Spencer's Fairy ideal, sat enthroned as the Genius of the time! Given these spirits—teeir works—their dispositions—their environment—and the principles of human nature, and you may construct the Ethology of the age. No such age can occur again. True. It can never afford basis for certain prediction. True again. Does it require that knowledge should attain the degree of prophecy, to be practical? May there not be a great power of influencing future phenomena in an imperfect knowledge of causes? No one can tell the elements now at work in society, nor what they will accomplish; but we can tell the *tendencies*. We cannot tell certainly that an age of heroism and letters, like that of Elizabeth, will invariably give an impetus to Puritan Freedom and true Philosophy. As well attempt to tell certainly that old age will always give wisdom; or that youth will always be accompanied with inexperience. But the *tendencies* of old age and of youth are to these several ends. These tendencies may be counteracted. Bacon hath said that a man that is young in

years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but alack! that the world should have profited so little by his wisdom. All our science would aim to accomplish, is to observe the previous circumstances in which certain results *oftenest occur*. Who has not observed, during the late throes of Europe, the distinguished part taken by the scholars of the Academies and the students of the Universities, and always on the side of popular freedom and against royal aggression? Here is a class in action. Combine these facts with the recognized influences of liberal study, and the generosity inculcated by imbibing the spirit of "the humanities," as the classics were wont to be called; and you may safely predict what the future conduct of scholars and students will be, under similar circumstances.

Mr. Mill calls the principles of Ethology, *axiomata media* in the science of mind, distinguished on the one hand from mere observation, and on the other from the highest generalization; and combining what is truly practical of the latter, with a select sufficiency of the former. If, therefore, the general laws of the different constituent elements of human nature, are now sufficiently understood, for all the high purposes of society, our science is feasible. There is no want in our time, when we have writers and observers on human nature by the scores, of the results of common experience in all its grades and conditions. The newspapers of the day, and the higher literature, are rich and full of this desideratum for our science. Dickens, Scott, Irving, and others of that ilk, have performed this—the *a posteriori* process for Ethology. It remains for a master hand, like that of John Stuart Mill to take from psychology, the requisite laws, and combining them with the results of experience, evoke the science of Ethology into full and useful activity.

What an aid is here to education! Not an education useless and chimerical; depending on mere scientific experience, without system or aim, but an education of the soul by combining judicious generalization with specific experience. How many sparks of excellence have been smothered by the perversions of education! It is a remark of Landor, that very wise men—wary and inquisitive, walk over the earth, and are ignorant, not only of the veins of gold and mineral wealth beneath, but of the very herbs and plants they are treading. How true is the remark applied to the gold of thought—the spiritual wealth of the soul, and of the growing intellect! The eye of science has delved into the secrets of the earth, analyzed its elements, and

enrolled the flowers and herbs in its nomenclature. Why should not science perform the same office for the human character? Poetry answers in the language of Wordsworth, but with less truth than poetry;—

> "And if indeed there be
> An all-pervading spirit, upon whom
> Our dark foundations rest, could He design
> Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
> And the dread soul within it—should exist
> Only to be examined, searched, pondered,
> Probed, vexed and criticised?"

The answer is not satisfactory. The Parent of order and harmony never could frown upon the working of true science, whose aim is, through reason, to trace all the phenomena of nature back to their First Great Cause. Nay, we rather prefer the truth as it is in Milton: "For sure, God esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous man, more than the restraint of one vicious." How shall a man grow; how shall his character become complete, if he is to obey the blind impulses of his nature, and live unsubjected to the wholesome discipline of duty? To produce growth, there is more to be done than the mere planting of the germ; and to make it complete in its kind, requires a close analysis of the elements within and without.

Great and good characters are the illustrations of every age and country. The immediate advantages and remote influences of such, are happy and benignant. They raise the standard of morals, arrest the progress of degeneracy, and awake in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. The mythology of the heathen, and the tradition of the savage, consecrated the memory of their heroes, invested them with great attributes, dilated them in imagination, and clothed them with all the awful associations of supernal power. We can easily pardon the simple blindness of such devotion, even when it partook of the vices and defects of its object. They had no revelation of the consummate character of the Deity. But how is it, now that we have a perfect standard displayed in the Founder of our Religion? Are we yet to bow to every hero, and to idolize his earnestness and energy, regardless of the motives which prompt and the aims which guide? Is resolution to be regarded as character; or, as it truly is—a means to character? Is energy of decision to be praised, when away from the guidance of principle? Shall we disregard voluntary and reflective action, and become enamored of a heroic something, which sways the head, heart

and hand, and overmasters intellect, nobility and virtue? Oh! but it is prettily said; better that the human soul ran riot in its native spontaneity, than to have it pinched and confined by the laws of science; better that Apollo's locks were dashed and dishevelled by the hurricane, than that they be cropped and cued. But is it true, that the human soul becomes enervate, or that virtue wanes, because men reason about them? Does the dialectician degrade human nature? Is SOCRATES to be reproached, because he confuted the Sophists with his interrogative method? Is ARISTOPHANES to be adored because he obeyed the impulses of a depraved humor? Such an idea would make PAUL an object of contumely, and LUTHER an object of suspicion, because they reasoned of hope, faith and the judgment.

We would bring to the study of the lives of the great, the well defined principles of ethological science. They will at once dispel this crazy worship of headlong heroism, and winnow character, so that it may be truly and philosophically revered. Under the eye of science, worth will always be worth; and no glitter of intellect, or flash of genius, shall ever sink it into contempt, or raise its opposite into honor. It needs no wild, unreasoning mummery, no ceremonial observances, no blasts from the trumpet, to usher in its presence. It is humble and among us. We would admire, cherish, love, revere and venerate it, upon well grounded reasons; worship it—never! There has been but ONE character incarnate, worthy of worship. Had we no pure religion, in which HIS character is the guiding star, this devotion to earthly heroism might be pitied and pardoned. Its very similitude to Religion makes it more execrable. He who would place human character in any other than its proper place in the Parthenon of science, deserves the reprobation of the good. It has a temple in the hearts of men; but reason is the presiding minister there. Let human greatness rise. Let it rise even above the clouds of the sky, and be gilded with the glories of imagination; but let us remember its base is the broad earth which we ourselves tread,—that is the signature of OMNIPOTENCE only,—that its noblest splendors are but the shadow of the ALMIGHTY, to whom alone the soul should arise in its native strength, spiritual beauty and inborn independence.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

Orators of the American Revolution, by E. L. Magoon. New York—Baker and Scribner, 1848, *pp.* 456, *with six portraits.*

The dedication of this exceedingly pleasant book is characteristic of a gifted author:

"To Students who are not drones, Christians who are not bigots, and Citizens who are not demagogues, this Book is respectfully inscribed."

The portraits are of Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames and John Randolph.

In the first chapter the author takes a general survey of the field of American Eloquence. Thus he speaks of the three leading spirits of the Revolution:

"Otis, Henry and Adams struggled on the rostrum, and pleaded with a price set upon their heads, while they cleared a space for the sunshine and growth of enlarged liberty. They were just the men for the task. They struck for freedom and not for plunder, and were ready to sacrifice everything in behalf of the boon for the attainment of which they fought. To give battle single-handed, like Cocles, against a horde of foes, or, like Curtius, to immolate themselves for the good of their country, was a duty which they courted rather than shunned. Those three men were the Horatii of this nation, and their renown will grow broader and brighter with the lapse of time."

"Several coincidences in our early history are remarkable. The first and last battle-fields of the Revolution are almost within sight of the colleges where our leading patriots were educated, and the rostra where the first popular debates occurred. All the chief orators of New England were graduated at Harvard; the popular discussions which led to actual conflict with the mother-country took place in the public buildings of Boston, and the first great battle for freedom raged on Bunker Hill.

"The chief leaders of the patriotic party in the south were educated at the college of William and Mary. Jefferson, then a student, heard Patrick Henry's first eloquent denunciation of oppression almost under the eaves of his Alma Mater, as John Adams, then a young man, heard Otis when he first attacked the principle of unjust taxation in the north. In the immediate neighborhood of Williamsburg, Cornwallis surrendered, and the long struggle of the Revolutionary war was closed. Thus the ball rested near where it received its first impulse. Without those col-

leges to discipline our heroical fathers, how different would have been the destinies of the world! Long may the venerable halls remain, and there

> "Long may young Genius shed his sparkling ray,
> And throw his emanations bright around."

Governor Barnard, writing to Lord Hillsborough, in a letter dated Boston, June 16, 1763, gives the following description of the immortal Liberty Tree:

"Your lordship must know that Liberty Tree is a large old elm in the High-street, upon which the effigies were hung in the time of the Stamp Act, and from whence the mobs at that time made their parades. It has since been adorned with an inscription, and has obtained the name of Liberty Tree, as the ground under it has that of Liberty Hall. In August last, just before the commencement of the present troubles, they erected a flag-staff, which went through the tree and a good deal above the top of the tree. Upon this they hoist a flag as a signal for the 'Sons of Liberty,' as they are called. I gave my Lord Shelburne an account of this erection at the time it was made. This tree has often put me in mind of Jack Cade's 'Oak of Reformation.'"

The towering elm thus referred to was the grand rallying point for the ancient Sons of Liberty. On its sturdy trunk notices of tyrannical movements, and calls to resist the same were wont to appear in the night, nobody could tell from whence; from its lofty branches obnoxious functionaries were often suspended in ridiculous representations, nobody could tell by whom. For instance, on the fourteenth of August, 1775, an effigy of Mr. Oliver, recently appointed to distribute the stamps, and a *boot* (emblematic of Lord Bute) with the devil peeping out of it with the Stamp-Act in his hand, and various other satirical emblems, here appeared in the manner described. By this time, so strong had the popular indignation become, that the sheriffs, when ordered to the task by Chief Justice Hutchinson, declined the danger of removing the pageantry from the tree. It would seem that on this spot "liberty poles" originated, and one now marks the site of the tree so dear to our fathers; a locality thrilling indeed in its associations.

The old church at Richmond, where Patrick Henry pronounced the doom of English oppression in America, is thus spoken of:

Hallowed are the associations connected with that venerable church in Richmond! Often has the writer sought its precincts alone, and pondered there on the scene when, within the walls yet standing, Henry, an the embodiment of the Revolution and all its sublime results, rose like one inspired, and delivered that speech unequalled in the history of man, ending with the ominous words, "*Give me liberty, or give me death!*" It was in the same burst of transcendent eloquence that the phrase, "After all, we must fight!" first broke on the popular ear, and fired

the universal heart. The history of that expression is interesting, as showing the close relations that subsisted between the north and south in all the Revolutionary struggle. They are the expression of a quiet Puritan in the interior of Massachusetts, given to the world on wings of fire by the bold Cavalier of Virginia. The facts are stated as follows, in a letter from John Adams to William Wirt:

"When Congress had finished their business, as they thought, in the autumn of 1774, I had with Mr. Henry, before we took leave of each other, some familiar conversation, in which I expressed a full conviction that our resolves, declarations of rights, enumeration of wrongs, petitions, remonstrances and addresses, associations and non-importation agreements, however they might be expected in America, and however necessary to cement the union of the colonies, would be but waste-paper in England. Mr. Henry said they might make some impression upon the people of England, but agreed with me that they would be totally lost upon the government. I had just received a short and hasty letter, written to me by Major Joseph Hawley, of Northampton, containing 'a few broken hints,' as he called them, of what he thought was proper to be done, and concluding with these words, 'After all, we must fight!' This letter I read to Mr. Henry, who listened with great attention; and as soon as I had pronounced the words, 'After all, we must fight,' he raised his head, and with an energy and vehemence that I can never forget, broke out with, 'By God, I am of that man's mind!' I put this letter into his hand, and when he read it he returned it to me with an equally solemn asseveration that he agreed entirely in opinion with the writer. I considered this as a sacred oath, upon a very great occasion, (and would have sworn it as religiously as he did,) and by no means inconsistent with what you say, in some part of your book, that he never took the sacred name in vain."

In chapter second we have an analysis of James Otis' eloquence and of his services in the American cause. He was born at West Barnstable, Feb. 5th, 1725. He was carefully educated at Harvard. He beguiled himself occasionally by playing on his violin. On one occasion he was induced to treat some young people to a country dance, and while they were in the full tide of enjoyment he hurled up his instrument and exclaimed, "So Orpheus fiddled and so danced the brutes!" He rushed into a neighboring garden, and forsook the revel for a nobler occupation.

In 1748 he commenced practicing the law at Plymouth, but soon removed to Boston, and soon was distinguished as an accomplished advocate.

Otis was the Patrick Henry of the North. He was in the Colonial Legislature at the breaking out of the Revolutionary troubles. Gov. Barnard came into collision with the law-making power. He sent a message respecting the disposition

of the troops, to which Otis, as chairman of the committee appointed for that purpose, drew up a response that contained the following passage:

"No necessity can be sufficient to justify a House of Representatives in giving up such a privilege; for it would be of little consequence to the people, whether they were subject to George or Louis, the King of Britain or the French King, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if they could levy taxes without Parliament."

When this was read, Mr. Paine, a member from Worcester, cried out, "*Treason! Treason!*" but after an eloquent speech from Otis, the answer was passed entire by a large majority, and sent to the Governor.

The boldness and wit of Mr. Otis is illustrated in the following passage from his Vindication of the Colony of Massachusetts:

"In order to excuse, if not altogether justify the offensive passage, and clear it from ambiguity, I beg leave to premise two or three *data*. 1. God made all men naturally equal. 2. The ideas of earthly superiority, pre-eminence, and grandeur are educational, at least acquired, not innate. 3. Kings were (and plantation governors should be) made for the good of the people, and not the people for them. 4. No government has a right to make hobby-horses, asses, and slaves of the subject; nature having made sufficient of the two former for all the lawful purposes of man, from the harmless peasant in the field to the most refined politician in the cabinet, but none of the last, which infallibly proves they are unnecessary."

Thus our readers perceive this book to be made up of admirable matter. We cannot quote farther.

Art. VI.—DEATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Earth wakes from sleep—from light—and dewy slumber
  And crimson morning lights her thousand hills;
No weight of grief is there, her breast to cumber,
  No painful presence of life's countless ills;
Upon the uplands, in their glory shining,
  Like sheaves of gold, there lies the new reaped grain;—
Low in the glens, in mossy nooks reclining,
  Wake the young blossoms fed of dew and rain.

The early birds their gleeful songs are singing,
  Wild perfumes float upon the circling air,
The golden bee its outward flight is winging,
  And voiceful insects to their haunts repair;—
The skies are cloudless, peaceful in love's mission—
  Faint breezes flutter through the arching vines;
Each summer thing is in its full fruition,
  From silvery poplar to the arrowy pines.

Earth wakes from sleep—but in man's habitation
  There slumbers one, who ne'er shall wake again;
Morn breaks without, within is desolation,
  And midnight sorrow with its sleepless pain:
What though the sun in its mid-summer lustre,
  Looks brightly down upon that blighted spot?
What though the vines and loosing tendrils cluster
  Around the portals of the stricken cot?

There is no sun can pierce the shadow resting
  On eyes that closed, alas! too soon in death;
Nor power in aught, though life and love attesting,
  To give the perished one a moment's breath;—
The moon and stars hath many mystic phases,
  Revealed to science by their own clear light,
But naught can guide us through death's wildering mazes,
  Our stars go down unquestioned into night!

What doth the avenger in our pleasant valleys,
  Chilling the verdure with his icy breath?
Slays he alike in college, home, or palace,
  Is there no spot unknown to thee, Oh! Death?
Is there no island in the broad blue ocean,
  No fabled city in the soundless sea,
Or sphered star, with living light and motion,
  To which Earth's children might escape from thee?

Alas! the winds, with ceaseless, ceaseless sighing,
  Have swept our earth, and found no hand to save,
On land, on sea, there were the dead—the dying
  In every clime, the coffin and the grave:—
Then toll the bell, and where the boughs are bending,
  In slumberous silence and in summer bloom,
Consign the dead, whose dream flows on unbending,
  Eterne as stars that watch the new-made tomb.

Art. VII.—NEUROLOGY.

Where stands the Science of Man in the nineteenth century?—in this age so pre-eminently distinguished by its humanitary tendencies? When the Elevation of the Race, and the Reconstruction of Society engage the earnest thoughts of the best and boldest thinkers,—where is that science which constitutes the very foundation of Government, Political Economy, Education and Philanthropic Reform?

When the Structure of Society, which arises from the wants, the passions, and the faculties of man in relation with his fellows, is universally changing,—where is that science which shall determine the elements of the social structure, their relations to each other, and their capacity for reconstruction in other forms? When the world is perplexed between the positive evils of which it is conscious, and the future evils which hang threateningly over the path that promises to lead to a happier destiny,—is there not an eager demand for the light which shall illumine the pathway to the Land of Promise? Whoever has sought the Improvement of Mankind, in a liberal spirit and with enlarged views, looking not merely to the speedy accomplishment of some special change, but seeking on every hand for the means of the full realization of that Destiny, to which our Moral Nature is continually aspiring,—has, doubtless, often wavered in suspense, between the flattering suggestions of Hope and Benevolence, and the stern admonitions of his own and others' experience of society. He has doubtless lingered long in suspense, before he would abandon the thrilling visions of his youth,—before his buoyant spirits and generous impulses would yield to the stern and chilling conviction, of the selfish and brutal nature of the passions, which underlie and move the whole of the present structure of society. And as, in suspense, he has traveled on through life, with the Angel of Hope upon his horizon, still beckoning him onward, while the grim Demons of Want, Despair, Passion and Crime have arisen from the earth, on either hand, to threaten his footsteps, claiming the Desert Plain of Life as all their own,—bravely for a while has he defied their threats, and scorned the realities around, and followed his good Angel; until, with wearied footsteps and ex-

hausted faith, he has at last forsworn his Guardian Spirit, and yielded to the sad conviction that crime and want, disease and war, and bleeding hearts and brutalized minds, must ever constitute an immense portion of human destiny, on earth.

With these sad convictions, his right arm is paralyzed, his social sympathies are diminished. His generous labors, and his eloquent outpourings of truth, no longer go forth for the benefit of his fellow man. We need not wonder that the enthusiastic philanthropist of twenty becomes "the practical man" of thirty, the cynical misanthrope of forty, and a gloomy recluse through the remainder of his life.

When there is so much generous emotion in the world, when there are thousands who could readily be summoned to lay down life, or undergo the severest privations, toils and hardships, for their country, family or friends—why is it that so small a portion of this mighty Moral Power has ever been organized for the universal welfare of society? Why is it, but from the fact that all this Moral Power, which is now expended in national defence, in wars for liberty, and in toils for the benefit of our families—has been struggling like a blind giant, marring its own aims, and unable to accomplish its own objects, for the *want of light?* Assuredly, if all the Benevolence, the Love, the Enthusiasm, the Courage, the Spirit of Self-sacrifice and of Martyrdom, which the world now contains, could be summoned and marshalled for a conflict with the evils under which society groans, they would be dispersed as mists before the sun, and a new order of life would be witnessed throughout the civilized world.

But in the universal chaos and conflict of opinions which now exists, no such co-operative effort can be brought about; and the generous men, whose wishes and efforts would relieve the gloom of the mass of social evils around them, find those evils undiminished, relax their efforts, and sink into the apathetic conviction that the selfish passions, with their inseparable consequences, want and misery, are essential elements of the civilized state. Their moral warmth is dissipated in isolation, and like coals, which when brought and kindled together, would have produced a conflagration, their glowing emotions expire in solitude and darkness.

Must it ever be thus? Have we no truer guide than our own varying impulses? Is there no science which can point with unerring certainty to the natural constitution and social

destiny of Man? Is there no science which can reconcile conflicting experience, establish the unvarying laws of mind, demonstrate the true relations of man to man, reveal the power of those impulses which organize society, and fix the canons of human progress? Is there no science which may survey the future with telescopic truth, distinguishing clouds and mists from realities, and warning us against the *ignes fatui* of schemes which have so often misled the good?

There must be such a science. When the science of man has been fully developed, it will indicate, not only the elements of his individual nature, but the relations which he bears to his fellows, and true Philosophy of all the different forms of Society. It will indicate their different tendencies, the practicability of each; and the mode in which the most perfect form may be most speedily realized. It will show to the ardent youth the definite means of realizing his anticipations. It will show the mature man the true nature of his social experience, and tend to prevent its making him a "sadder but *not* better man." And it will show to those who are suffering under misfortune and wrong, those Eternal Laws which are still enforced by the Creator, and which still guarantee reward to rightly directed labor. It will come to the despairing Philanthropist, and assure him that the Angel of Hope whom he has instinctively followed, is no illusion of his own imagination, but is a true and guiding Minister from Heaven to allure him on in the path of Right and Truth.

Such is the noble office of the true science of man. Wherefore, again I ask, where in this nineteenth century stands this science of man? Stands it forth in the van of civilized movements, guiding the march of troubled nations to light and liberty? Is it present among the world's iron-nerved Reformers, who are battling against all fraud and wrong—a counsellor in their ranks, telling them where to strike and when to withhold the blow? Is it among the pilgrim seekers of Moral Truth, teaching the eternal laws, which the Creator Himself has stamped upon the creature, and saving them from the delusions of fashion, sects and parties? Is it, anywhere, on the broad horizon of human intelligence, raying forth its own surpassingly effulgent light?

Alas, alas!—even in this philanthropic age, the science of sciences occupies no such position. The luminous era which it is to bring in, has not yet arrived. Like a dim beclouded star,

feebly it shines—low on the horizon of the sciences; and men have scarcely suspected that this dim meteor is yet to become the Sun of our Social and Political world.

If the present age had been distinguished by its Intellectual inactivity—if there were not thousands continually engaged in the details of the physical sciences and of various moral enquiries—the deficiencies of our anthropological knowledge would not appear so conspicuous. But when the restless mind of man has successfully explored the movements of heavenly bodies invisible to the naked eye—has investigated the minutest fibres and globules which belong to the human body—has traced the forms and studied the habits of the invisible tenants of a drop of water;—why, when physical researches have been so bold, so active and so boundless in their scope, and when the accumulations of physical science already greatly overburden the stoutest memory—why has the true science of man received so little attention? Why is it, when the forms and habits of the minutest insects and most useless reptiles, have been studied with such persevering assiduity, that the science of man, which is worth all other natural sciences combined, has yet no definite form or outline to establish its existence? Lame, helpless and blind, it limps along far in the rear of other sciences, instead of leading in the front, commander of the host and master of them all.

Have I exaggerated the importance of a science of man?—If such a suspicion arises to the mind of any reader, that suspicion is sufficient evidence of its universal and shameful neglect, since even a sketch of its scope and bearing is not recognized at once.

Have I exaggerated our Intellectual Destitution, when I affirmed that no such science existed in any definite form? Then, let me ask, in what form does it exist? Where is its name and where is it taught? Where are the learned works which profess to unfold this science of man, and by what titles are they known?

There is but one word in our language which seems to indicate such a science. That word is Anthropology. Has it become "familiar in our mouths as household words?" Is it a favorite word among philosophers and political economists, philanthropists and religious teachers? Or is it a word of strange and recondite meaning—of technical import, unfamiliar to the popular ear, and a comparative stranger among men of science?

Does it not, even to the learned, represent only some unknown and undefined entity, which is yet to appear in the world of thought,—the advent of which is looked and longed for by a few solitary thinkers, here and there, who have painfully realized the extent of our present ignorance.

In stating thus our unquestionable ignorance of Anthropology, I do not mean to depreciate the very respectable items of knowledge which we already possess. I do not mean to deny that we have an extensive knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology, and very respectable scientific materials, under the terms "Phrenology, moral and mental Philosophy, Psycology," &c. But I do deny that these fragments of scientific knowledge constitute a complete "Anthropology,"—or that they have ever been organized as parts of a thorough Philosophical system.

An immense mass of facts which go to constitute the science of Anthropology, remains as yet to be discovered. The greater portion of the functions of the brain, are as yet unascertained. The laws of Sympathy between the brain and body, are as yet unknown. The systematic relations of the various portions of the body to each other, are undetermined. The whole phenomena of the relations of mind to matter,—the correlation of the two hemispheres of the brain,—and the laws of sympathy and attraction between different individuals, remain as yet problems for the philosopher. The brain, in which all our mental powers and all our physiological functions connect, remains still as the *terra incognita* of science. Yet until its functions have been thoroughly explored and demonstrated, nothing worthy of the name of SCIENCE OF MAN can exist. As for our present disjointed observations on man's nature, they sustain about the same relation to the true Anthropology, as did the nocturnal observations of the Chaldean Shepherds to the Newtonian System of Astronomy.

The mere knowledge of the Physiological structure of our bodies do not constitute a science of man. The perfect Anatomist may be as far from being an Anthropologist as the Architect who constructs Palaces and Halls of Justice is from being a politician or judge. Anatomy reveals no functions or laws of life;—nor does the study of mind apart from matter constitute Anthropology. Philosophers who have studied the phenomena of mind by the aid of consciousness alone, may be most learned in certain laws of mind, yet most ignorant of man. As well might the politician think to qualify himself for the career of

the Statesman by studying merely the common law of the land, or the general principles of jurisprudence, as for the philosopher to think, that when he has mastered the abstract laws of mental operations, he understands the Nature of Man. Anatomy and Mental Philosophy, which occupy but the outskirts of Anthropology, leave the mind deplorably deficient in any practical and available knowledge of man's constitution.

Mind and matter must not be studied apart and abstractedly, but in their actual union. As well might we think to understand the steam engine by studying separately the properties of water, fire, and iron, as to understand the constitution of man by simply investigating his mind apart from his body, or his body apart from his mind.

Mind and body must be studied in conjunction. The living phenomena of each, can be understood only in connection with the organs by which their functions are manifested. Now it is well known that all the functions of the human body are dependent upon a particular portion of its organized matter, (the nervous) in which its governing powers are found to reside. It is well known also that all the influences of the mind upon the body, are exerted through the brain and nerves; and the character of the mind itself, is greatly dependent upon the organic condition and development of the brain. It is evident, then, that all the powers of the mind and body can be traced to the brain and nerves; and if their laws, their modes of action, are to be determined, it must be by accurate determination of the functions and laws of the nervous matter.

It is useless, for the great purpose in question, to spend our time in contemplating the structure of Bone, the arrangement of the Adipose Tissue, the circulation of the Lymphatics, the structure of the Skin, the nature of the arrangement of Muscular Fibre, and other mechanical minutiæ. If we ask to know anything satisfactory of man, we must enter the citadel of mind and life, the very seat of our conscious being; and by determining the structure and operations of nervous matter, in its connection with mind and life, ascertain the true constitution of man.

It is evident, therefore, that whenever a Science of Man, or "Anthropology" shall be developed, that science will be but an evolution of "Neurology," or the Science of Nervous Matter. When we understand, thoroughly, all its functions, its relations to the intellect, to the affections, and to the physiological opera-

tions of our constitution, we shall have a system of Anthropology. In other words, substantially, *Neurology is Anthropology;* it may, however, be more than Anthropology, because it reveals also the functions of nervous matter throughout the animal kingdom as well as in man.

So far from Neurology being, as superficial thinkers might infer, a mere glance at the anatomical arrangement of the nerves, it is in reality, the most comprehensive of all sciences, for it involves the functions of the brain, and establishes the true principles of Phrenology, and their practical application in Cranioscopy. It explains the operations of the brain and mind in Trance Prevision, Sleep-waking, Insanity, and Somnambulism, thus developing the laws of Psycology, so far as they appertain to this life. It traces the relation of the brain to the body; locates the physiological powers by which the former acts upon the heart, liver, lungs, &c.; and thus completes the science of Physiology, by giving the heretofore unknown physiological offices of the most important organ of the human body.

Thus it is obvious that from the study of nervous matter a perfect science of man arises. The functions of the brain in their influence upon the countenance and movements of the body, develop a science of Physiognomy and Gesture. The demonstration of the functions of the different parts of the brain, reveals the seat of those powers from which the phenomena of Animal Magnetism have sprung. In short, from the brain as a centre we trace out the entire science of Anthropology, and find that each fragmentary science that we now possess, assumes its proper position upon the great circle, and that the vacant space remaining between their locations is fully illuminated by the additional light, which the demonstrated functions of the brain shed upon the whole area of Humanitary science.

Obvious as it is, that a true Anthropology can arise only from profound Neurological Research, we are tempted to ask whether our men of science have entered boldly on the line of research which is so imperiously demanded. Have they distinctly perceived the paramount importance, in the present day, of Neurological Researches, and combined their mental energies for this important undertaking? Above all, how is it with that class of *savans* into whose hands "Neurological science" especially falls. To the Medical Profession, who alone investigate the physical structure of nervous matter, we have a right to look

for the first and most complete development of its functions. Have the leaders of the medical profession assumed this responsibility, or discharged this duty? Have they undertaken to go beyond the routine of pills and potions, dissections and prescriptions, to ascertain the true nature and constitution of that wonderful being upon whom they are continually operating? Have they systematically endeavored to learn the true Philosophy of man's constitution?—or even to trace the important physiological powers by which the brain controls the subordinate functions of the body on which life itself depends?

With reference to nine-tenths of the Profession, it must be confessed that they have slighted this great duty, and fallen from the post of honor which has been assigned them. They have proved unworthy of their position. They have failed either to unfold the true constitution of man, or even to reveal as much of his interior mechanism as would give to Medicine itself a philosophic form. If we look through medical libraries, or examine the leading medical periodicals, we find no system of Anthropology,—no bold and successful researches which are not of a fragmentary or limited character—no apparent desire of meeting this peculiar responsibility; on the contrary, while utterly oblivious themselves, of these duties which properly devolve upon the philosophical Physiologist, their pages are frequently dishonored by crude witticisms and vulgar sneers, at the few disconnected efforts which have been made, for the experimental solution of the mysteries of the human constitution. Sneers at the labors of others might naturally be expected from Professional Pride and Jealousy; and might perhaps have been more easily tolerated, if their own labors, in their own exclusive sphere, had been more strenuous and successful. But there is nothing to commend in the spirit of those who neither themselves grapple with the great Problem of their own professed science, nor extend a courteous attention to the efforts of others.

The undenied and undeniable ignorance of the functions of the brain, and general philosophy of the nervous system, which prevails through the Medical World, is daily admitted in a current matter of course way—as if the functions of the brain, like the movements of stars which cluster in the yet unresolved nebulæ, (of the sword of Orion or the girdle of Andromeda) were necessarily beyond the scrutiny and calculations of man. The medical mind generally appears so accustomed to grope in the twilight gloom of an imperfect science, as to have become al-

most insensible to the thick darkness which rests upon the science of man, and unconscious of the keen reproach which such a condition casts upon those who tolerate it.

When the writings of Physiologists upon the nervous system are examined, we see a few vain speculations and despairing suggestions, which sound like the enquiry of the midnight traveler, "watchman, tell us of the night,"—but which are not propounded in the hopeful spirit that continues—"for the morning seems to dawn." The majority of Medical men as yet behold no advancing day—though the dawn of Phrenological Science and the electric flashes of Mesmeric Light have inspired a few with the hope that a time of General Illumination is coming. But the majority still look with too much indifference upon such light, to welcome with any earnest cordiality the coming day. There is a reason for their apathy. Medical science has so long wandered through quagmires, dazzled and misled by meteor lights, its facts have so often proved "false facts," and its theories, baseless fabrics,—that it is no wonder a cold inert skepticism should check the faith of those who have been deceived again and again, until they have lost confidence in the power and faithfulness of human reason.

We need not then be surprised if Anthropological science should find as earnest cultivation, and as vigorous advocates beyond the limits of the medical profession, as among its proper guardians. At the present time, we need to begin anew. Men of vigorous minds are required, who can undertake the interrogation of nature. We want not learned men, whose highest ambition is to master the crude accumulations of other minds—but men of genius, competent to speak with nature in Socratic Dialogue, and rightly interpret her responses. Their commission for the task must be derived from the confessed failures of their predecessors. The failure of Metaphysical enquiries to reveal the constitution of man, and the equally signal failure of Anatomical and Physiological science, demand new means or new methods of enquiry. In the language of the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review;—

"How much thought has been devoted to this subject?—how much labor expended?—how much midnight oil consumed in wearisome, yet ever exciting researches, is known to but few: but all know that the enquiry has occupied the greatest intellects that have ever appeared among men; with what results, let the reader say,—if there be one (?),—of Plato and Aristotle, of

Spinoza and Hobbes, of Locke and Condillac, of Stewart, Cabanis, Kant and a host of others; the names only of whose works on Mental Philosophy and Metaphysics, would make a lengthy catalogue. * * * * The pure Metaphysicians have only studied a small part of the order of Nature. The sensual mental Philosophers, although further extended in their views, have really limited their enquiries within the most narrow circle of human phenomena."

The errors of our predecessors must be our warning. The admission that, with all their labors, they have never entered upon the central Territory of Anthropology; but have only occupied its confines and out-skirts,—the universal admission of their ignorance by the best Physiologists,—warn us that no methods of research which have been heretofore exhausted by Anatomists, Physiologists and Metaphysicians, can accomplish our object. How, then, shall we proceed? If the whole mystery of life and mind lies imprisoned in the nervous structure, is it beyond our reach? We profess to understand the Chemical and Physiological functions, which are occurring in the minute air-cells of the Lungs,—in the capillary blood-vessels,—in the acini of the Liver,—in the very globules of the blood,—in the filaments of the optic nerve,—would it not be ridiculous self-stultification to suggest that an organ of so large dimensions, so well known in its Anatomy, and so easily studied in its phenomena and comparative development, as the brain, must be forever beyond our knowledge?

What then are the probable methods of determining the functions of the brain? To this point all our enquiries must tend; for on this point hang the hopes of Anthropology. If the functions of the brain are not determinable by any method of experiment, then man is forever doomed to ignorance of the richest science which God has placed before us. Vast wisdom and skill are displayed above us, in the starry heavens, for our reverential study—treasures of knowledge, the Divine Hand has spread beneath our feet in the structure of the Earth,—and all around us in the vegetable kingdom; but, nowhere has He concentrated such skill, such vastness and beauty of design, to repay our admiration and research, such diversity of means, such complexity of details, such infinite variety and harmony of combination and organization, as in his master-piece,—the Constitution of Man.

If we have been endowed with this constitution, upon which the laws of our happiness or woe are stamped, and can never learn those laws and understand this constitution; if man has thus been sent forth from his Creator, destined forever to remain ignorant of himself,—his fate too much resembles that of Bellerophon, cruelly sent forth an unconscious victim, with sealed letters, commanding his own sad doom. But believing no such reproach against Divine Benevolence can be true, and believing that the science of the brain presents no greater difficulties than many other physical sciences, which have been already mastered, we may confidently approach the problem, "how can we determine the functions of the brain of Man."

There are obvious methods, which have already been tried with a certain degree of success. The brain of Man is similar to the brain of animals in its general plan of development; and upon a general review of the animal kingdom, we observe that the increase or diminution of cerebral development corresponds with the successive grades of mental development, or elevation in the scale of being, which the respective species manifest. Even a superficial glance at the brains of men and other vertebrate animals, must impress the candid observer with the conviction that the anterior Lobes are connected with the intellectual powers, that the animal passions and inferior functions are specially connected with the interior portion of the brain, and that the moral sentiments are in like manner associated with its superior regions.

The same general principles are easily confirmed by the most careless observation of men in society, contrasted individually with each other, or viewed in classes. Hence we find a general conviction, even amongst those who do not profess any great regard for Phrenology, that the three great regions of the brain exert these distinct influences upon the character. Craniologists following the instructions of the immortal Gall, the pioneer of the most rational cerebral researches which medical men have undertaken,—affirm that by comparing different heads, we may discover that whenever any portion of the head is remarkably deficient, a certain general deficiency pervades the character of the individual in whose brain the organ is absent. If it is possible by means of Cranioscopy to determine correctly the conformation of the brain; and if we can find in nature a sufficient number of striking and diversified cranial developments,

it will certainly be possible to learn what influence they have upon the character.

As to the possibility of determining the conformation of the brain by the conformation of the skull, no one would deny its general truth, who has examined the moderate thickness of the skull. As to the degree of accuracy attainable, there may be different opinions. It is, however, to be observed that those who have given most attention to the subject are the most confident as to the conformity between the brain and the skull, and those who suffer doubts and difficulties to destroy their confidence, are generally persons of but little craniological observation.

But have the followers of Gall and Spurzheim prosecuted this investigation with that philosophical accuracy which will authorize us to rely upon the result of their labors? For my own part, I must confess that the Gallian system of Phrenology, however satisfactory it may be to those who are accustomed to the practical examination of heads, has never yet presented a sufficient amount of evidence to verify the accuracy of all its details. No one can examine with care the heads of marked characters, to note their craniological developments and their corresponding traits of character, without becoming convinced of the essential truth of the science. But at the same time, if he be a candid enquirer for the truth, and not a passive follower or blind partizan, he must at the same time be equally convinced that scientific accuracy has not yet been attained; that the details of the science are far from being perfect, and that a vast deal yet remains to be done to complete it.

Even if the truth of the organic details of Phrenology were established by accurate measurement of a sufficient number of heads, the subdivisions of the brain which it proposes are much less numerous than those which exist in nature, and do not correspond with the individual convolutions. Craniology, therefore, even if it escapes important errors, must ever be an imperfect science, from its incapacity to follow the details of the cerebral structure.

During the last twelve years, I have been convinced by many thousand observations and measurements upon the heads and skulls, that the Gallian system of Phrenology is essentially true, but that several organs of the brain have been incorrectly described, and that the entire philosophy of the science requires to be re-modelled.

Phrenology has been deficient not only in accuracy of details and philosophical completeness as a system, but in cogency of evidence. Those who are accustomed to the careful study of heads may rely on that species of probability which arises from the fact that a certain prominence generally coincides with a certain trait of character; but the facts are altogether too indefinite and conflicting to satisfy a mind in search of positive science. The science of man in all its developments should be based upon something more than probability,—upon demonstrations of undeniable accuracy and authenticity. It therefore demands something more satisfactory and more complete than craniology. It demands a species of knowledge which craniology has not heretofore professed to afford.

The followers of Gall and Spurzheim have undertaken to rereveal one half of the functions of the brain. The brain, however, is equally important to the mind and to the body. In the latter it controls and modifies every physiological action; neither the liver nor the smallest gland in the body performs its secretion without being influenced by the brain. Phrenology has merely undertaken to reveal the mental functions of the brain. Its physiological functions remain unknown.

Phrenology has seized the link between the mind and the body; and shows how the mind is connected with that link; but not how that is connected with, and operates upon the body. Cerebral physiology, (the operation of the mind upon the body) is as necessary as cerebral phrenology, to a right understanding of the human constitution. Thus, even if Phrenology had been perfected, a vast hiatus would still have existed in our knowledge of man. Has anything been done, or is anything doing, to supply this deficiency, and to perfect phrenology?

Something has undoubtedly been done. Thousands of living animals have been cut to pieces by experimental physiologists, and the living brain has been sliced in many a curious method, for the purpose of ascertaining what functions were injured or lost by the process. Thousands of human brains, too, have been dissected in hospitals, and their pathological conditions observed. But the sum total of all that has been learned by these methods is really so unimportant that pathology inspires no vivid hopes, even among pathologists, and *virisection* is virtually abandoned, as a means of revealing the functions of the brain.

Here, then, we stand,—with but one method of exploration which has ever resulted in valuable discoveries. This method has explored but half the field before us, and that half in a very imperfect manner. It has thus far proved incompetent to the actual portraiture of man,—capable of tracing the outlines, but not of filling up the features of his mental constitution. This method is limited by its own imperfections; and, even when it shall have attained the goal at which it has aimed, the unitary science of man will not have been established.

The great hiatus between mental Philosophy and Physiology is not filled up when mental Philosophy is connected with the brain,—nor until the mental functions of the brain have been traced to their connection with the bodily organs.

Thus, when every well known avenue to the citadel of Anthropology has been tried, we now find that we are still unable to penetrate the interior and survey the whole. How shall we find another pathway? Have we tried on every side? Have we exhausted all our resources? By no means. Strangely oblivious as we have been, we have tried every path but that which is the simplest and most direct. One method remains untried, as simple as it is direct and satisfactory. That method is so obvious that we are tempted to inquire, why was it not adopted before? and why was it not established at the very dawn of science, so as to be more familiar to all our race?

That method is EXPERIMENT UPON THE LIVING BRAIN. Even as we experiment upon the nerves by cutting, pressing, irritating or galvanizing the fibres, to determine their living functions and thus obtain positive knowledge, so will an experimental science of the living brain give positive certainty. How obvious and natural the suggestion! If we would know the functions of the eye, we close and open it alternately, and thus prove that it is the organ of vision. If we would understand a piece of machinery, we turn its wheels, move its springs, or arrest the motion, till we trace out and understand its source and mode of action. If this be practicable of the brain,—if there be any means by which we can arrest or paralyze its action, and that of its several parts,—the whole affair becomes almost as simple as the examination of a watch. If this is practicable now-a-days, it has been practicable ever since the existence of man commenced. If the labors of the vast array of philosophers who have been occupied upon Anthropology in some of its many departments, have done nothing more than to explore

the outworks of the science—and if, after all, the simple experimental method is destined to accomplish that in which all have failed! is it not almost a ludicrous consummation of the history of Human Philosophy? If a little levity may be pardoned upon so grave and important a subject, it might be suggested that the immense labors of the scientific world in exploring the nature of man, by every method except that of direct experiments upon the brain, have been somewhat analagous to those of the absent minded philosopher, who commenced a search for his spectacles by examining his table, exploring every room in his house, and even wandering through his garden, until, upon asking his grandson to assist him in his researches, the child informed him that his spectacles were still upon his head, where, only, he had failed to carry his examination! If our absent-minded philosophers will only place their hands upon their heads, they will find that they need not go farther in their desultory path of inquiry. The entire scheme of humanity must be developed from the brain; and our whole investigation, with all its vast consequences, depends upon this simple question: Is there any method by which the living brain can be excited or paralyzed, in its different portions, and thus compelled to reveal its different organic functions?

Unhesitatingly I answer, yes; from experiments publicly made in '41, and often since repeated and confirmed in various American cities, I am authorized to say that the brain of the living man is the most susceptible portion of his organism; and that the requisite process of experiment is in the highest degree simple and satisfactory.

Here then, we stand upon the threshold of the holy temple of humanity. If we can enter within, and learn the wonderful operations of mind in connection with matter; if we can approach the holy of holies, and bathe our eyes in the light of Divine wisdom which has there been displayed; if that mysterious interior, which has for ages been veiled from the human eyes, be now accessible to man, let us proceed to open the doors and enter, with reverential footsteps, the sacred home of the highest knowledge. There is but one remaining door to be assailed. The struggles of man have heretofore ended upon the outward walls: that door has not been found. We have witnessed the approach of different parties; we have witnessed their efforts; and now we are standing upon the threshold, where we are destined either to a final and eternal disappoint-

ment, or the full realization in reference to man, of all that has been longed and prayed, and sighed for, from the earliest dawn of philosophy.

Can it be that the portals are to open before us? that a science is to be born in a day? and that man, long baffled and despairing in uncertainty, is at last to know himself? to read the hand-writing of his Maker upon his constitution? and to see with equal clearness his relations to the spirit world above him, to the material world beneath, and through his material organs to his living fellow-beings? Is it possible at last that the elementary laws and principles of human nature may be settled with rigorous certainty; and that man shall see himself, not darkly as through a glass, but in direct, clear and unclouded vision?

Aye; it is not only possible—it is true. For twelve years I have watched the doors and windows of the temple for a glimpse of light, seeking for some new opening for admission, and when its broad gates were opened and the light of real science burst forth, I gave a few tears of joy and hope to this overwhelming and heavenly reality: and the emotion of joy was tempered by a humble consciousness of my own incapacity to bring worthily before my fellow men the science upon which I had just been permitted to gaze; and urge their hesitating steps to the true path of knowledge.

If there be in the whole realm of science, a region of romance and poetry, it is that region upon which we have now entered. The mysteries of mind and soul continually operating in daily life, and spreading their influence through past centuries, embrace all that is pleasant, noble, good, inspiring in this breathing world. To all this we have access. We enter the temple of humanity and look with equal facility along the dark galleries and gloomy caverns of crime, or upon the sunny scenes of hope and love. We trace equally the connexion of our body with the clods of the earth, and the relation of our spiritual principle to its creator, and to its fellow inhabitants of eternity. To have studied these things in the broad, bright sun-light of experimental science, was indeed enough for the most favored of mortals, and I could have said in sincerity, *nunc dimittis*, for this was indeed the highest consummation of my hopes.

But it inevitably devolves upon all who know a truth to proclaim that truth for the benefit of their fellow men, for those who

have explored a new path, to point out that path for other foot steps. Permit me then to go on, not as a dogmatic teacher, but as a faithful guide,—to point out that path to others, which leads to the fruition of our highest hopes of knowledge; and which no one can follow without surpassing the goal of his own anticipations. I have some years past quietly but confidently announced the existence of this path. I have been told that it was utterly incredible that such discoveries should have been made; and that the whole romantic story of the development of the science of man by experimenting on the living brain, deserved to be classed among miracles to which no one should assent without the highest possible degree of evidence. I have observed upon this subject, a spirit of incredulity spread throughout our country, and among all classes. When the startling announcements which I made were first received, I found myself, in the language of a distinguished senator, "solitary and alone," maintaining what was deemed a wild and truly incredible doctrine by solemn assertions, by public experiments and by challenging the scrutiny of scientific men.

Since my first discovery in '41, that the brain of man was capable of being excited and compelled to manifest its functions, a partial knowledge of the principles has been diffused thoughout Europe and America. The principle that the brain may be excited, has been illustrated by a thousand experimenters in America and Europe, and although the experiments which I performed, have not been correctly repeated, similar results in connection with somnambulism and what is called the mesmeric state have been obtained. The mesmeric proceedures I have entirely avoided—showing that true scientific results should be produced in the natural waking state of the individual, when he is in the possession of all his faculties. Although the scientific processes of Neurology have not been carried out by mesmeric operators, yet a general conviction has been produced by their operations that one individual may exert a powerful influence over the constitution of another, and may compel the brain to the most varied manifestations. The proposition which I introduced in '41, and which was then regarded as utterly incredible, that the brain of a person of the proper temperament, may be excited by the nervous influence of another person, by means of the direct application of the hand to the head, is no longer regarded as incredible. On the contrary, this fundamental fact of the science, has been extensively re-

cognized by the most enlightened minds of America and Europe.

Upon this point the whole question turns. Either the brain can be excited, and the science of man built up by experiment, or the brain cannot be excited, and the science of man must forever remain incomplete,—resembling in its desolate confusion, the ruins of a mighty temple which but indicate the plan of the article. The single proposition which lies at the foundation of the argument, has received its public demonstration; and millions are convinced of its truth. Those who are not yet convinced, have but to learn the proper method of conducting an experimental investigation, and convince themselves of the results of their own experimental enquiry.

It is impossible, within the limits of a brief essay, to indicate fully the character and scope of the science All with which I am concerned at present, is the fundamental proposition, that the living human brain may be made the subject of experiment; and that, by such experiment, we can excite and demonstrate every mental or physiological faculty or condition of which man is capable,—in short, that the IMPRESSIBILITY OF BRAIN IS THE KEY TO ANTHROPOLOGY.

Upon this proposition the attention of the scientific world should be riveted, for it is incomparably the most important proposition in the whole range of science. If the different portions of the brain be susceptible of definite local excitement, a perfect Anthropology must arise from experimental researches by the method; if the different portions of the brain be not susceptible of such experiment, a perfect Anthropology can never exist. The millions which have been expended heretofore, in laborious and unsatisfactory attempts to build up Anthropology, must be followed by millions on millions hereafter, of still more laborious and exclusive researches, occupying centuries to establish single propositions, and leaving mankind, a thousand years hence, still in the gloom of ignorance, still struggling in vain for the fruition of impossible hopes of knowledge.

So long as the great question concerning man's own nature remains unsettled, so long as he finds himself surrounded on every hand with darkness,—so long will his mental vision be dim, and his eyes unfitted to the light. Night is the time of sleep—and so long as darkness surrounds the human mind, so long will the mental eye-lids droop; so long will men repose in idle and profitless dreams, and even if roused for a short time

by a flash of light, return again to their couches of slumberous apathy. Until the bright dawn of perfect science, this apathy must exist. The mind of man depends upon its surrounding sphere. In a sphere of light and truth, it is elevated to its highest intellectual force; but in a sphere of darkness, it sinks into absolute torpor. Hence it is that now, when a perfect science of man exists not, the desire for its existence is but feeble and irregular. The slumberous apathy which pervades the Medical Realm upon this subject, extends almost throughout the whole Republic of Letters; and the great question of the age, in science, is as far from the great intellects of the age, as the obscurest speculation that marred intelligence in the dark ages.

In all sciences, there are certain questions on the solution of which, immense results depend. If we grapple with these, a splendid conquest may be obtained; if we fail, we are doomed to a far humbler sphere of knowledge. In chemical science, the applicability of Galvanism to analysis, opens a wide range of research. In Astronomy, the law of Gravitation, as evinced in a falling body, presents a question, the solution of which, unfolds the mechanism of the universe. In Geography, the practicability of crossing the Atlantic ocean, was at one time the question, upon the solution of which depended the opening of a continent to the march of civilization. That question having been boldly met, and the truth ascertained by direct experiment, vast regions have become the home of civilized men, and the future residence of countless millions. So in the science of man, after many centuries of unprofitable labor, we have at last reached the great question of Anthropology,—that upon which its existence as a science, depends. Can the cerebral functions be determined, by experiment upon the living brain? This question I have met by experiments; and those experiments have given me the most unqualified affirmative answer.

In these experiments I have entered upon a world of romance and marvelous philosophy. If they are practicable at all, if it is possible by any such experiments to detect the arena of life, assuredly the effects must be marvelous. Yet marvelous as they may be, no new facts can be developed, which will not be sustained and illustrated by all facts previously known, or by all true sciences. These facts I seek to place before the world, in such a manner as to lead others to observe and ascertain their truth. Permit me to demand a fitting audience. It is not as in idle gossip that I would speak to the lovers of the marvelous

and the smatterers in science. Whether or not the experiments in Neurology are curious and wonderful, is a trivial matter. The great question to be determined, is the IMPRESSIBILITY OF THE BRAIN, and should not the discussion of the great question receive such a hearing as its vast importance demands? If it be determined that the brain is impressible, then my great object is attained; for if this point be conceded with all its consequences, then it is the great duty of the strong minds of the present age, to investigate that impressibility, and to establish therefrom a true Anthropology. When it has been determined that Anthropology must rest upon this foundation, then am I willing to present my own claims as an architect; and to demand whether the system of Neurology which I have developed, has any claims to be regarded as the true Anthropology. It comes with all the signs and attendants of truth. It rests upon experiments which court scrutiny, and have often been repeated by different persons, and in different places. It exhibits views of the human constitution, more beautiful and elevating than we have had before,—elevating science so high in the scale of moral truth as to place it in beautiful unison with religion, and exerting a similar ennobling influence upon its votaries. It reveals a system of mental philosophy as satisfactory as it is inspiring, giving rise to the hope that there are no problems in reference to mind, which will not be hereafter solved. It presents principles of Physiognomy and Gesticulation, which we observe exemplified before us every hour; and it presents new views of Physiology and Pathology which the physician finds at every step, a light upon his path. In short, it satisfies the restless curiosity which impels us to seek the causes of the thousand varied phenomena, which the constitution of man is constantly presenting, and which are the subjects of our most abstruse and laborious studies.

Finally, when the one great scientific question of this age has received the earnest attention of its advancing minds, when it has been acknowledged that Anthropology must be built up by Neurological research, I may safely affirm that the amount of scientific knowledge which will be revealed, and the illuminating and liberalizing effects of that knowledge on the human mind, even aside from its practical utility, will accomplish more for the general elevation of thought, and exert a more humanizing and beneficent influence upon society, than all that science has heretofore achieved.

ART. VIII.—THE DOMINIE.

But the sight of that schoolhouse brings back the days of 'Lang Syne.' Well do I remember the old parish school, where I received my preparation for college under the free and easy, but most efficient administration of Dominie Menross. Dear old man! he has long ago "gone to the yird," but his memory is as green as the grass which waves upon his grave.—TURNBULL'S GENIUS OF SCTOLAND.

The sight of that old school has brought
My boyhood back to me,
Its transient grief o'er toilsome tasks,
Its thoughtlessness and glee:
I see a venerated face,
Mid the familiar throng,
And through the open casement hear
The thrush's matin song.

I see the yellow waving broom,
The fragrant heathery lea,
Where oft I've conned my task apart,
Beneath some spreading tree;
Or watched the sun the hill-tops gild
With his departing rays,
And heard from many a lowly cot
The voice of heartfelt praise.

The hawthorn with its blossoms white,
That grew within the dell,
Where daisies dotted the green grass
And many a heather bell;
The little stream that murmured near
With rushes on its brink;
Where oft I've bathed my heated brow,
Or bent my head to drink.

Where in the pleasant summer time,
I used to haste each morn,
To play before the school began,
Upon the dewy lawn;
The lark sprang from its grassy couch,
Its thrilling notes to pour;
I've never heard it sing so sweet
As in the days of yore!

I see again the kind old man,
Whose mild and pleasant look,
More than reproof, would make me fix
My eyes upon my book,
When to the open window-pane,
I'd turn my eyes to view
The humming-bird that came to sip
The woodbine waving through.

The place is strangely altered now,
The kind old man is gone,
And in the little churchyard near,
A grey and mossy stone
Marks where he sleeps—his soul has found
Eternal rest above;
And living hearts will keep in mind
His gentleness and love.

Art. IX.—CHANGE.—A SCIENTIFIC PAPER.

"Mutation and change are everywhere found—all is in motion."
Prof. O. M. Mitchell.

"Mutability asserts its reign over all that seems most firm and undisturbed amongst the finite shapes that surround us."
Prof. J. P. Nichol.

The universe is full of change; there is no such thing as *rest* in the whole cycle of nature, but motion, eternal motion, is the property of every created molecule. The solid adamant, the compact, impenetrable agate, are never in their particles at rest! Their aggregates, or compound atoms, appear certainly so to the glance, but still a close investigation only convinces us that motion or action is the universal law. Place a diaphanous piece of agate under a high power of the microscope, and this change will be observed. Each space between the particles of the agate will be seen to be charged with a fluid whose atoms are in continual motion. We see that this little space is a laboratory, wherein nature is continually engaged at synthesis and decomposition. The little atoms of agate, solid and immovable as they appear to the naked eye, are here being decomposed; new elements are being added or old ones withdrawn, and this hardest of all substances, except the diamond, is continually yielding to the laws of affinity—is continually undergoing *change*. But of all created things, none suffer such rapid change as ourselves. It appears as if the Deity had stamped in nature his will, that he who of all creatures contained alone the spark of his Divinity, should suffer correspondingly the most rapid change in his organization; for we believe that man alone, of all living creatures, is subject to the quickest and greatest changes. The dumb animals suffer changes in their systems in many respects similar to man, but not so rapid, as the artificial stimulus which he continually resorts to, contributing greatly to the rapidity of the metamorphosis of his tissues. Even those who do not stimulate their systems, (and they are very few,) are still subject to this rapid change, as this tendency is a hereditary transmission from their ancestors. You are well aware that the slightest habit almost, will be transmitted more or less to your children. The man who is in the habit, although not to excess,

of drinking alcohol in any of its various enticing forms, will transmit to his children maladies, the effects of his own disturbed organization. These effects will be manifested in quite a number of forms; the worst of which is consumption, although it may be modified to scrofula, or general weakness of the system, or extend to the cerebral mass, and result in idiocy or madness. The delicate organization of the system is quite easily disturbed, or an abnormal action created in some of its functions. A momentary paroxysm of anger often changes the chemical properties of some of the fluids, and these communicate to the delicate fibres—which are at that time providing them with substance and life—an organization which being deformed, must result in disease.* The slightest affection of the mind exerts a corresponding effect upon the vital functions; for you should recollect that the strongest trees grow from minute seeds, which are scarcely worthy of notice from their insignificance. The great fault with those who study natural phenomena is, that they do not deem minute things worthy of their notice. Who would for a moment suppose that the slight mental affections which pass over the mind many times a day, could in the least derange or modify the actions of the physical functions? Yet still it is so, for not a shade of passion—not an affection of grief or of joy—not a slight regret, or the mere intrusion of a sentiment—but which exerts a corresponding change upon the organism; for this change is an almost simultaneous result of the affection, and must ensue as certainly as that the string of a guitar vibrates in giving sound. We are all cognizant of instances where the hair has suddenly become grey from the effects of fright—where syncope has ensued, and often such severe phy-

* Sudden anger, or any mental paroxysm of a violent nature, I have observed, imparts *acidity* to the saliva, although in its normal condition it contains *soda*, an alkali. The bite of an angry animal is proverbially dangerous, and we often hear of animals when angry, or laboring under any paroxysm of passion, frothing at the mouth—the sudden acidity generated effervescing, or neutralizing the soda of the saliva. The bite of an angry serpent is beyond cure: but if the most venomous reptile be stepped upon, and it strikes its fangs before its virus can be altered by rage, its bite is never attended with death. We are acquainted with a person who never suffers any sudden or strange emotion without feeling immediately afterward a severe smarting of the eyes; and if the passion be persevered in for any length of time, they inflame, and he becomes nearsighted. Doubtless many analogous phenomena might be recollected, if people would devote a little attention and thought to the subject.

sical disturbance as to result in speedy death. Still with these great changes presented to us, we do not take cognizance of the same in a milder form, as if they did not affect the functions correspondingly.

With each moment of time there is a change in the system, each effort bringing us a step toward the final one which results in death. It is true that the organs possess the power of continually regaining their vitality and their substance, but with each effort they lose a portion of this sustaining power, perceptible to us only in the lapse of years, and sadly observed in the advancement of old age. It is then that we recognize the vast changes which have been silently going on through life, and which have been bearing us on rapidly toward death—toward that change when this vast ocean of oxygen with its powerful affinities will come in full play, and the whole mass of organs, which for so long a time imparted to us our sensations of grief and joy, sorrow and happiness—will become rapidly oxydized, will form gaseous combinations, and in their invisible state pass off into the air. It is an interesting thing, this change! to trace its many strange ways of accomplishing the great end which God willed it, is among the most interesting and instructive tasks which can occupy the mind of man; for in tracing change in all organizations, we only trace the path which leads from birth—from first synthesis—to the grave—to final decomposition.

In tracing the great changes of the stellar worlds and systems, we only follow a cycle whose term is millions of centuries, but which leads the mind into the unfathomable depths of eternity, till its finite faculties give out in the awfulness of the vast profundity. But it is on this little planet that we must take cognizance of change, for here we have it directly around us and within us—we ourselves being the objects of its most rapid operations. 'Tis true that change is observed amid all the stellar groups, perceptible even to the great penetrating power of Ross' great mirror; and that even amid these cognate spheres, we observe the same eternal motion, tending as upon earth, to a definite end and period of time; but vast and extending in their operations, as is their vastness extended beyond earth. With us the cycle of change is but a few years, while with those mighty congeries the human intellect is lost in taking cognizance of a single change, such is its eternity.

Even with us, rapid as is the change on this sphere, we do not recognize it in many instances until the expiration of a cer-

tain duration of time. With the expiration of each moment we know that there is a change in the system, but if we be present with a friend we do not observe it in him. Let us be absent for but a few years, and upon returning we will become cognizant of the rapidity of this change. The full face will have become slightly shrunken; or the track of years will be in deep lines upon what we left fair smooth skin; or the eye, although it may not have lost its glance of intelligence—for this is the *mind*—may have changed in its physical condition, and to us appears greatly altered. We gaze at the person and wonder, is this the one whom we left but a few years previous in the exuberance of youth, and with mind imbued in the vitality of its condition? It is: change has affected its destiny. The functions have changed and changed, with each metamorphosis approaching the moment of its final oxydation, and bearing the ever living Mind onwards toward its liberation to a world vastly advanced in the sphere of progression. We observe that the exuberance of youth has been usurped by the gravity of age, this being but the effect of this change; the alteration of the fibres of the cerebral mass and that of the vital fluid, and the harp being tuned to a grave pitch, must needs give forth its natural music.

It is an alarming thing to look upon changes as they actually ensue, if we feel induced to be alarmed at the eremacausis of the vital organs and the rapid approach of death. We all look toward the hour of death with mingled feelings of dread and joy; with the former because none of us *know* what is in the future; and, with the latter, because the time is approaching when the little ills and troubles of this everchanging life will cease altogether. Still, could we philosophize correctly, this idea of death should not cause us one moment's uneasiness; for in taking cognizance of the changes around us, that nature is making a continual effort at regeneration, and that the bright and the beautiful are invariably the result of transformation from the dark and corruptible—we should look up, and not even *hope* but *feel assured*, that the same law of regeneration is fixed in the immortal spirit; and that from its corruptible temple in this changing sphere, it will be transformed into the beautiful and glorious of a correspondingly brighter one.

As we previously asserted, it is an alarming thing to those who view the final change in a trembling mood, to notice the rapidity of those within us. From the moment of birth, al-

though the regenerative power of the system is daily strengthening, we commence the race toward the hour when the contest between the vital powers and the oxygen of the air,—the power of chemical affinity—will terminate in the favor of the latter; and nothing is so full of deep instruction as that of tracing these curious and continual changes in their upward course to manhood, and their downward one to that moment when the organs themselves are dispersed and form new affinities with other similar forms, or have in their wondrous caprice given birth to organizations in the frail and lovely flower which blooms in the prairie, or the poisonous plant which in ever so small a quantity causes a cessation of life in themselves.—These changes should constitute one of the first lessons coming within our perception, for the investigation of ourselves, together with other organizations, is the most important of all studies, and will contribute further toward our knowledge of future existence than any other branch of human inquiry. It is a glorious thing to follow out this *change* in its ceaseless task upon this little globe; but more glorious the eternal sphere beyond us; for in doing so the mind is forced to desert the little trifles around it, and to take its flight alone through the boundless depths of space; to leave its earthly chains, and as free as thought sweep through the silent abyss where nought but worlds are the subjects of this change.

The "fixed" stars, whose glittering orbs have been gazed upon by the ancient Chaldean, and whose rays still pour down from the same apparent spot—surely *they* have escaped this law of change! But upon applying observation and experience to reason, we discover that even *they* in their aggregates, are the creatures of change. Upon taking cognizance of these congeries of suns, with their systems of planets wheeling around them, we see that each cognate group is in continued change, not one moment in the same spot in the heavens, but bearing onward in its cycle whose ultimate term is millions of centuries; still this group of worlds to us is stationary, so minute is the brief time which the mind of man can in its utmost strength, grasp and comprehend! In studying the correlations of these heavenly spheres, their reciprocal relations to each other, and the whole congeries about them—we are struck with this change, the constant influence of which is even perceptible to us. Even the "fixed stars" which we have believed *invariably* stationary are constantly governed by changes, which are as constant in

their operations as they are vast and incomprehensible. Although apparently fixed since the first gazers took cognizance of them, still modern observation has discerned that they are ever moving; not so much with respect to each individual world, as whole groups, which in mighty zones, consisting of innumerable worlds, are pouring their glittering bodies through the vast abyss of space, but subject to the same invariable laws which govern matter on this planet of ours.

To elevate the mind and to soar afar into the depths of space where eternal silence reigns; to leave molecules and elements, and to view worlds and worlds till the mind is overwhelmed with their innumerableness, is only worthy the first minds of the age. We again leave the vast subject, and settling down upon this little globe of ours, taking cognizance only of *change* as it transpires about us. Still if the subject were taken up methodically, it would consume pages in tracing the correlative reliance of one upon the other; but drawn off without regard to scientific arrangement, and merely with a view of attracting the popular attention, we hope a page will illustrate our subject of *change* among the elementary matter on this earth, and prove the force of the mottoes we have adopted at the caption of this article.

We have urged the fact previously, that the molecules constituting all matter, are in a constant state of change; they are at no moment at rest, but moving in a task whose destiny is organization, they are even fulfilling it. The busy bee proverbial for its constant industry, may not be inaptly compared to elementary molecules; but industry, ceaseless and eternal, appears to be the task of these constituents of matter.

We all know what is meant by the term combustion. We daily observe that when a body is burned it gradually disappears from the sight; that its constituents combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere and with each other, and fly off mostly in an invisible state. During life the functions of the body are continually in a state of combustion from the hour of birth till final decomposition is over, and its elements are dispersed again into the air. This slow combustion is termed, by the greatest mind the world ever gave birth to, *eremacausis*—an apppropriate name, from two Greek words signifying *burning by degrees*. All substances containing nitrogen are subject in an eminent degree to eremacausis; and consequently all vegetable and animal ones particularly. There is a class of phenomena where catalysis

is the cause of decomposition, or where the elements of a compound are held together by such a feeble affinity, that the least disturbing force causes their separation. Let anything whatsoever destroy the *vis inertiæ* of their molecules, and an instant decomposition is the consequence. As we do not admit *vis inertiæ*, we must look to this rapid decomposition in the motion or change of molecules. These being held together by an affinity exceedingly feeble, as is nitrogen with all substances, it requires but the smallest circumstance—often but the mere mechanical disturbance among their particles—to communicate this disturbed action rapidly to the others, and a decomposition of the whole mass is the result. This decomposition in many compounds is caused by a mere touch,—such, for instance, as causes the sudden separation of the constituents of Chloride of Nitrogen, Iodine of Nitrogen, Fulminate of Silver, etc. While in others, and these are the organic compounds, the condition of disturbance of their molecules, and their re-arrangement into new groups, is in the contact of some substance which is itself in that state. This rapid change we recognise conspicuously in all contagious and epidemic diseases. If we apply a piece of flesh in a state of decomposition to that which is fresh, we observe that the latter will soon become affected; its molecules will commence arranging themselves in other and simpler groups, and decomposition will soon have been communicated to the fresh from the tainted flesh.

If a small quantity of yeast, which is vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, be added to any fluid containing sacharine matter, the moving molecules of the yeast will communicate their motion to those of the fluid, and a rapid fermentation will ensue. It is so with the system during epidemics and contagions. Malaria is small particles of organic matter in a peculiar state of decomposition. These particles are inhaled with the air in which they are floating, and coming in contact with the lungs, communicate their molecular motion to the blood. This passes through its peculiar change, and an epidemic or contagious disease is the consequence.

Thus we see that irrespective of the internal change which is constantly going on in the system, it is continually liable to meet with external causes whose influences are more strongly felt. Every change without the system is felt more or less within it. If the air change in its density, or its disturbance be greater or less, or its electrical condition in the least altered, a

corresponding change takes place in the delicate organization of the system. Although change is constantly at work amid the minute fibres of our organization, still this is accelerated, retarded or modified by these external changes; and therefore after all, we are but the playthings of invisible forces; subject to change hourly from health to disease, or from buoyancy to depression, as may change the idle winds.

It has been imagined from the days of the dreamy Chaldean to our own, that the air is peopled with invisible spirits, who although beyond the optic nerve, exert a strong influence upon mortals. These beings may have their reality in the elements, or in their strange and unknown compounds. We know that the air is filled with myriads of anamolecules which are highly organized although invisible. No condition suitable to their existence can transpire, but that they take advantage of it, and multiply in an extraordinary degree. When we examine these mites with a deep power of the microscope, we see that they are gifted with muscular systems, with nerves, with likes and dislikes; with vision, feeling, and with perceptions, yet these mites are floating about us embosomed in the impassable air, and invisibly to us seeking their enjoyment. We thus learn that invisible things can sport about us; then why not those still more refined, but as the Chaldean would little dream, verified in the imponderable elements of the air? Or must we again don the airy garb of the dreamer, and people the air with the fairy sprites, with their minds of infinity reaching far into the misty future? It is a pleasing reverie to ponder upon these things, and with wild imagination, to grasp at the unattainable; for in these dreams we may throw aside stern change, with its immutable bars, and despite their restraint, revel amid the airy shapes that are not subject to their influence. It is a pleasing thing to give up the mind to these reveries, for in dwelling upon these conceptions of its own birth, it relaxes itself, gains renewed energy, and is prepared to grasp palpaple things, such as we have been speaking of in this article.

The great subject of CHANGE has been, as yet, scarcely touched upon; for in taking cognizance of it we review the whole operations going on in the organic world, from the minute groupings or disturbance of a molecule, to the convulsions of the earthquake, or the fury of the hurricane. We have learned that change is ensuing constantly and everywhere; that nothing

is free from it, but that every sphere and its satelites, and every particle of matter ever created, is the servant of change. Then why should we complain of change as it bears us to the grave? This change is a necessary end, having for its ultimate the regeneration of matter and the progress of mind. Would it be wise that matter should stagnate, and that the mind should be imprisoned for ever upon this most sterile of planets? This could not be, otherwise there would be no regeneration—no creation of new forms—no beauty from deformity—no fragrance and loveliness from putridity—no *change.*

Morrow, August, 1848.

Art. X.—POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

This statue, now world-renowned, has been for some weeks in this city, and has been seen and admired by a great multitude. Such admiration, however, is in a measure what we may call second-hand; that is, I admire because Mr. Spriggs the millionaire, or Dr. Slop the editor, or John Smith, admired before me:—the admiration is not mine, in truth, but is his in my hands, otherwise, second-handed. This false applause has been given to every good thing in the world, and of course Mr. Powers and his slave could not hope to escape. And among those who admired it in their hearts, not with their lips only, some objected to the conception, others to the expression, and a third party to the taste of the sculptor in making his heroine "nude," (as it is termed), which, being translated, means "stark naked." For our own part, while we feel in every fibre the beauty of the work, marvel at its execution, and thank its creator, we cannot but object to the taste displayed, the situation represented, and the countenance and position as suggestive of the situation.

Let us first notice the face and posture. Do these *at once* reveal the state of mind which the supposed situation must produce in any well organized maiden? We feel confident they do not, from this fact;—*no five persons who see the statue and think it expressive, see the same expression.* One says she is in prayer; another, she is in conscious agony; another, she is stupified with agony; a fourth, that she has risen above her trial by the power of faith; and so on. To us, she looks as one might who was about to bathe, and heard a noise which made her fear an intruder; she stops, listens, is alarmed, grieved,

troubled: the expression, intenser in kind, not in degree alone, which shall at once lay open to you her actual trial and her struggle, victory through faith, or, defeat through human weakness,—is entirely wanting.

We say, the expression should reveal *at once* the state of mind. Many persons, however, will object that no great works of art or nature,—Niagara, the Ocean, Shakespeare, Homer, Rapheal, Michael Angelo,—produce their full effect at once:—they need to be studied and lived with. Most true, no full spring was ever taken in and exhausted at a mouthful; and yet the first mouthful will give an idea of the quality of water or wine. Niagara is not fully seen at once, but the same impression which is finally left by its waters in their giant sport, is that which at first strikes one: the two differ in *degree*, not in *kind*. And so with Raphael or Buonarotti; the Dresden Madonna of the first, the Moses of the last, may be studied for years, and every year will unfold new beauties and wonders, but the nature, character, kind of the last impression and the first is the same. But (as we see it,) in the face and position of Mr. Powers' statue the *kind* of expression is wanting, not merely the full intensity, the degree.

Next, as to its nakedness. *We do not believe such statues to be incentives of licentiousness.* Stronger incentives are always within the reach of the seekers. "To the pure," says St. Paul, "all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure." This text, in the case before us, cuts both ways, as it was meant to; it suggests the unclean thoughts of too many of those who,—*as of necessity*,—see uncleanness in a naked woman; and also points out the great truth that any painting, statue or book,—even God's Word itself,—may to the impure become a source of evil influences. We do not believe that the unclothed figure is so dangerous. Men are excited to evil by evil *spirits*, not by forms of any kind. A woman who exposes an arm, or an ancle, through the influence of loose principles, will arouse the Satyr in them more effectually than the bare body of an Eve, or the half-clad form of a Joan d'Arc. And here lies the danger of the Model Artists, as distinct from the Greek Slave; their motive is black, Powers' white. But, while we reject the idea that Mr. Powers' statue is against good morals, we accept the doctrine that it is against good taste. In other words, it does not deprave us, make us beasts, but it does not cleanse us and bring us nearer to the angels. *Naked forms*

are not suited to our day. They may be tolerated in Europe and among us, but they *pain* every pure man and woman that goes to see them. They do not necessarily produce licentiousness, but they necessarily produce suffering; they are offensive to our best citizens, and best lovers of art. It may seem very funny to some that the "best citizens" should be allowed to sit in judgment on an artist, but let us all remember that whoever does most to purify, cleanse and Christianize a community is its best citizen. And why are they offensive? Because the unclad human form is suggestive of evil? God forbid! No; it is, (so far as we can analyse) because we cannot but connect degradation, suffering, purity cast down and impurity triumphant with the nakedness of the Moslem captive, or that of any other woman, save only Eve. An Eve is not open to this criticism, but how few can in any degree realize the position of our great-great-grandmother? Realize, for one thing, her innocence. The naked Eve must be innocent; when she sinned she clothed herself. We think the Greek Slave, then, in bad taste, being, as it is, needlessly and in opposition to the common custom, presented in utter nakedness;—not because nakedness is in itself evil, but because it can belong, in the conception of our day, only to Eden Innocence, or to Degradation, voluntary or compelled.

And this leads us to explain our third grounds of objection, namely, that this statue is not well conceived. A great work of Art should appeal to our highest nature, and so elevate our aims. It should suggest ennobling, not degrading, things. It may be painful, but the pain should be forgotten, lost, in the heaven-tending, and so pleasurable, result suggested. The highest topic for a work of Art is the Crucifixion, because it is a tragedy linked to the Throne of God; the topic is full of pain, but infinitely fuller of joy. The self-sacrifice of Godiva, the martyr-heroine of Coventry, is a subject full of woe, but full of grandeur also: worth a seraglio of slave-girls. Treated historically, (the heroine naked as the Greek Slave,) it would be (we think) in far better taste than the Slave, because so much less painful. The bare limbs of the English noblewoman are exposed to save many families from woe, many hearths from desolation; those of the Greek Slave are to tempt the brutal propensities of some rich Turk. Or suppose a young girl exposed in the Roman amphitheatre as a Christian; let her be naked as she was born; would her nakedness suggest the same painful, degrading ideas that

the Slave does? No. It would be, probably, one element of beauty melting into and mingling with the whole effect. And yet, even in the case of Godiva, or that of the Christian Martyr, it would, we think, be in far better taste to clothe the figure to the "edge of beauty."

We would have this position, if possible, definite; and therefore our readers will excuse some farther illustration.

You know the story of Godiva. Imagine yourself present at her far-famed ride,—present but unseen. You see the white limbs glisten; you feel the sacrifice that is made; you realize the infinite love that was working in the breast of that unclothed woman when she bent her will before that of her brutal spouse. Beautiful, and unveiled, as Venus, she draws near. What do you do? You bow your head, and feel that the Spirit of God has passed before you, supporting that shrinking form. You rise ennobled; with a new conception of the power of Faith and Love; with a new purpose in your heart to serve God and the Right.

Again;—you go to the slave-mart in some city where girls are exposed for sale. You see the buyers, cloven-footed, Pan-like: the sellers, merciless, sons of Plutus and Pluto alike.—A young, innocent child of seventeen, chained and stripped, is dragged before you; she rests in her faintness upon the nearest support, and in her intense woe forgets her woe. What do you do? How do you feel? You feel mere anguish, unutterable sympathy and sorrow. You are not raised but stricken down: God is not revealed by an act of self-sacrifice, he is hidden by the predominance of the power of Satan. When Godiva rode forth you cried—"She goes in the might of Heaven;" when the poor Greek shrunk before your gaze, you said,—"Where is God, that such things are allowed?"

A great artist, presenting to us a tragedy, will always cause us to sympathise with the suffering portrayed, and yet will make us forget that suffering in our sympathy with the noble efforts that are made by the victim. The Greek Slave appeals to our sympathy with woe, but not at all to our sympathy with spiritual struggle and victory. Therein we think it vitally defective.

Art. XI.—PITIED LOVE.

Faintly the sunset's sinking fires,
  Redden the waters, and above
Tip the gray oaken boughs like spires,
  While, struggling like despair with love,

Are rustling shadows dropt with gold,
  Deepening and nearing with the night,
Until at length they close, and fold
  In their embrace, the fainting light.

Up from the river blue mists curl,
  The dew shines in the vale below,
And overhead, like beads of pearl,
  The white buds of the Mistletoe.

Lo! while the shade and light ingrain,
  A Dryad dweller of the tree,
Like the hushed murmur of soft pain,
  Is pouring its sweet note for thee,

Lone one, beneath whose drooping head
  The red leaves of the autumn lie,—
The winds have stooped to make that bed,
  O lonesome watcher of the sky!

Lifting his head a little up
  From the poor pillow where it lay,
And pushing from his forehead pale
  The long damp tresses all away:

He told me with the eager haste
  Of one who dare not trust his words,
He knew a mortal with a voice
  As low and lovely as that bird's.

But that he saw once in a dell
  Separate from that a weary space,
A pale, meek lily that as well
  Might woo that old oak's green embrace;

As for his heart to hope that she,
  Whose palace chamber ne'er grew dim,
Would leave the loves of royalty
  To wander through the world with him.

Once, leaping in a murderous cave
  He saved her from an outlaw band,
And with such tenderness she chid
  When twice he kissed her lily hand.

With the sweet burden as he flew
  He dared to gaze upon her face,
And she forgave him, though he drew
  Closer and closer the embrace.

Why shook the fair form with alarm?
  The proud Earl Say to meet her came,
And shrinking from that boyish arm,
  Her cheek grew darkly red with shame!

And he, scarce knowing what he did,
  But feeling that his heart was broke,
Fled from her pitying glance and hid
  In the cold shadows of that oak.

Where, as he said, she came at night
  And clasped him from the bitter air,
With her soft arms of tender white,
  And the dark beauty of her hair.

But when the morning lit the spray,
  And hung its soft wreaths o'er his head,
The lovely lady passed away
  Thro' mist of glory, pale and red.

So bitter grew his heaving sighs,
  So mournful dark the glance he raised,
I looked upon him earnestly,
  And saw the gentle boy was crazed!

How fair he was! it made me sad,
  And soft as sad my bosom grew,
To think no earthly hand could build
  That beautiful ruin up anew.

But pointing where the full moon's light
  Lay redly on the village hills,
I told him that my hearth that night
  Was brighter;—How my bosom thrills,

Remembering how he hid his face
  In earth's cold bosom, cold and bare,
And told me of the warm embrace
  That meekly, sweetly kept him there.

Closer the dismal raven croaks—
  Flutters the wild bird nigh and nigher,—
A colder shadow than the oak's
  Has stilled that bosom's pulse of fire.

Art. XII.—REVIEW OF THE FREE SOIL MOVEMENT.

1. *Causes of the movement.*
2. *Proceedings of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conventions.*
3. *Proceedings of the Columbus and Utica Conventions.*
4. *Principles of the Free Soil Party.*

Pure men are generally the founders of parties. But experience proves that after a party is established, its original leaders cease to be its active spirits; because, being men who serve the Public instead of Self, they readily relapse into quietude, when they see the Cause moving on in the hands of active leaders—not suspecting that they are laboring more for individual exaltation than for the promotion of the common good. Consequently the party degenerates from its original purity until it is found to be entirely controlled by individuals vulgarly called Demagogues, Party Hacks, Wireworkers, Sappers and Logrollers. Persons of indefinite character consecrate their time to the management of the people's business, expecting to be rewarded by the people's votes. They associate freely with those who dwell on the lowest plane of human existence, ministering to their caprices, gratifying their whims, and pandering to their vicious tastes. They make themselves heroes among the low, and get such an influence among them as to become petty princes, whom it will not do to overlook, and whose favor the ambitious above them must court, for the sake of individual aggrandizement. At this stage of Partyism we find a general prostitution of happy influences; and instead of doing the people good by helping them to a higher plane, the leaders study their weaknesses, and aim to gratify them. We thus find passions and feelings that should be subdued, strengthened, and the cause of virtue injured.

This political degeneracy we find sitting aloft in our legislative halls. Resolutions are introduced, and bills are passed, not so much with reference to the public as the party service; and instead of a broad philanthrophy and an expansive patriotism pervading the Legislative Assemblies, we find the narrow spirit of party, like the hundred-handed Briarius, moving all things, controlling all things. Should a bill be introduced promising

some great moral or physical improvement, the lowest class of managers at once seize upon, and sacrifice it in the curses they excite among the vile and the selfish, who cannot appreciate any important public improvement. One party, therefore, fears to move for fear of the lower class, and thus True Legislation is set at defiance in awe of the vulgar. If good men were allowed to rule, they would readily persuade the low, of the value of good legislation, and thus secure the highest interests of the country; but as intimated above, the good and pure have not courted the favor of the low by vile means, and their influence is nothing among them. Unfortunate is the condition of the country, when matters are carried to this pass! Low indeed are the morals of Politics when base influences are thus permitted to rule!

But when Selfishness so far controls all questions of State or National importance, that the most prominent men can be bought and sold like the meanest drug in the market; when the Statesmen of one section will sacrifice what they know to be the interests of Truth and the desire of their constituents, for the sake of votes in another section; in short, when private policy is allowed to govern public conscience, a new movement is demanded to correct abuses and regenerate the politics of the Nation. The Cincinnatus who retired to private life after having planted strong foundations for National peace and National prosperity, must now be called from this repose by the exigency of public affairs, to point the people to Truth and the Country, and emancipate them from the party servitude in which they have been bound.

In this condition of selfish rule and Party degeneracy, has the Republic suffered for at least a quarter of a century. During this period, no act of party enormity has met with rebuke from even the most honest and independent actors in the party. Scarcely an editor of a partizan sheet, whose character has ever been considered above reproach, has ventured to write and print the condemnation of wrong, when it has fallen in the pathway of his party. The effort has been rather to apologise for the wrong, and even by sophistry, to convince the undiscerning that it is not a wrong; while on the other hand, the struggle has been to bring even the virtue of the opposite party into disrepute. The most deceptive reasoning has pervaded the political press of both parties, and this has been called by the intelligent partizans one of the tricks of Politics, and should not be con-

sidered immoral, though it be the grossest dishonesty; and if the criminality of conduct is to be measured by the injury it occasions, there are no epithets too severe to be applied to this political jugglery. A single theft, a single burglary, or even a single murder is nothing to the demoralization of a nation, and thus enlarging the sewer of all crimes known among men.

The politics of the Republic have thus been coming to a crisis for many years. The people have been conciliated several times by the most liberal promises and the strongest assurances. When on the eve of an open rebellion against the wrongs inflicted upon them, they have been persuaded to cling to the party and trust it once more; and to aid in this mode of conciliation, they have been pointed to the probable success of the opposing faction should they desert their old connection. This has generally been successful; for prejudice has been such, that the prospect of the success of those they had been taught to believe their political foes has infused a kind of terror among them, and sent the disaffected, cowering back to their traces.

But the spirit of opposition has been cherished by a few who have felt degraded by thus sacrificing their independence, until they could no longer endure the monster fraud, and the Buffalo storm gathered in the political horizon, like that in the natural, to purify the elements and render the atmosphere healthful.—They set forth their grievances, and the quiet citizens responded to their complaints and rallied to their standard.

We now come directly to the Free Soil Movement; and though we acknowledge in the outset, that our sympathies are with this movement, yet we hope to be able to treat it candidly, doing no injustice to others, nor excusing or palliating in any way, the follies that the Free Soilers have already committed. The Free Soiler need not expect to find here a wholesale laudation of the Movement; neither need the Whig or the old Democrat expect to find here a universal falsehood concerning their measures and their movements.

We will first name briefly the causes that led to this Movement.

1. The first cause has already been considered in the introduction of this paper; to-wit, the political degeneracy and party corruption of the times. Individuals have been found faithful to Truth, and have denounced the wrongs to which we have referred; but they have found no followers because the people had all been drilled in the party platoons, and they found it difficult

to break the lines. Their denunciations, however, have not fallen entirely lifeless; for the spirit of opposition has been increased thereby, until the avalanche had gathered strength enough to threaten destruction to the powers of wrong. Soon as the masses can be rallied and convinced that they are putting their faith in false friends, and their true interests betrayed, they will look to other leaders to guide them through the Red Sea and the Wilderness, that separate them from the Promised Land.

2. Slavery. Many individuals of the Free States who regarded this institution as the grossest wrong to its victims, and a living lie upon the spirit of the Republic, had long watched its progress, and discussed the means of Emancipation. They had long been convinced that under the old party organizations nothing could be expected for the restriction of this evil. They saw the interests of Freedom sacrificed on the altar of ambition, for it would not do for political aspirants to oppose an institution dear to the pecuniary interests of a large portion of the country, and held sacred to selfishness. To break up those organizations that could not stand without the support of slavery, has done much to bring up the New Movement. It was thought a libel on the progress of the age to wink at the increasing strength of an institution which the Fathers of the Republic desired to overcome.

But on this question of slavery we are compelled in respect of Truth to say, that much of what may be called the humbug has mingled with its discussion. For instance, it is said that the South has monopolized most of the government patronage of the country, and therefore the North should array itself against the South. This is an appeal to the selfishness of the North, and it has excited much of unnecessary bitterness. The cause of Truth needs no such aid; indeed it is injured by it. We are not disposed to quarrel with the South on this subject. If she has obtained more years of official service than has the North, it is either because she has been more attentive to her own interests, or has furnished the nation with men better qualified to govern. Force of character will always maintain the supremacy, and if the North has been second in public affairs, it is her own fault, with, perhaps, some selfishness on the part of the South. The less we say on this matter the better; for the facts only show our own stupidity, which the less we cause it to be proclaimed, the better for our credit abroad. The great

question is, shall slavery be extended by a people who were the first to proclaim the principles of human liberty.

3. The third cause of the Buffalo Movement is found in the opposition of most of the Free Soilers to war in the abstract. Immediately after a few victories were gained in Mexico, the best minds in the nation took the alarm in view of the manufacture of military heroes for the presidency—knowing that every thing pertaining to war was a moral turpitude most injurious to the character of the people. It was known that the mass could yet be seduced by the display of the warrior, and consequently one of the parties planting itself upon "availability" would nominate a Mexican hero for the Chief Magistracy. The friends of man knew that to trumpet through the nation the victories of the hero, gained amid all imaginable bloodshed and suffering—yea, even to associate the minds of the people with these terrible things, by fixing them upon a man who represents only in his person the dire cruelties of war, would turn back the Nation more than a quarter of a century in a moral point of view. It is no wonder then, that they took the alarm and began to warn the people against any further recognition of war by elevating its blood-stained heroes. And after the act of suicide was committed, is it surprising that these men are found true to their convictions, and looking around for a candidate for whom they could conscientiously vote? The Peace men of the country therefore wheeled into the ranks of the opposition, and united with the Anti-Slavery men and the Anti-Party corruption men in commencing what is called the Free Soil Movement. Now, little is said openly against military men and war, because the leaders of the New Movement are already seeking votes for their cause, and they fear to load down the Movement with issues that may diminish its strength at the polls. We must speak boldly on this question, for the honesty and disinterestedness of the leaders of this cause, are absolutely necessary to its perpetuity. It will die unhonored unless ambitious demagogues are kept from its ranks. The writer of this has consecrated his opposition to the man that seeks and *only* seeks office in this Movement. Unless it can occupy higher grounds than either of the other parties it cannot succeed—it should not succeed.

4. Land Reform. The National Reformers had also waxed to a goodly degree of strength in the land, and they are men of some activity. These could not unite upon either of the candidates of Baltimore or Philadelphia, because they had resolved

to vote for the freedom of the Public Lands upon a broad principle—their freedom to actual settlers of all nations and colors. They divided slavery into two kinds—Chattel Slavery and Wages Slavery—and it puzzled them to tell which was the more injurious to the slaves, the more destructive to human happiness. They said they would oppose both kinds of slavery—and made a proposition to the Friends of Freedom from Chattel Slavery to unite their strength and carry on Freedom on a broad Platform. The Anti-Slavery Extensionist looked a little startled at this proposition, but said, your votes are worth something, and I will consider your principles, which are new to me, and if they commend themselves to my favor, I will strike hands with you. He did consider the subject on all sides—on some to see if it would drive many Anti-Slavery Misers and Speculators from the Movement. He finally concluded that the subject might be gently touched in a resolution, on which no comments should be made, and if generally evaded by the candidates, whose letters are apt to be closely scrutinized, the Radical and the Miser might both be conciliated. With a large portion of the Reformers this plan had favor, because they were glad to get even so much of a recognition of the principle, and hoped the new party would be the progress party of the age, and grow up into the fullness of the Truth. The National Reformer who looked to policy in forwarding his course, softly stroked the new birth, and called him a lad of promise. But the stern old pioneers in the cause said no—this new party will grow to be a monster to devour us, unless he receives us into full and open fellowship, and we will stand aside, preserve what we have gained, and do something to increase our strength.

Nevertheless, the principles of National Reform are a portion of the Buffalo creed, and the countenance expected from their advocates, had much to do in encouraging the Ohio Movement. True, the Free Soil party has not very frankly avowed those doctrines—but they must do it, and will do it, or their days will be few. No one is found to oppose, who would be worthy enrolling in the cause of Freedom, and it is only a low fear that prevents an open avowal of them.

5. A fifth course, and that which includes all the others, is the failure of the Whig and Democratic parties to represent the opinions of many who had hitherto acted with them.

The Democratic National Convention assembled at Baltimore on the 22d of May, 1843, to nominate candidates for the Chief

Magistracy. Besides the indignity offered New York by excluding her delegates, a candidate was nominated, who, though once an Anti-Slavery Extensionist, had recently turned his face Southward to receive a genial breeze of favor, and announced a gradual change that he said had been going on in his own and the public mind. General Cass had published the doctrine that Congress had no power to abolish or regulate slavery in the Territories, nor even to prevent its extension thither. As a reward for his conversion, he was received into the bosom of the South, who resolved to present him for the highest office in the gift of the people. The Slavery Extensionists, or rather those who supported the doctrine of Cass, presented themselves in a bold column, and with stubborn sternness. They at once alarmed the timid and wheeled them into a line, for they made the impression that the South would support no man who favored the Wilmot Proviso, and consequently the timid feared the dissolution of the party, and shook hands with her. To prove this, two facts are sufficient—the fact that the Committee on Credentials refused to look into the papers of the conflicting sets of delegates from New York, unless they would pledge themselves before hand to support the nomination, whoever it might be; and secondly, that one of the delegates of Georgia, Mr. Forman, stated that he was authorized to say the Georgia delegation would support no Wilmot Proviso man. But lest a Proviso man should receive a majority of the votes, the South guarded against his nomination by the adoption of a resolution requiring two-thirds of all the votes cast to make a nomination. By these manœuverings, General Cass received the nomination.

And if the doctrine of Cass on the subject of Slavery was not sufficiently explicit, the Convention passed a resolution which the South regarded as covering the whole ground.

☞ Resolved, That Congress has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts by the Abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the People, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

This is one of the long series of Resolutions reported by Mr. Hallett, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and adopted by the Convention. Messrs. Yancy, McGehee, and Commander, representing Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, made a minority report, concurring in all except the one quoted above, and recommending the following as a substitute:

RESOLVED, That the doctrine of non-interference with the rights of property of any portion of the People of this Confederation, be it in the States or Territories, by any other than the parties interested in them, is the true republican doctrine recognized in this body.

This resolution, it was thought, would bring too much ridicule upon the North for subserviency; and, therefore, it was rejected by a vote of 216 to 36. The principle was thought to be sufficiently explicit in the resolution of the Committee who had couched it in a more discreet verbal ambiguity. Mr. Strong, in behalf of the Delegation from South Carolina, said, that in their belief the resolutions regularly introduced, covered the whole ground of non-interference with the rights of Slaveholders on the part of Congress, whether in the States or Territories. The resolutions were then adopted by 249 out of 254 votes.

This, then, was a surrender of the whole question, notwithstanding nearly every Legislature in the North and most of the Democratic Conventions had passed most emphatic resolutions announcing their determination to secure Freedom to the conquered territory.

The Whig National Convention met at Philadelphia on the 7th day of June, 1848. General Zachary Taylor was nominated in consequence of his supposed availability. He had not expressed himself fully upon any important question, and he could call up the enthusiasm which military glory inspires among the vulgar. His non-committalism would enable the politicians of the different localities to fight the battle according to the demands of time and place, although those of one section might be found contradicting those of another. The strongest intimations that he had ever given of his Whig faith, was that he was "a Whig, but not an ultra Whig," and that though he never had voted for President in his life—being sixty-two years of age—yet had he voted in 1844, he would have cast his vote for Clay. On the other hand, he had stated in many letters, that he could on no condition be the candidate of a party; this

was his "immutable" position; and though he accepted the Whig nomination, yet, he said in a letter to a South Carolina friend, that he would have accepted the Baltimore nomination, had it been tendered. He had not declared his views on a single principle, excepting, perhaps, the Veto Power, which he said should not be exercised on questions that had been settled by the authorities, and long acquiesced in by the people. On the question of Slavery Extension, he has remained perfectly silent; and the fact that he is a slaveholder and breathes the atmosphere of the South, are sufficient to compel the belief that he is on Southern ground in relation to this subject. Many of the Convention became alarmed, and to test still further the sense of the Whig party, as represented at Philadelphia, Mr. John A. Bingham, of Ohio, introduced the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the Whig party, through its representatives here, agrees to abide by the nomination of General Zachary Taylor, on condition that he will accept the nomination as a candidate of the Whig party, and adheres to its great fundamental principles—no extension of Slave Territory, no acquisition of Foreign Territory by conquest, protection to American Industry, and opposition to Executive Patronage.

This resolution created the utmost confusion, and it was choked down by a call for the order of the day, to wit, the nomination of the Vice President. This was all the attempt put forth by the Philadelphia Convention to erect a Platform.

The Free Soil Movement, which is becoming known as the Free Democracy, originated in Cincinnati. Early in the month of May, 1848, a call was published in two of the Cincinnati papers for a People's Convention, of such as were opposed to the further extension of Slavery, to be held at Columbus on the twentieth and twenty-first of June. This was signed by several thousand voters, chiefly residing in Ohio, among whom are some who afterwards battled for the election of Gen. Taylor, but who were then opposed to his nomination. This was the first step taken toward organizing the elements that received form at the enthusiastic Buffalo Convention.

Concurrently with this movement in Ohio, steps were being taken in New York which were finally directed into the same channel. The Democracy of this State were split into two portions, called the Old Hunkers and the Barnburners. This schism was of several years standing, and about this period they became irreconcilable. The former were the more illiberal por-

tion of the Democratic party, and the latter were of the younger Democracy who were disposed to favor much of the radicalism of the times. Each of these factions claimed to be the legitimate Democratic party, and could not persuade the other of its spurious character. Consequently, both were fully represented at the Baltimore Convention. The final separation of the two parties took place in consequence of the course pursued at Baltimore.

We regard the following as the Principles—the Platform of the Free Soil Movement—the Free Democracy.

1. No extension of Slavery into territory now free.
2. No more slave States unless they be made from territory already settled by Slavery.
3. Freedom of the Public Lands in limited quantities to actual settlers.
4. A divorce of the Government from banks, and a divorce of the people as soon as possible from the same curse.
5. A Tariff for revenue, but direct taxation soon as practicable.
6. Improvement by the Nation of our great commercial thoroughfares—our Lakes and Rivers.
7. Amendment of the Constitution of the Republic, greatly limiting Executive Patronage, and making the Executive Officers eligible by the direct votes of the people.
8. No war except for defence, and no marching of troops beyond the limits of the Republic. A reduction of the Navy to that which will suffice for the protection of our commerce, and of the standing army entirely.
9. Reduction of Salaries.

These are the principles of National action. Among the questions of State policy, the following may be enumerated.

1. Important Reforms in our criminal and civil codes.
2. Homestead Exemption.
3. Diminution of the amount of legislation as far as possible by the passage of general laws.
4. Land Limitation.
5. Education is the only sure basis of reform, and without it no reform can be permanent.
6. Every child has a right to a complete education, regardless of the circumstances of its parents; and society is responsible for the enjoyment of this right.

7. The State should guarantee the thorough education of the people, regardless of their poverty or fortune.

8. A higher rate of taxation should be assessed upon individual wealth, beyond a living estate.

We would not presume to speak for others in laying down a platform; for we hope it is one of the cardinal principles of the Free Democracy, that each man shall stand by himself, and act with them with whom he finds the most congeniality of sentiment. We are in favor of all the principles here laid down, and shall advocate them.

We are determined not to bow to party. We shall not suffer a single party feeling to influence us; and when we see the Movement degenerating into mere partyism, we shall lift up our voices against its corruptions, and labor either to eradicate them or defeat the party.

Art. XIII.—THE PLACE OF GRAVES.

How often, in the summers gone
  I've stood where these memorials rise,
And every time the spot had grown
  Less and less lonely to my eyes.

The first I ever loved, that died,
  Sleeps here, where these sweet roses wave,
A maiden, with life's paths untried,
  She left the sunshine for the grave.

And what a place of desolate gloom
  Seemed then to me the realm of death.
Though she I loved went calmly down,
  In all the trustfulness of faith.

The next, a sweet lamb of the fold,
  An infant, lulled to slumber lay,
With her pale locks of finest gold
  Put softly from her brow away.

But when the patient mother prest
  To her meek lips the bitter cup,
And came, with those she loved, to rest,
  Till God shall call the sleepers up,

Then the dim pathway grew more clear,
  That leads through darkness to the light,
And death has never seemed so drear,
  Nor heaven so distant from my sight.

Art. XIV.—A PHILOSOPHICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

If you are a traveller, reader, and have visited the northern portion of our Great West, you have had frequent occasion to notice those singular bodies of water, which, from their size, you would at once denominate the children of the Great Lakes. You have seen them reposing in the quietude of love amid an amphitheatre of hills which seem to have been planted round for protection. You have looked down into their pure, clear, sparkling depths and seen the inhabitants of the deep darting about in almost frantic sport. You have doubtless bathed in these waters and felt a physical re-invigoration; and then reposing upon the beautiful greensward of the bank and listened to the music of the little waves that break upon the pebbly beach, watched the water-fowl as they sweep through the air and rapidly skim the surface or more deliberately float on the water's bosom, and regarded the green and beautiful outline of the surrounding landscape. And, doubtless, when the spirit of the breeze was awake, you have bounded into the buoyant bark with a laughing, joyous company, spread the canvass to the gale, and been borne lively and lightly over the breast of the deep. In all this you have seen some of the sunny scenes of life, and felt, perhaps, the adaptation of earth and earthly things to the highest happiness of man, and that the miseries of life are the enemy that has invaded the paradise of joy.

Connected with these little lakes you have noticed the fact that while they have a copious outlet pouring down a heavy volume of water to refresh the country through which it flows, they have no visible inlet. They seem to be most beautiful sources of an indispensable blessing—receive nothing and yet pouring out with the largest generosity as though they were created on purpose to bless. And yet nothing but God occupies the position of giver and not a receiver; He puts all things under obligation to him while he is under obligations to none. These lakes receive their supply from unfathomed depths in the earth.

It bubbles up in cold and sparkling volumes like the generous spirit of Hope.

But enough of the lakes for the present. On its banks were several residences, inhabited by families whose pleasant situations were objects of envy on the part of those who occasionally visited the Lake. But alas! we are prone to be discontented with our lots. Every locality has its advantages, and a constant familiarity with any particular delight deprives it of more than half its blessing. Most of the inhabitants around that Lake failed to appreciate the paradise they enjoyed, and wondered at the exclamations of delight that escaped from those who came to admire the scene and recreate themselves. But all the lake people were not insensible to the privileges they enjoyed. There was one family that lived on the western slope of that Lake, whose members entered fully into the spirit of the scene, and made it the means, as it was designed to be, of consummating their earthly happiness.

The Goodloes had passed twenty years of unembittered life on the banks of this beautiful Lake. The plan of life they pursued could scarcely be improved, and as an example for others, we must here furnish the reader an outline.

The first step pre-requisite to success had been taken both by Mr. and Mrs. Goodloe before forming the marital union. This was the determination of general principles of action, so that uniformity might characterize the whole life. The first principle was, that every act of life should have reference to the great end of our being,—that of securing the highest possible state of mental and physical health; well knowing that upon these depends happiness, without which life is a curse. Their mental constitutions being similar, they readily harmonized in this principle, and began life together with the determination of carrying it out. To this end they provided for the sustenance and development of both mind and body; in which they differed from the world at large, who, after merely satisfying the body with food and raiment, devote their energies to the accumulation of wealth or a display of ostentatious pride.

They thought rightly that nothing could be done but affected either favorably or unfavorably, the happiness of the doer. Every arrangement of the house, the walks, the gardens, the out-houses and the farm generally, had either a good or a bad influence upon themselves, and the family they might be called to educate. Accordingly in selecting a site for a residence, in

building the house, its architecture and interior plan, in laying out the grounds for yards and gardens, and in planting trees and shrubbery, and cultivating flowers, an eye was kept upon the disciplinary influence all these might have upon the mind. The highest form of architecture was sought, and the highest taste and most pleasing symmetry in all things was studied in devotion to the law that the human spirit receives its impress from the character of external things which come in contact with it through the sensuous avenues. In this we understand the reason of the maxim, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," for that beauty has communicated itself to the spirit, become a part of it, and lives forever an inexhaustible source of gladness. Every pleasant thing, scene or circumstance, with which we come in contact while the mind is receiving the tone of its thoughts, feelings, susceptibilities, emotions and form has something to do either for the right or wrong development of the faculties. This is a fact more momentous than life, and should be more startling than death;—and yet, it is a fact little understood by those who control the means of the development of a human spirit. The effect of external circumstances upon the child is seen in its honest and unstudied expressions. See how a pleasant scene kindles up the countenance with the highest pleasure, and disposes the mind to a cordial greeting of all the world as friends and brethren! See how a beautiful flower in the hand of a child induces a holiness of temper, and makes the bright eye sparkle with joy and the whole being to bound with gaity as if for the return of a pleasure, it had long since cast off among the victims of despair! See too, on the contrary, the influence of ugly objects and hateful scenes. A loathing and disgust takes the place of that sweet welcome and overflowing love we saw in the other case. The face, instead of being what always affords us pleasure, becomes a rank deformity,—deformed by the evil feelings excited by the abhorrent object, which will never fail to write themselves as indelibly upon the physical constitution as they are impressed upon the mental. The exercise of every feeling, faculty or passion developes it; and a constant appeal made to the evil—or rather to those faculties which were designed for our protection merely, developes them into gross inharmony—into excess which renders them vile and abhorrent. This is the secret of so much wickedness among men; children are educated amid evil influences and as surely as an effect follows a cause, they grow up

in vice and crime, The warrior loses all that is refined, tender and benevolent in his nature, because his trade of butchering leads him to underrate his fellow beings, and gradually removes all compunctions for any abuse he may heap upon them. The rum-seller gradually steels his heart against the loathesomeness of drunkenness, and becomes enabled to deal out the poison in deadly quantities without flinching a single iota at the heart. The butcher who has long accustomed himself to the unblushing slaughter of the innocent lambkin, becomes coarse and harsh in his nature, and dead to all that is gentle in human character.

Were these things duly appreciated, what a sudden revolution would be created in human affairs! How quickly would the people rid the world of all bad influences as if they were so many death-bearing plagues sent for the destruction of all that is pure and good in the human spirit.

Mr. Goodloe and the choice spirit he had selected for his life companion, understood this subject as by intuition. They were too fully cognisant of the effects produced upon themselves by certain influences, to be unaware of the value of pleasant scenes and beautiful objects in disciplining the minds of the young. Accordingly they fitted up the house we have brought before the reader's attention, in a manner best calculated to subserve the good of the family. A cross word was never uttered under that happy roof,—an enraged countenance never appeared in those delightful walks, bounded with beauties of such heavenly influences,—a reviler of his fellows or a hater of his species never ventured on that premises, which every one felt to be consecrated to God and the abode of Angelic Spirits.

CHAPTER II.

We shall now speak of Helenia Goodloe at the age of ten years. She had just commenced her first term at the District School; her parents deeming it injurious to send children from home for instruction at an earlier age. Before this, children are unfit for regularity of employment, or steadiness in a single position. They are full of life and animation, and must be on the move; this is the dictate of Nature. It is wrong to imprison a child in the school room before it has acquired sufficient

gravity to sit as a learner, and the substantial habitude of business. Before this period the parents can often interest them at irregular intervals in some kind of instruction; but it is injurious folly to think of teaching a child at stated hours.

A second object for not attempting to school children at too early an age is, that they should acquire some solidity of character, and know enough of that which is right and wrong, to be safe against the vicious influences of others. The power of the parent should be established over the child, so that his or her mind will be law of voluntary enforcement against all the world; so that the child will resort to parental advice with regard to the morality of conduct in every new case that arises. A child, properly trained, will at the age of ten, see the wrong of wicked conduct almost instinctively; and when its character shall be thus fortified, then can it be sent to school with safety. Some, however, are not prepared at the same age; some are as far advanced at ten as others at fifteen, and consequently a due discretion should be exercised in different cases.

The character of the instruction which had been imparted to Helenia may be judged from a few facts. Mr. Goodloe never permitted the inequalities of condition under his roof, which are almost universally found in families of abundant means. If aid was needed in the house or on the farm, those whom he employed were received in full communion as members of the family, and he would not tolerate any names signifying inferiority to be applied to them. My man, my laborer, my servant, never escaped his lips. They all sat at the same table, shared the same pleasures, and enjoyed the same company. Should a visitor appear, no matter how accomplished or exalted, the servants must enjoy his society for a space, at least, that they might feel on a perfect equality with the guest.

This principle of human equality was an important truth into which Helenia had been indoctrinated. It led her to treat all as human beings, and to avoid despising any one. It taught her the momentous value of a soul; the priceless value of a human being, no matter in what condition he may be found. It threw down all barriers between her and Humanity at large and let her into the heart of the race at once. The distinctions of high and low, rich and poor, were never made known to her and she was left to the natural suggestions of an unperverted nature, which always dictates the unselfish doctrine of the brotherhood of the race. Happy influences in ushering in that

beautiful morn when all shall meet in unity and love, and no one be found the slave or servant of another! Under such a genial influence, no wonder that more and more of heavenly sweetness characterised Helenia as she advanced in years!

Another principle which sent an odor of love all round the premises of Mr. Goodloe, was that we should not toil for ourselves alone, but should bear each other's burdens and soothe each other's sorrows. This, indeed, is the suggestion of Nature and needs no inculcation except when the good seed has been choked by tares sown in by the selfish and evil-minded. The violation of this principle is at the foundation of all the social evils of the world. The doctrine of selfishness, that we should do all for ourselves and nothing for others without reward, has placed it in the power of talent to oppress the less favored, and accordingly we see all kinds of extremes in the social condition. Not only does it give advantage to talent, but also to those of bad moral principle; for he of a nice sense of duty and of a strictly conscientious life will scorn to employ all the means he might command to oppress others. Consequently, we frequently see the talented virtuous suffering under the wrong of the talented vicious. Mr. Goodloe saw the devastation this principle occasioned, and resolved to "set his own house in order." Helenia was therefore permitted to grow up without the instruction of evil example, and left free to follow the spontaneous impulses of her own heart. By nature there is no high nor low, rich nor poor, mine nor thine among children. They all associate together as one in feeling and interest, and whatsoever one may have that can be divided is common for all. Among them is no selfishness and consequently no theft, no falsehood, no guarding of private property, no distrust, no anger nor quarrels. But what a revolution is created by a little false instruction or a few bad examples! Each hugs his own with a convulsive grasp and looks with a covetous eye upon the possessions of another, and every plan is studied and every opportunity watched for obtaining them. All kinds of fraud and deception are introduced, and the little ones become what they are not by nature, depraved—depraved too by Christian parents—depraved by those who are constantly mourning over the total depravity of man by nature! While confined at home, Helenia had little opportunity to exhibit her benevolent disposition. She had been kind to her little brother and to all her little visitors who looked upon her as one incapable of giving offence, and whom

it would be a desecration to offend. Nothing had played around her short life but the sweetest harmony, and those who called to see her felt that all unpleasant feelings must be left behind.

Now that she was at school the world was introduced to her on a wider scale. She saw individuals in greater freedom, and manifesting the depravity of their parental discipline. She saw many things that pained her gentle spirit and made her sigh for a seclusion from the rough manners of the selfish and passionate. Every day she saw conduct which she knew to be wrong, as well as that which she did not comprehend, and concerning which she sought counsel at home.

She saw, at school, children of poor as well as rich parents, and a mystery to her was that the rich did not assist the poor, that the children might have better clothing and better food than that which she saw them have. She saw several whose clothes were patched and in tatters, and whose food at noon was a crust of poor bread, and who stood timidly back while those of better condition enjoyed their luxuries without for a moment thinking of them, but with a kind of contempt. Frequently in cold weather, she saw the better class, as they thought themselves, occupying all the most comfortable seats, while the poor must stand back and shiver, and if they attempted to crowd their way to equal privileges, were reported to the teacher, who is apt to set down the ragged as rascals, and punish them without a hearing. Helenia was pained at these sights, and she would sit back with the unfortunate little ones, sympathise with and console them. She went further—she carried as much dinner as she could well take for the purpose of dividing with the poor, and on Christmas, instead of making presents to those who were able to return them, she distributed her gifts to the poor, in which her parents encouraged her, and the angels blessed her.

This course excited the surprise of the better favored, when selfishness at least, made some of them her enemies who sought to bring her into ridicule with the school. But, thanks to the loftier sentiment that cannot be easily extinguished, she rallied about her the purest minds of the school, who were at length enabled to hold the upper hand, and give tone to the general society. She became a subject of general conversation, both among the children and their parents. There were acts performed by Helenia, to which her playmates had been total strangers, and

they would frequently ask their parents whether they were right. For instance, little Catharine Blake told her mother one day that Helenia carried dinner enough for three or four children, for the purpose of giving to the poor, and she wished to know if it was right, and if she might not do the same. But Catharine was told that her father and mother worked hard for what they had, and it was wrong to give it away,—that the poor were lazy and should not be led to expect aid from the industrious. This reasoning satisfied Catharine, and as children will always tell the truth where they have not been taught to falsify, she presented herself before Helenia and her poor company, saying that her mother had called their parents lazy folks, who should not have dinner given them. This was a severe stroke to those unfortunate little ones, and they burst into tears. Helenia now was doubly pained, and moving closer to her afflicted beneficiaries, she soothed and quieted them. When she returned home at night, she told her parents what had been said, and they satisfied her that it was all false,—that the parents of those poor children were almost slaves, working as much as their health would permit; and they referred to one of the most indigent, who had broken down his constitution and almost worn out his body in the struggle for the support of his family. Helenia then wished to know why they did not have a good farm with gardens, and houses, as her parents had? To this it was truly replied that they had not the same faculties as her father—that they could not labor at so good an advantage, because they had not been so well educated, or had not the intellectual powers so well adapted to the acquisition of an independence; and, besides, now that they have large families, it is impossible for them to earn more than enough to give them a bare subsistence—and that of the poorest kind. This was explained more clearly by telling her that the Minister could preach a good sermon, but her father could not, and that the poor man was no more to be blamed for his poverty, than was her father for his inability to preach a good sermon.

One day Helenia, while going to her school, fell in with a poor blind beggar who wandered about the country, led by a little son, and subsisted upon what was given him by the way. He was not able to labor when he commenced the life of a mendicant, and now he had become so accustomed to it that it was not easy to change his habits. He made it a rule to take nothing when he could discover a reluctance in the giver. He

was resolved to starve before eating bread not furnished with a generous spirit, as well as a generous hand. On the day when he fell in with Helenia, he had not eaten a morsel, and the night previous had slept in a barn. He detected the goodness of her heart and commenced a conversation with her. After making himself acquainted, and winning her confidence, he asked her to sit down by the way-side and talk with him while he rested.

"My daughter," said he "you will find this a difficult world to live in; you are now seeing your happiest moments, and in after life will look back to the time when you lived under your father's roof, the joyous daughter of parents who loved and provided for you, and then you will wish yourself back again in the condition which you now, perhaps, long to escape."

"O, sir, why shall I not always be happy as now?" asked Helenia.

"Because this is a world of care and trouble, and when you become a woman you will find it so, and perhaps often feel like sinking under your burden."

"But my parents tell me that one can always be happy; that if they are good and always do right they need not fear."

"Your parents are correct—there is no need of unhappiness if you will always do right. But, alas! who does right? Who can say to himself, in the morning of life, 'I will never do a wicked act.' Oh, my daughter, we are often tempted too strongly," said the old blind man, heaving a sigh as he concluded, and bowing his head in the deepest thought.

Helenia, partly through compassion and partly from the purity of some of his remarks, had rallied a deep veneration for him, and looked upon the beggar as a kind of mysterious personage, who merited more the title of a saint than sinner. Keeping in mind the doctrine that a constantly upright person need experience no unhappiness, she wondered how he became so wretched. Accordingly she was bold to enquire—

"Have you not been good all your life, and why are you so unhappy now?"

"Alas, alas my daughter, there is none that doeth good, no, not one; and of all others I have been the deepest sinner."

Helenia started as she heard this, and the old man continued—

"Start not, my fair one, I have been years a mourning sinner seeking forgiveness. I have been wandering through the world for twenty long years doing penance for my crimes. I

have been seeking those I have injured to show the honesty of my repentance, and to crave their pardon. I have found all but one, and he is the man I most deeply wronged; if I could find him and hear that word, 'forgive,' from his lips, O!"—and he clasped his hands and raised his sightless eyeballs to Heaven —"I would die happy."

"Do you think you will find him?"

"I cannot say; at least I am doomed to travel with this, my only son, as long as these old limbs will carry me in search of him, as an atonement for the transgression. But I fear he is long since passed to the region of souls, for the offence was one whose effects eat the heart by degrees, and not less surely it, though slowly, kills."

"What good will it do to see him?" asked Helenia.

"I can ask his pardon and die with a peaceful spirit. Now my soul is in revolt against my sins, and it will not let me rest."

"Father," said the son, "we must go—I am almost starved, and perhaps we will call many times before we find a welcome."

"Ah, I had forgotten—we must go. Farewell, daughter," taking her hand and shaking it tenderly.

"Stay a moment," said Helenia. "I have some food for you in my basket."

"It is your dinner," said the old man, "I must not rob you."

"O, there is more than I can eat—you must take it."

The old man took a part and divided with his son, and before they had eaten it all, Helenia knowing they were very hungry, and perceiving they would take no more from her basket, spread a paper on the ground, and, emptying the contents, and bidding the old man good bye, bounded lightly away like a spirit that appears when we need consolation, and departs after healing up our wounds.

"What is that?" asked the beggar.

"The little girl has poured out all her dinner and run away," replied the son.

Heaving a sigh of deep emotion, the old man raised his face towards Heaven, clasped his clammy hands with emphasis, fell on his knees and poured out his soul to the God of the Race:

"O, our Father in Heaven, hear now the prayer of thy stricken servant. Thou, who dost attract saints by thy goodness and entice sinners by thy love—be thou gracious to that little

angel who has thus honored the Charity of thy Gospel in this honest ministration to the wants of thy unworthy servant. O, follow her through the devious path she may be called to travel, and keep her ever in the hollow of thy hand. Preserve her long to be the model of her sex, and a blessing to the unfortunate; and when she shall be called to exchange spheres, may she be one of thy brightest angels and a ministering spirit to multitudes who need the consolations of thy grace. O Father, remember us all—forgive our sins, and fit us for that moment when fear comes like a whirlwind upon the doubting soul. Amen."

"Amen," joined the son, and after a few words concerning the incomparable goodness of Helenia, and the consumption of the food she had left, they departed.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Goodloe was a man of great sternness and equal mildness. Nothing could change a course of action that he had resolved upon as the right course, except by convincing him of his error. He was firm almost to obstinacy, the consequence of a thorough conviction that every one must act on his own responsibility, according to the light he has, and should not listen to any advice to change unless a reason was given. He was generous and affectionate. He never indulged anger or bitterness, and no one could say that he had ever spoken an unpleasant word. In person he was of the ordinary height, symmetrical proportions, and full chest. His eye was dark and sparkling, and his countenance always illuminated by the benevolence of his heart. He was about forty-five years of age, though one would not judge his years above thirty-five, so well had he fortified himself by a virtuous life.

Mrs. Goodloe was a woman of the most enchanting manners and the highest imaginable goodness. She was a person of beautiful countenance, light complexion, elegant form, and the most graceful bearing. Her eyes were blue, and in conversation they displayed in their glowing depths a heart of unfailing excellence. She was but two years younger than her husband. They had been married twenty years, and had three sons, two older than Helenia and one younger.

About two miles from the Lake where they resided was a village, as the Yankees call it, or a town as it is denominated in the South West, of about three thousand inhabitants. About six miles in the opposite direction was another town, somewhat larger, and ten miles to the Eastward was another of about two thousand people. The Lake, at the time of which we are now writing, had become a place of much resort in the summer season, by merchants, professional men, and men of business, for the purpose of recreation and health. About the Lake the summer was one continued gala day, and to look only on that scene, one would think the Earth a paradise indeed were it not for an occasional consumptive in search of better health. In consequence of being brought in so close contact with the villagers, the people about the lake had imbibed the town spirit, and adopted the most approved style in all their conduct. The Society of the Lake was therefore proverbial for its aristocracy—surpassing even their models, and taking the lead in all that was gay and gorgeous. The Lake farmers had gradually been supplanted by men of wealth and leasure who wished for the most pleasant residences; for the reader should know that a farmer or a laboring man of any kind cannot support the faintest shadow of aristocracy; those who have become rich from the labor of others can only afford this style of life. Those people had their fine houses and gardens, their gilt walls, damask curtains and tapestry, carpets, with velvet cushioned sociables, ottomans and sofas, and rosewood furniture. They had their stables and carriage-houses well supplied with servants to wait at their calling and run at their bidding. They were extremely religious—that is, were members of the Church, and wished it understood that they were of the most orthodox faith. They were strict on the Sabbath, and never failed to ride in fine carriages, with genteel horses driven by a man employed for this duty, who was not permitted to enter the church himself but must hold the horses without, and be ready to wheel them home at a moment's warning. Their servants are never permitted to sit with them at table, nor in the same pew at church, under no circumstances; and when they come to the table, as evidence of their subjection, and to make them feel their inferiority, all the luxuries must be first removed, and only a few of the coarsest articles of diet left for them. This was so general a custom that the cooks knew their duty, and needed no admonition on this subject. Judge, therefore, of the surprise one of them would feel when

being employed by Mr. Goodloe—they were called to the same table at which he sat, and were permitted to eat freely of anything of which he partook. This was a course unheard of before by them, and they hardly knew to what it could be attributed. Mr. Goodloe always permitted all about his house to be equal members of his family, and have the same access to all privileges. This course was but poorly calculated to make him friends in that neighborhood, and, indeed, he was not thought worthy of that society, and all the perked up ladies spoke of his family with contempt, having forgotten the many acts of charity they had done them in periods of sickness and affliction.

At one time the people about the lake became very religious. One of those periodical excitements called revivals, prevailed, and there was a general "outpouring of the spirit." A celebrated revivalist had visited the neighbouring village, and the people were "rebuked of sin" and reminded of "judgment to come." The minister had succeeded in making the people, far and near, feel something of the brotherhood of the race, and to forget, for the time, all clannish sectarianism, and look only to a "godly life and conversation" as the standard of excellence. They had gone so far as to get an idea that servants had souls to be saved or lost, and to take an interest in their eternal "welfare." As evidence of this, they appointed a meeting especially for servants, promising to be with them and labor for their salvation. But they did not propose to exchange places by driving them to the church, and stand without to hold the horses while they worshipped. No, for once, the horses could stand without holding.

In order to keep up the religious spirit a system of prayer meetings was instituted, embracing all of every denomination. Mr. Goodloe had never engaged very spiritedly in the ordinary forms of religious worship, and indeed was thought somewhat heretical in his opinions. However, the people thought it a duty to labor with him, and as he always pretended a high regard for religion, they thought they would give him an opportunity to "show his hand," and unite with them in the "good work." Accordingly, several of the leading personages addressed him a polite note informing him of what they were doing, and inviting his co-operation in "imploring heavenly aid." To this Mr. Goodloe promptly replied, telling them frankly of certain obstacles preventing a "union in spirit" with them. Among other things he said with emphasis, "God is the Father of the

Race, and in His sight all are equal. Man is constantly attempting to create inequality among his fellows, and to divide the people into ranks and classes between which all sociability is interdicted. I see Christians doing their full share in this work of moral and social death. I see Christians forbidding their servants to sit with them at table, and making them stay without to hold the carriage horses while their masters worship within. I cannot unite either in opinion or feeling with persons of such practices, and there can be no true worship without such a union. When I see Christians treating all as equals, and making no distinctions where wickedness has made differences;—when I see them abolishing the odious name of servant and admitting all under their roof to the full privileges of the family, then I can unite with them in worship, and then will I be happy to join them in elevating the soul to the great Center Spirit, that we may be more and more like Him who is the common Father of us all." This reply created much confusion among the devoted neighbors. It opened to them truth they had not before discovered, and the struggle was immediately created between pride and conscience. This principle they saw would outlive all their display and reduce all to the same level. This would be a horrible consequence and altogether insupportable.

The antagonistic feeling being thus awakened, the revival spirit died away, and to Mr. Goodloe's plain talk is chargeable the loss of many a soul that would probably have been "converted" at that periodical "outpouring of Divine Grace," had it not rallied the "old man" in the heart and thus turned aside the "shower of mercy." But Mr. Goodloe did not feel condemned, because he thought that conversions to such pride would only make them more the children of the Devil than before. But for this Christian act Mr. Goodloe was marked by those he so faithfully reproached as one to be dreaded, avoided and abused on every possible occasion. Only a few rods from his residence lived a light complexioned, smooth-faced clergyman, who took occasion to solemnly warn a young man—the friend of both parties—against associating with Mr. Goodloe's family, as he was not thought to be strictly orthodox, and a young man would not gain friends by keeping such company. This conduct he did not regard for a moment, as he was independent, and scorned the friendship of those who would listen to such cowardly advice.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return to the old blind beggar with whom we parted in Chapter Second.

He travelled on a few miles after the abrupt departure of Helenia and stopped for the night. He found nothing congenial in the family whose roof sheltered him, and consequently was doomed to a gloomy silence. He, however, had an interesting topic for reflection, furnished by the little girl who gave him food and staid not for his blessing. Something mysterious seemed to hang upon his spirit connected with her. He had a presentiment that he must meet her again, and that her father and mother were of great interest to him. Accordingly in the morning he said to his son—

"We must travel back the way we came, for an undefinable something draws me in that direction."

"Why, father, perhaps we shall meet with better people if we continue on; and you know we are in search of your former friend whom you wronged, and we may lose time by turning back."

"Ah! my son," and he clasped his hands, with emphasis indicating the deepest emotion, "My son, I am warned that my time is at hand; my search is about to be crowned with success, and I am soon to depart to another sphere."

Accordingly they turned back, and in the afternoon came to Mr. Goodloe's gate, entered and proceeded along the walk toward the house.

"My son," remarked the old man, elevating his head more than usual, "Where are we? What place is this? so perfumed with such heavenly odors, so musical with the breezes and the foliage."

"Father, it is a most charming place—much like your account of Paradise."

"Ah! we shall hardly be welcome here. Those who can keep such a garden and live in such style rarely feel disposed to speak a kind word to the poor and miserable. Their presence, clean and sacred, must not be invaded by the unfavored and beggarly. But we must eat or starve, and may be we shall get a morsel here."

They passed on, and arriving at the kitchen door, knocked. Mrs. Goodloe opened the door, and seeing who were present, exclaimed—

"Oh! pity, pity! walk in, walk in and rest you—poor old man!"

"The Lord is good to the merciful," exclaimed the old man, manifesting the deepest emotion occasioned by the warm reception.

"You are hungry, I know," said the good woman, and she proceeded quickly to set the table and load it with such dishes as were at hand.

They sat at the table, and while eating conversed concerning their situation, the causes of his blindness, and the length of time the beauties of the Earth had been a blank to him.

After concluding dinner, the old man thanked the good woman, and was about to depart when she pressed him to be seated and rest himself, adding that he could remain several days to repair his garments and revive his energies.

The old man called his son to his side, and taking his hand said, "My son, my son, I have been wandering about the Earth these twenty years, and never have met such a reception from a fellow being."

"That is true, father," replied the son, "we have never seen the like of this. I understand now what you meant in your descriptions of a True Brotherhood among men. I have now seen an example, and believe your anticipations will be realized."

"Yes, my son, there is that in the heart of man which, when developed as it will be at a future time, shall banish all poverty and woe from the Earth."

This conversation surprised Mrs. Goodloe, and passing suddenly from the room called Helenia, who was in the garden training some of the vines.

As Helenia entered her mother took her by the hand and said,—

"Here, my daughter, is a poor, old blind man, who, though ragged and unclean in his external garments, has a clean heart within; and though blind, and as one would suppose, ignorant, is really wise and a minister of truth."

"O, mother, have you given them something to eat?"

As Helenia spoke, the old man started and exclaimed, "What voice is that? I have heard that voice before!"

"Yes, father," replied the son, "it is the voice of that little angel that left us all her dinner yesterday and ran away."

"Come here, come here, my daughter," said the old man, the tears streaming down his cheeks in profusion.

She came, and the poor blind man laid his withered hands upon her head, and elevating his sightless eyeballs towards Heaven, poured out the gratitude of his soul and blessed her young spirit. His son shared also in pronouncing the blessing, and his own tears testified that he was the son of the blind old man. Mrs. Goodloe and Helenia were not unmoved at this affecting scene; but passing it off as soon as possible, they proceeded to repair the tattered garments of the beggars and give them ample changes of linen. In a short time they were comparatively well clad, in spite of the old man's objection to receiving so much at their hands.

At evening Mr. Goodloe came in from his labor, and being informed of what had occurred and in what character the stranger appeared, he bid them be at ease and feel at home as long as they should choose to remain. The white locks of the beggar, his benevolent countenance, and the gravity of his manners, with the evidence of refinement seen in his conversation, excited Mr. Goodloe's respect for him, and they spent the evening in the most interesting conversation. There seemed to be a harmony of opinion and feeling between them, and consequently a congeniality of spirit that made their company mutually pleasant. The conversation of the evening was upon religious matters;—such as the relation of the Divine to the Human Spirit, the condition of the soul after death, and obligations that should be felt and fulfilled between man and man.

The old man uttered many novel though deeply interesting doctrines. He said that the evidence he possessed of the truth of his views were in his own soul—in his own intuitive perceptions. Says he,

"I am no logician nor profound investigator of intricate subjects, but *feel* truths spiritually rather than perceive them intellectually. I feel a doctrine to be true and can no more doubt it than I can can doubt that which comes most palpably to my senses. You will not, therefore, ask me for proof; for unless you feel with me, I cannot convince you. When, therefore, I tell you that all things are really the same thing; that mind and matter are the same though said to be so different, you will not press me for the proof. I see that there are degrees of attenua-

tion from the coarsest forms of matter up to the Divine Mind—the Governor of all things. Mind has been called immaterial; but it is as much material as any thing else; it is a more attenuated form of matter—more attenuated than the material of our organs of sight, which accounts for the imperceptibility of the soul by the physical eye. The eye can see every thing on the same plane with itself, but cannot look above; the mental eye only can see spiritual things. Here you may call me a materialist, but if you mean one who believes in annihilation, I must correct you, for nothing is annihilated—nothing can be annihilated. The form of things changes, but nothing is lost.

"But," said Mr. Goodloe, "will not our spirits so change their forms as to lose their identity, and, therefore, meet a fate as dark to itself as annihilation?"

"No," replied the old seer. "The great law of Progress is constantly evolving higher manifestations—rolling up, in the perpetual convolutions of creation, higher forms. This you see to be the case in the physical world, and one consideration convinces me that the work of elevation is going on in the mental world, that does not destroy identity. Gross matter we see changes forms, so that one is entirely lost in another. But this change occurring in the mind is one of advancement to higher planes, so that the individual of to-day is not the same as he was yesterday, although the identity is preserved. The tree, for instance, does not change any quality, but lives its time, dies, and is merged into other forms. Not so with a soul—it refines and exalts itself perpetually while in the body, unless weighed down too heavily by antagonistic influences, and at death enters upon the purely spiritual sphere, in which it continues to advance with no obstruction to all eternity. God is the Creator of Spirituality from whom radiates the spirit of all things—of Archangels, Angels, Glorified Spirits, and men, down through the whole mental world, and still on through every form of grosser matter, penetrating and pervading the whole creation, including what is commonly termed the animate and inanimate—the spiritual and material. This Divine Spirit is that which gives life to the plant, and continually combines, dissolves, and recombines the gross material substances."

They discussed various subjects at different times, for the sketch of which we have not space. One evening they inquired into the qualifications essential to a successful investigation of truth. Said the old man,

"We must, above all, purify our hearts and exalt our souls, if we would know the truth in spiritual things. The low minded are not to be trusted on this subject; but the purer an individual is, the more confidence can we have in his intuitions. He is nearer the source of all Truth, enjoys a wider mental vision, and consequently can see more of that which is invisible to the physical sight.

"But alas! alas!" continued he, clasping his hands in an agony of painful emotion, "how can I commend myself as a pure minded man? How can I feel confidence in my own intuitions? I must confess that there is a deep stain upon my soul that no repentance can wash away"—and he relapsed into a deeply meditative mood, exhibiting evidence of having some dread act pressing upon his mind. Mr. Goodloe saw his embarrassment, and said;

"You give evidence of having sincerely repented of any faults you may have committed, and, therefore, you may, at present, be the purest man on earth, even if a hundred deeds of the darkest dye once sullied your soul."

At this period of the conversation, the name of Mr. Goodloe was pronounced by one of the family, which the old man had not before heard, although his son had known the name from the first day of their arrival. As if he had a dread of hearing the name of the kind family, he had not inquired for it; but now that it was mentioned in his hearing, he started as if a momentous thought had struck his attention.

"That name! it has been the evil genius of my life,—the thought of it has daily filled this poor heart with grief and made every muscle of this feeble frame tremble under a conscious load of guilt!" and the old man paused a moment in silent but most earnest meditation, while the family looked surprised at this mysterious being of mysterious troubles, while the son seemed to wonder what the stranger would think of his father's trouble. Finally the blind man collected himself, and inquired if the name he heard pronounced was Goodloe; and being informed in the affirmative, he asked if it was the name of the family by whom he was entertained. On receiving a like reply, he elevated his head of silver locks, and clasping his hands, thus spoke: "Is, then, the great desire of my heart to be now gratified? Is the object of twenty years of search to be accomplished now on the eve of my life? Oh Lord who hast brought thy wicked servant safely through this world of tribulation, support him now in

this crisis and give him grace to do his duty as a sincere penitent, that he may obtain an absolution for his sin and find an eternal rest for his soul."

As he ceased, the quick tears followed the furrows of his cheeks, and his heart beat with deep emotion. The sympathies of the family were greatly excited, and Mr. Goodloe asked what there was in his name that gave him so much trouble.

"We have been trying to comfort you, it seems that even our name is a poisoned arrow to your spirit."

"No," said the old man with much composure, "your name is that of an individual for whom I have grown grey in seeking, and the presentiment that my mission is nearly completed is a source of satisfaction to my mind."

"We are extremely sorry," said Mr. Goodloe, "if any thing connected with us has been the cause of so much grief, and of such a bitter pilgrimage to you. We beg of you to give yourself no more pain on our account, if, indeed, it can be possible that we are the offenders, we will try to repair the wrong so far as possible."

"Oh, my God," ejaculated the old man, "the wrong is here," smiting his breast. "It has furrowed my face, whitened my locks, and I have no doubt that these sightless eye balls would now be transparent as glass and see with youthful visiou, had my soul escaped that dreadful wrong. But it has followed me with ten thousand whips, lashing me rouud the world and driving me rapidly down to the grave. Let us now be brief and to the point. Answer me;—Did you ever live on Long Island?"

"I did, when a boy."

Here the old man exhibited emotion, and his son having a premonition of what was about to be developed, covered his face and began to sob most bitterly; for who could feel the weight of the old man's grief so well as he who had been eyes to the blind pilgrim, and had guided him round the earth in search of one he had wronged?

"Is your name Edward Goodloe?"

"It is."

"The name of your father, and when you were separated from him?" inquired the old man, quick as the increase of his emotion.

"My father's name was Albert Goodloe, and I was sent away to learn a trade when ten years old."

"No, no, no; that was not the name of your father!" ex-

claimed the blind beggar, springing toward Mr. Goodloe and falling on his knees before him, crying, forgive the wrong I have done you, as God has long since forgiven me!"

"What means this humiliation?" interposed the good man, "arise and let us talk of your troubles."

"Ah, I do fear they will seem to you like your own troubles when I shall tell you the story of our misfortunes. Will you forgive me let what will be recorded against me?"

"I will—I forgive any one who ever did an act or cherished a thought against me. I am here happy and fortified against the common accidents of life and of what consequence to me are past transactions? What you have done that has affected me I know not nor care not, as far as I am concerned."

"Ah, but your noble companion here, and your most excellent little daughter will feel the deepest chagrin when I tell them that the real family name is not Goodloe."

"O, what can be in the name?" interrupted Mrs. Goodloe, "we are here enjoying every thing that heart can desire, and can we not be as happy with any other name? and if we were miserable would a name increase or diminish our woe?"

The old man seeing so much indifference manifested by all concerned, became more quiet and proceeded calmly to tell them that his own name was Albert Goodloe, that the name of their ancestor was Bainbridge, who died while his son, that is now before me, was but one year of age, leaving me his executor and the guardian of his only child. I was his best friend, as he thought, and being about to leave the world he solemnly entrusted to me the care of his child—the mother having died a few weeks previously—that was now to be left without a friend to protect, support or instruct it. I undertook the charge, but my God! how was I tempted, and how I yielded to the tempter! With his son he gave me the absolute control of a fortune of twenty thousand dollars which was to be preserved for the benefit of the orphan; and though he provided a large salary for me both in consideration of friendship and of service in the charge of his son, I removed from Maine to Long Island among strangers, where I called the child my son, and converted his fortune to my own use. But lest the son might hear of the circumstances and cause me trouble when he should be older, I sent him away to learn a trade under a man whom I made my confidant by a sum of money. He was to take steps to make the child believe his parents were dead. This plot succeeded,

and no circumstance ever created the least apprehension in my mind of a detection. But my God! the day of judgment came, and I was my own severest judge. After the plot was carried out and myself relieved from all anxiety in relation to the robbery, the time for reflection arrived—when in the possession of wealth I could not avoid the constant thought of the means by which I had obtained my estate, of the violation of my charge and of my great wrong toward the child. I began to be greatly troubled in my feelings and my mind was turned to religious thoughts, to the nature of the human spirit, the means of its development and its condition after leaving this sphere. I, therefore, began to abhor wrong and to despise my wealth and curse the mode in which it was acquired. My duty was revealed to me in this crisis, to wind up my business, reduce all my property to ready money, and as a penance to walk about the country in search of the one I had wronged. My wife died about this time and I proceeded to discharge my duty as I understood it. I travelled five years, and feeling wearied and being somewhat relieved from my trouble, I settled down and married again. The kind son whom you see here, was the happy fruit of this wedlock. My wife died within one year and my mind was again turned to the dark evil of my life, and I was again led to break up my residence and resume my pilgrimage. My boy was disposed of for several years; but when I became blind I returned to him, and having expended all my own means, I was forced to beg my way or settle down in some employment. My good son readily agreed to share my lot and guide my footsteps wherever I should choose to go. Since that time I have been travelling and now the object of my pursuit is found. Oh, my God! I never conceived so great goodness as I find manifested in the man who was my victim when a child. I have never received so great kindness from any as from the one whom I have so doubly injured! I feel a higher veneration for man, and in this instance am ushered into a brighter hope for the future of Humanity. This is all I have to say on this subject save that here is the money that is your due. I saved enough from the wreck to discharge this obligation if I should find you. Here it is, take it—it is yours;" and he handed out drafts on one of the best banks of New England for thirty thousand dollars which he tried to induce Mr. Goodloe to receive. But it was firmly refused. He would neither receive it himself nor permit it to be deposited for the

use of his daughter and son. He told the blind beggar that he was rich enough, his children would always have enough and the old man might keep it for the benefit of his son, who had undergone such privations and hardships in guiding him about. But the son and father both spurned it with indignation, and the amount could not be disposed of, until, by general agreement, it was set apart for the establishment of an Academy in that section of country.

Few individuals can be found so conscientious as to carry about their persons such an amount, and beg their way through the world. Few, indeed, but would be tempted to invade the treasure while becoming weak with hunger and weary with the toilsome march. But the old man guarded the sacred treasure with a holy trustfulness, stimulated by an indefatigable presentiment that the man to whom it was due would be found.

But we will conclude. The blind beggar and his son were not driven from Mr. Goodloe's house, but on the contrary were, in a measure, compelled to remain by the solicitations of the philanthropist. It seemed as if a new principle was reduced to practice in this case; for notwithstanding the old man had wronged his present benefactor most grievously, yet it was all forgiven and a kindness extended toward the offender that no amount of money or period of service could purchase.

It was thought by many strangers that the poor blind man was the patriarch of the family, for he was served with more than filial affection. Many of the neighbors thought Mr. Goodloe somewhat insane, in pursuing such a course, and those who believed him sane thought it was a pernicious example to set the world,—that of returning such kindness for so great wrong, —it being the same as offering a premium for crime. But the pure intentions of Mr. Goodloe did not tell him thus, and whom shall we consider truthful if not those whose conduct exhibits the holiest motives?

After a few years the old man died, leaving his son, who was worthy of his noble sire, a member of the benefactor's family.

The son had now become a man, Helenia had become a woman, and a more perfect couple never lived nor united in wedlock.

Art. XV.—WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The name of William D. Gallagher has been, for the last twenty years, familiar to all persons who have taken interest in Western Literature. During that period, Mr. Gallagher has produced a succession of poems, tales, essays and criticisms, which have attracted much attention. He has also been connected with numerous literary periodicals which have been started mainly for the purpose of promoting the literature of the West. No man takes a deeper interest in all that concerns that literature, neither has any one been more assiduous in efforts to urge its claims and to advance its character. His devotion to literature has been passionate, and it has led him to give more time and labor to it than he has been rewarded for. While numerous coadjutors who have started up from time to time in the Republic of Western Letters,—if we may be pardoned an expression so formidable when speaking of what is so nearly an abstraction,—have despaired of success and deserted him, he has held on to his first love manfully. Like poor Goldsmith, he has a "knack of hoping," and beyond all the clouds that have gathered gloomily over his path, he has seen, or fancied he saw, a light which would certainly introduce an era of gladness and glory in the annals of Western Literature.

Mr. Gallagher is so thoroughly western in his feelings, that he is generally thought to be a native of the West. This is not so, however, for he was born in the city of Philadelphia, in August, 1808. He is now forty years of age, and is one of the best preserved specimens of that age we know. He is very youthful in appearance; and his experience is in excellent keeping with his feelings and tastes, which are as fresh and simple as they were twenty years ago. He has in an eminent degree that quality of genius which Coleridge was fond of dilating on, namely, the running out of the simplicity of childhood into the different stages of manhood. To him the universe is now as full of wonders as ever, and he has not exhausted the treasures that things familiar hold in store for the

simple-hearted. The bird by the wayside, and the insect sporting in the summer beam, continue to yield him unalloyed delight. He sees as much

"Glory in the grass, and splendor in the flower,"

as he did when he first began "to lisp in numbers." His familiarity with the beautiful in nature has not bred contempt, but, reversing the stale old adage, the more familiar he has grown with the visible glories of earth and heaven, the deeper has become his affection for them. His is the true poetic temperament, which defies the ravages of time and the canker of experience, and, living in an atmosphere of love, is ever fresh, ardent, glowing, and full of the uncalculating devotion of youth.

He comes of heroic and patriotic stock, both on the paternal and maternal side. His father was one of three Irish brothers who were deeply "tainted" with the "leprosy of rebellion" in that cause in which the the noble and eloquent Emmet was a martyr, and the only one of the three who survived that ill-fated struggle. His mother's father was one of the gallant band of "Jersey Blues," so distinguished in our war of Independence by their indomitable heroism. Leaving his farm at the call of his country, he served out three full terms in the revolutionary army, and would have served other three had it been necessary. Though coming of warlike stock, our friend is well known as a devoted advocate of peace, and is most thorough in his hostility to all wars not strictly defensive; not, however, because the heroic element which marked the character of those whose blood flows in his veins is extinct in him, for in more than one of these interesting occurrences which give a zest to editorial life in the West, he has exhibited ample proof that there is in him that sort of stuff of which heroes are made.

Mr. Gallagher was the third of four sons with whom their widowed mother came to the West in the summer of 1816. They reached Cincinnati in September of that year, on a huge flatboat fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, in the company of two other families coming to what was then considered the "far West," in hope of bettering their condition. The Queen City at that time was a filthy and unhealthy village —the bud by no means giving promise of the flower which has since bloomed. William was considered by far too roving

in his disposition and erratic in his tastes for town-life, and he was sent, after living a couple of years in the village, into the country, where the "road to ruin" presents fewer facilities to juvenile travellers. For three years he led a country life, "sowing his wild oats," and performing hard labor in the open fields. During his sojourn in the country, that his education might not be neglected, he was sent three months each winter to a log school-house, where he picked up a few grains of learning which were most faithfully scattered during the ensuing nine months of hard work. From the "Columbian Orator," the "American Reader," and one or two other class-books at that time in vogue, which he read on Sundays, he acquired a love for written poetry; and in the light thus shed on his mind, his love for the "unwritten poetry" of nature, for the woods, winds, clouds, stars, birds, flowers and waterfalls, began to express itself musically and in verse form. While at work alone, he composed numerous poems that were never written out, which he made useful by adapting them to hymn tunes, with which he beguiled the laborious hours of the long summer day. The love of poetry thus awakened he has ever since cultivated most sedulously, and it continues to be one of his most unfailing sources of pleasure, consolation and hope.

In 1821 he returned to the city, and entered a printing office to learn the "art and mystery" of printing. His fondness for rambling about on the neighboring hills returned, and again became a fixed habit and necessary of life with him. Books were at that time his companions, and he became much more devoted to those mute yet eloquent instructors than he had previously been to flower-hunting and nut-gathering. His brothers were immeasurably ahead of him in learning; his ambition was fired, and he resolved to "catch up" with them. In 1824, while yet an apprentice, he commenced the publication of a small literary paper which lived but a short time. The necessity of writing for his paper gave him a fondness for and a facility in the use of his pen, and he became a constant contributor to different papers, over a variety of signatures, frequently changing the signature to avoid detection. He preserved his *incognito* until the year 1828, when, having occasion to visit Kentucky and Mississippi, he wrote regularly during the several months of his absence for the "Saturday Evening Chronicle," edited by the late Benjamin Drake, Esq., a most amiable and gifted gentleman, who, for a series of years, con-

ducted the Chronicle, and made it one of the most readable of newspapers. Mr. Drake revealed the name of his correspondent to several of his friends, and being thus discovered, Mr. Gallagher soon afterwards began to write over his own initials, for various newspapers and periodicals. Thus prepared for the career of an editor, he was invited to take charge of a Clay paper in Xenia in 1830, and removed to that town. That paper, THE BACKWOODSMAN, was edited with industry and ability, and its editorials were frequently republished by Mr. Hammond in the Cincinnati Gazette, which was a very substantial compliment to one so young, as all who know Mr. H.'s peculiarity will admit. The paper was bitterly partizan in its tone, and did not meet with any great success. At the end of nine months he left it in charge of an elder and a younger brother, who were less ardent in temperament and more discreet in its management than himself.

In 1831, Mr. Gallagher married Miss Adamson, of Cincinnati, by whom he has had seven children, six of whom are now living.

Dr. Johnson says that the lives of students and scholars are generally devoid of striking incidents. It is around the careers of adventurers, of men of enterprise, of men of action, that the embellishments of romance are thrown. The laborers in the fields of thought, for the most part, spend their days in seclusion, away from the busy thoroughfares of life, and their course is not often marked by incidents on which the masses dwell with admiration. It is not with the incidents of the outward lives of those who are known by their thoughts, that mankind are particularly interested. What we wish to know in relation to an intellectualist is, under what circumstances he has grown from infancy to maturity of mind—what obstacles he has surmounted—what fears have weighed him down, and what hopes have lifted up his heart,—in fine, how he has conducted himself through those vicissitudes which are the common lot of the many. It is the inner and not the outward circumstances of such a man, with which the world is concerned. His distinction springs from mind, and it is of his mental struggles that others wish to be informed. The stories of the lives of the pioneers who felled the first trees, built the first cabins, and ploughed the first fields in the West, are full of wild and romantic interest, while the pioneers in Western Literature are undistinguished by deeds on which poets and novelists love to

linger. The times that are best to live in, says Lord Bacon, are the worst to write about. What is true of nations is also true of individuals, and the lives that have been quiet are those which afford the fewest stirring themes to the pen of a biographer.

Mr. Gallagher's life has been so completely identified with Western Literature, that to write a full account of the one involves the necessity of giving a history of the other. Before he began to write there were but few Western men who had distinguished themselves by the brilliancy or profundity of their literary productions. The Mississippi Valley had its Orators and its Statesmen long before it was known to contain men worthy to be considered Authors. In Cincinnati, literary periodicals had been started, which, though their merits entitled them to success, had been attended with very little profit to those connected with them. The first literary paper published in that city was the "LITERARY GAZETTE," a weekly quarto periodical, started in 1824. It was edited by John P. Foote, Esq., a gentleman in every sense of the word, whose well-stored and well-disciplined mind qualified him for the responsibilities of an editor. He continued it for two years, when having satisfied himself that the community would not reward his labors, he suffered it to pass out of existence.

Mr. Foote, who was the pioneer of the Literary editors of Cincinnati, still lives, and has seen a large number of unsuccessful efforts made around him to accomplish what he failed to do,—namely, to establish a popular and profitable literary paper. Soon after the discontinuance of the Gazette, the "SATURDAY EVENING CHRONICLE" was ushered into existence. This weekly was conducted by the late Benjamin Drake, Esq., a gentleman who had been a constant, graceful, and popular contributor to Mr. Foote's paper. The Chronicle was continued until 1835, when it was merged into the Cincinnati Mirror, of which we come now to speak.

In 1831, Mr. John H. Wood, at that time an extensive bookseller in Cincinnati, projected a literary periodical, and invited Mr. Gallagher to take the editorial charge of it. He accepted the invitation, and as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, the "CINCINNATI MIRROR" made its appearance. It was a semi-monthly paper, and in all its externals was superior to any previous periodical published in that city. It was a small quarto of eight pages, printed on

fine paper with beautiful type, and in all its different departments the most scrupulous order and propriety were observed. There was nothing helter-skelter about it. The reader, after cultivating a short acquaintance with it, knew precisely where to look for a sterling good story, a fine poem, a racy sketch, or a judicious criticism. There was no confusion worse confounded in the contiguity of things. No sentimental story, written with the cruel intention of exhausting the lachrymal ducts of the sympathetic, hobnobbed with a bit of town scandal—no poem fragrant with flowers in which the hoping bard breathed forth the fresh and unhacked feelings of his innocent heart was mixed up with a first-rate joke, ancient and fish-like in its odor, which grinned sarcastically at the pathos of the poet—no stately or stiltish essay, written to set the world altogether right on some disputed point in morals, literature, or philosophy, was elbowed by the romantic feat of some flying and sighing maiden who jumped from a third-story window into the arms of her adorer. Every thing moved in its own circle—nothing was ill-mated—there was no democratic familiarity permitted between articles that laughed and articles that cried—and the most respectful distance, required by the laws of gentility, was fastidiously observed by things unlike. There was no Milky Way in the Mirror's firmament, not even a sweetly entangled Pleiades, but every constellation glowed separate and apart, and each star blazed away "on its own hook." When you read a sketch of some old Indian-killing pioneer, brought at length, by an indiscreet exposure to whisky and weather, to rheumatism and crutches, your sense of propriety was not offended by seeing some smart anecdote sidling up alongside of it and "taking the shine off" the old fellow. Articles were not mixed up like bipeds at a soiree, where persons, good, bad, and indifferent, silly and sensible, are so confused that each one mistakes himself for his neighbor, and feels extremely dubious on all matters requiring an exercise of brains or a clear conception of personal identity. Indeed, had the paper taken the most obdurate and unrelenting of pledges, it could not have kept itself freer from sinful indulgences in punch-like mixtures.

The Mirror, as a semi-monthly, acquired a high reputation, and its circulation in the Mississippi Valley was, for the period in which it flourished, very extensive. At the beginning of the third year, Mr. Gallagher was joined in this enterprise by

Thomas H. Shreve, and the proprietorship as well as the editorship of the paper passed into the hands of these two young friends. The first number of the Cincinnati Mirror, enlarged and changed to a weekly, was issued by "Shreve & Gallagher," in November, 1833. The new proprietors, young and full of hope, went to work industriously to build up a lofty reputation for their paper. It is true that the "patronage" given to the Mirror at first was wholly inadequate to its support, but the editors trusted that a quick-coming future would amply remunerate them for their outlay of money and labor. Each week brought considerable accessions to their list of subscribers. "Many a time and oft" have the "witching hours" of night caught these young friends busily engaged in getting off their paper to their subscribers, who were enjoying comfortable slumbers, and not dreaming of paying the printer. But they labored in hope, and thus buoyed up they continued to work manfully with both heads and hands, firm in the faith that money and reputation would come apace.

At the expiration of the first year they found themselves largely out of pocket; but with subscription lists on which were the names of persons in various States of the Confederacy. They entered on the second year with flattering prospects. In April, 1835, the Chronicle, edited at that time by James H. Perkins, was purchased by him and merged into the Mirror, which was thenceforth published by T. H. Shreve & Co., and edited by Messrs. Gallagher, Shreve and Perkins. It was continued by them until the close of the year, when, from ill health and other considerations, they saw fit to accept an offer for the concern, and sold it to Mr. James B. Marshall, who changed the name of the paper to THE BUCKEYE. Mr. M. edited and published it for three months, and then disposed of it to Messrs. Flash, Ryder & Co., who kept a bookstore on Third street, which is remembered by all the lovers of books of that day as a place of resort for the literati of the Queen City.

The new proprietors secured the services of Messrs. Gallagher and Shreve as editors, and changed the name of the paper back again to that of the Cincinnati Mirror. But it was not long before, owing to some disagreement between the Editors and Proprietors touching the conduct of the paper, the former vacated their places. They were succeeded by Mr. J. Reese Fry, who conducted the Mirror for a few months, when it was abandoned. The subscription lists were purchased by other

persons, who commenced the publication of the weekly edition of the present Cincinnati Chronicle on the ruins of the Mirror.

Such is a succinct history of the Cincinnati Mirror,—a paper which is generally considered by those familiar with its merits, as the best weekly literary periodical ever published in the West. During its existence it was eagerly looked for by thousands of readers in the various States. Nearly all the distinguished writers in the West contributed to its columns. No paper was more extensively copied from. It contained many stories of a high grade of excellence, profound and light essays on a large variety of subjects, and numerous poems far superior to those usually met with in the periodicals of the day. A selection of great value and interest might be made from the original articles which appeared in the paper; and, indeed, it is not to be doubted that at some time the files of the Mirror will be overhauled, and many of its capital articles rescued from the forgetfulness that has settled upon them.

The period in which the Mirror flourished was one of the most interesting in the annals of Cincinnati. The population of the city was not at that time more than a third of what it is now, while the proportion of those who looked to literature with hope, as a means of support and distinction, was much greater than it is at this time. There was a large number of young men then residing in the city, who are now scattered far and wide, pursuing their various occupations as editors, lawyers, doctors and preachers. Joyous-hearted, full of talent, hope and ambition, they were in the habit of frequently meeting together to talk over the occurrences of the day and their prospects in life, undreaming of the fact that in a few short years they should be separated from each other by mountains and rivers and thousands of miles. The presence of these young men imparted great brilliancy to the society of Cincinnati. One by one links were lost from the social circle, until now, although death has scarcely touched their ranks, not one-half of them are to be met with in the busy thoroughfares of the city which they once graced and adorned. Were this the proper time and place, it would be a most pleasing task to sketch the different members of the society to which we refer, and to pay appropriate tributes to the merits of several of the more prominent among them.

A scanty reference to several literary associations of that day, will recall to the minds of many, a host of most delightful reminiscences. Who that was a member of the "FRANKLIN

SOCIETY," can ever forget the delightful and exciting meetings which were so heartily relished by every one who was admitted to them? This Society held its meetings in the old church on Walnut above Third street, at that time in charge of the Mechanic's Institute. Its proceedings were private, but they were marked by unusual ability. Many a cold and cheerless evening have we seen a half dozen enthusiastic youths gathered about and shivering over the stove in the corner of the large apartment, while the president, wrapped in dignity and a large cloak, sat chattering his teeth apart from the group, and member after member stepped aside and made speeches, many of which were distinguished by brilliancy and true eloquence. The essays and the criticisms were generally very able, and worthy of a much wider auditory than they had. Year after year, the members of the Franklin met week after week with much benefit to all concerned. The proceedings were very orderly, and though several of the members were keen, witty, and satirical, yet it very seldom happened that any cause of offence was offered.

The "INQUISITION" was a Society of more pretension. It originated with some of the members of the Franklin, and went into operation sometime in the year 1834. Its meetings were public, and took place in the same building in which those of the Franklin had been held. Its discussions were conducted with eminent ability, and attracted crowded auditories. The beauty and the fashion of the city used to turn out to listen to the debates. The presence of the ladies added greatly to the interest of the proceedings, as a majority of the members were young and unwedded, and did not choose to appear with their minds slatternly and in dishabille in the presence of the pretty girls with whom they were anxious to make favor, and whose bright eyes they frequently appealed to during their speeches for inspiration and encouragement. The number of members did not exceed fifteen, among whom were gentlemen who, as lawyers and politicians, enjoyed a national reputation. There was great desire manifested by many to get into the Society, but owing to the rigid system of exclusion maintained by several of the members, the black balls almost invariably outnumbered the white. For two seasons the Inquisition flourished as no similar society ever flourished in Cincinnati. The doors were then opened to the admission of new members, the character of the proceedings changed, the society became politicial, speedily

degenerated, and went out of existence—the obscurity of its close presenting a striking contrast to the brilliancy of its morning.

Then, too, there was that most unique association which flourished under the cabalistic cognomen of the T. A. G. S. This society was more rigidly exclusive than either of the others, the number of members never exceeding eight. The meetings were held in "Foote's Row," and right jolly occasions they were too. Essays, poems, and stories were read and criticised, speeches then came on, then songs, and the entertainments of the evening were closed with—what we are not at liberty to tell.

Mr. Gallagher was a member of each of these societies, and to them, we presume, he is willing to confess his indebtedness for much pleasure and instruction. Like the other members, he can never forget the delights and the profit of those days—days of hope and of ambition—before hope had lost any portion of its fascination over the young heart, and before the pictures that ambition paints had lost their brightness and illusiveness. The future was looked to as holding in store inexhaustible treasures which the daring hand might seize and the bold heart appropriate. Various literary projects were cherished by those ardent youths which to this day remain unexecuted. The beautiful fabrics of fancy have long since fallen into ruins, and are now regarded with perhaps less melancholy than derision. Acquaintance with the practical in life relieves the heart of its fiction, and the prosaic treads close on the heels of the romantic. The "sentinel hills" around Cincinnati were then clothed with forests, in which the blending melodies of bird and breeze fell deliciously on the ears of the young men who rambled through their green vistas, or reclined in the grateful shade of venerable trees to indulge in visions of the future. But those hills are stript of their green glories, and the hot sun now looks down on their verdureless and mangled summits. A change as great has passed over the spirits of those young enthusiasts. Fifteen years have made sad havoc on those hills and on those dreamers. The poetry of youth has given way to the commonplace of advancing years, and in the dust of business thoroughfares, the feet are now soiled that at the time to which we refer often pressed the soft and virgin turf of those hills which were then in their prime and beauty, and as glorious as when the elk broused and the red man reposed on their summits.

During this period, the people of Cincinnati manifested that lively interest in lectures which has since distinguished them. There were two institutions then in existence, before which regular series of lectures were delivered, namely, the Lyceum and the Mechanics' Institute. The meetings of both were held in the Old Church on Walnut street. The lectures before the Lyceum were delivered principally by young men who had immigrated to Cincinnati from the Eastern States. For several seasons the Lyceum was the place of resort for those who wished to measure the minds of the young aspirants to popular favor, as well as by others who were anxious to increase their stores of knowledge through the fascinating medium of public addresses. The Lyceum lectures were generally well adapted to the end had in view, and were the means of introducing favorably to the public, many young men who have since attained to very considerable distinction.

In the spring of the year 1835, Mr. Gallagher was selected to pronounce before the Lyceum an Eulogium on the life and character of the distinguished William Wirt, then recently deceased. This was his first appearance as a speaker before a public audience. A very large crowd flocked to the hall, and his effort was highly extolled.

The lectures before the Mechanics' Institute were more practical, and attended by auditories more miscellaneous in their character than those who thronged to the Lyceum.—Those who remember the Institute as it existed at that time, will willingly unite with us in saying that the gentlemen, to whose public spirit and philanthrophy it was indebted for its usefulness, are deserving of the lasting gratitude of the people of Cincinnati. They labored earnestly in the midst of heavy obstacles and perplexities, and have been rewarded for their toil and trouble, by seeing in many instances the very great benefits the Institution conferred on the apprentices and others who availed themselves of the opportunities it offered them for profitable instruction. Who can forget its Secretary, John Laughlin, whose manly form has long since found repose beneath the turf?—Poor Laughlin! Who that knew him would refuse to drop a tear or a flower on his grave? He was a high-souled, noble, chivalrous, intelligent fellow, with a mind powerful in its grasp, a voice as sweet as a harp and as sonorous as a trumpet, and the heart of an angel.

In 1836 Mr. Gallagher edited a volume of the WESTERN

LITERARY JOURNAL AND MONTHLY REVIEW, published in Cincinnati by Messrs. Smith & Day; and in 1837 he edited a volume of the WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND LITERARY JOURNAL, published by James B. Marshall. Each of these volumes contained many fine contributions from some of the best writers in the West. The critical department, to which the Editor paid especial attention, was very ably conducted, and the judgments therein set forth were sustained by reasons of great force. But neither of the volumes met with near as much favor as it deserved. The newspapers praised them and extracted liberally from their pages; but the public was backward in coming forward, and that, added to a want of judicious management in the business department, caused those Magazines to languish until it was thought proper to abandon them.

Mr. Gallagher was induced by the necessities of a growing family, to accept a more tempting offer, and bade adieu to literature for the less flowery fields of politics. He removed to Columbus, where he joined a younger brother, the late lamented and honored John M. Gallagher, in the editorship of a new Whig paper. This paper at once obtained a larger circulation than any other journal in the State had previously enjoyed.—Its origin however was owing to the dissatisfaction of the Whigs with the old organ, and after a while the breaches were healed, and a union of the two papers was effected. This junction left no sufficient and satisfying position in the concern for Mr. Gallagher, and he withdrew from it. During the winter of 1838, he was employed by Mr. Hammond to write for the Cincinnati Gazette a series of letters from Columbus, which he did over the signature of "Probus." The session of the legislature had unusual interest imparted to it by the presence of Commissioners from the State of Kentucky, who were sent thither for the purpose of procuring the passage of a law to render the escape of slaves through Ohio an impossibility. Mr. G. was opposed to granting what was asked by Kentucky, and when the bill making the concessions was introduced into the Legislature, he took ground against it, as also did many of the leading members of that body. The bill in effect proposed to throw up a Chinese wall of protection to the "peculiar property" of Kentucky on the Ohio side of the river, by binding the citizens of Ohio hand and foot, and denying them the right of tendering the most common act of humanity to a fugitive slave, by making such act penal and punishable as a flagrant crime. Its provisions

contained more concessions than any one State should ask of another, for no State could grant them without sacrificing its dignity and respectability in the estimation of all who viewed the matter in its proper light. It was altogether extra constitutional in its provisions, and implied an almost servile deference to arrogant mandates. It was generally stigmatized as the "Servile Bill," and met with a manly opposition both in the Legislature and out. The letters of "Probus" were able and judicious, and being extensively copied into the newspapers of the State, had much influence in shaping public sentiment into hostility to the odious provisions of the proposed law. The Commissioners were detained several weeks in Columbus, superintending the progress of the bill, which, after a protracted and hard struggle, finally passed the Legislature. It underwent some material modifications before its passage, however, and has been but little more than a dead letter on the Statute Books of the State.

In the spring of 1838, a project was set on foot to establish a larger periodical than had previously been published in the West, and Mr. Gallagher was selected to conduct it. The first number appeared in May under the title of "THE HESPERIAN, *a Monthly Miscellany of General Literature.*" The newspapers and periodicals throughout the Union extended a hearty greeting to this new champion of the literary interests of the Mississippi Valley. Although it was published at five dollars a year, and was more remarkable for the solidity and substance than for the lightness and entertainment of its contents, yet in Ohio it soon obtained a subscription which we believe was unprecedented and unexpected. Three volumes were published, running through a period of eighteen months, on the first of which Mr. Gallagher received the able assistance of Otway Curry, Esq., a gentleman of fine taste in literature, and one of the strongest and sweetest of Western poets.

We need not say one word in commendation of the Hesperian to those who have examined its pages, for they will certainly agree with us in pronouncing it one of the best periodicals ever published in America. The contributions of the editors were distinguished by vigor of thought and general excellence, while the communications were mostly of a very high order of merit. The Reviews of books, for the most part written by Mr. Gallagher, were characterized by justice and impartiality; severity was not stinted when it was called for, and the commendation

was generous whenever merit exacted it. The Hesperian shared the fate of all similar enterprizes in the West, and did not survive its second year. The affairs of the publisher got into confusion, and at the expiration of the third volume the work was suspended, with the intention of resuming it after an interval of two months. Meanwhile, however, an offer which promised more profit was made to Mr. Gallagher, which he felt it his duty to accept, and the intention of resuming the publication of the Hesperian was finally abandoned.

The number of periodicals with which Mr. Gallagher has been connected proves his devotion to Western Literature, while their failure from various causes does not prove his want of ability or skill in their management. There is scarcely an exception to the fact that the persons who have engaged in publishing literary periodicals in the West, were too limited in their pecuniary resources to justify such undertakings. There is another reason why the success of such periodicals has not been commensurate with their merits: namely, the prejudice which the people in this section have too generally entertained against works originating here. They have been in the habit of preferring eastern publications to western, even when the latter were vastly superior to those with which they came into competition. This servile dependence upon the Atlantic States for periodical literature, has, up to this time, been a prominent obstacle in the way of Western enterprises. We rejoice, however, in the fact, that a sufficient population of Western origin, which is not afflicted with the absurd prejudices that cling to immigrants, is now in existence to afford competent support to those who devote themselves to literature. When the support of Western periodicals becomes what it should be, and publishers are justified in remunerating writers for their productions, we have no doubt that Western periodical literature will attain to that distinguished consideration which superior merit will justify.

Had literary merit been all that was needed to insure longevity to a magazine, the Hesperian would not have been suffered to go out of existence. Its success was greater than had been accorded to any previous Monthly in the West. Its predecessors had been well conducted, and those connected with them had satisfactorily tested the feasibility of living on their losses. The first western work of the kind was the "WESTERN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE," established at Lexington, Ky., in 1819. It was published two years and then

abandoned, not however because it lacked learning or taste, but because the community did not extend to it a generous support. Its editor, the late William Gibbes Hunt, was a good scholar and a tasteful writer, and exerted himself industriously to sustain his magazine. But his efforts were unavailing, and the Western Review was starved out of existence.

The next monthly was begun in Cincinnati, in 1827, by the late Rev. Timothy Flint, and was called the "WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW." This work, as was to be expected from the universally acknowledged talents and acquirements of its editor, contained many admirable articles. Mr. Flint labored zealously in his vocation, and was assisted by several of his friends, who furnished the Review with contributions, but the work languished on a limited "patronage," and closed its career after an existence of three years. In 1829, Hon. James Hall commenced the ILLINOIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE, at Vandalia, Ill. It was published in that place for two years, during which period its able, indefatigable, and accomplished editor furnished a large proportion of the matter for its pages. He removed it to Cincinnati, where, in 1833, it appeared with the more comprehensive title of the "WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE." It was published until 1836, when, its editorship having sometime previously passed from the hands of Judge Hall, its existence ceased, and its fragments were purchased by Mr. J. B. Marshall, who started the "LITERARY JOURNAL," already referred to, on them. If ability, industry, scholarship and enthusiasm, could have saved these various magazines, they would have flourished vigorously. But they were unappreciated in their day, save by the few, and piled up proof on proof that the western people were generally deaf, dumb, and blind to the appeals and merits of western writers.

The failing health of the late Charles Hammond, in 1839, requiring him to labor less than he had been in the habit of doing on the Cincinnati Gazette, which he had edited for many years with consummate ability and efficiency, he looked around for an assistant, and selected Mr. Gallagher, who accepted the offer tendered him. This was a very high compliment coming from so eminent a journalist, especially as there were a number of individuals of scholarship and ability to whom the position would have been in the highest degree acceptable. Mr Gallagher entered on the discharge of his duties toward the close of the year 1839, and although, since that time, the proprietorship

of the concern has been changed on several occasions, until now there is not one of its publishers who was so when Mr. G. went into it, yet with the exception of one year in which he was otherwise engaged, he has retained his connection with it.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Gallagher only from his poetry, will be surprised to learn that his general acquaintance with all the business relations of the Mississippi Valley, is scarcely second to that of any other man. He takes a hearty interest in the subject of internal improvements, and in every movement designed to develop the resources and to advance the prosperity of the West. He has earnestly advocated the establishment of railroads, and has contributed much towards convincing the public of their utility and profit, by elaborate statistics procured by him at the expense of much time and trouble. In the periodicals and newspapers with which he has been associated, he has earnestly advocated all kinds of public improvements relating to agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests. All charitable institutions have ever found in him a fast friend and ready advocate. He has paid much attention to the early history of the Western country, and has collected many exciting materials in relation to various pioneers, from which he has framed articles embodying the results of his industry. Thoroughly penetrated with the conviction of the indispensable necessity of education to the welfare and glory of the nation, he has been constant in his efforts to promote the success of systems of public schools and collegiate institutions. For his zeal in behalf of education, the Western College of Teachers, in their annual meeting for 1839, adopted a resolution acknowledging the importance of his services, and offering him the thanks of that body for them. For the comprehensiveness of his views, his earnestness, zeal, and public spirit, and for the labor he has bestowed on all subjects connected with the best interests of the community, Mr. Gallagher is justly entitled to the high honor of being generally recognized as a public benefactor. In Cincinnati, where his services are best known and appreciated, there are many persons who would willingly endorse any eulogium that our friendship for him might induce us to pass on his spirit and his important services. These services were acknowledged by the members of the Whig County Convention, who, in 1842, nominated him as a candidate for the Legislature over the heads of several distinguished competitors for the nomination, on account of his extensive acquaintance

with the interests of Cincinnati and the State at large. He declined the honor, however, at that time, on grounds that were highly creditable to him and satisfactory to the numerous friends who warmly urged on him the acceptance of the nomination.

The prose writings of Mr. Gallagher are marked by a simple, practical, clear style, rather singularly destitute of ornament when we consider the poetic tendencies of his thoughts. He avoids all circumlocution, and works earnestly toward the end he has in view. He chooses Saxon words in preference to those of more "learned length and thundering sound," and writes down to the capacity of the least educated. In his stories, where the play of fancy is legitimately indulged, there are occasional passages of high-wrought beauty, in which pleasant sentiments are clothed in flowery diction. But as a general rule, there is nothing in his prose which indicates that it proceeds from a mind which has dreamed of cloud-land by the year, and in which flowers spring up as naturally as in the soil of a prairie.

It is as a poet that Mr. Gallagher is best known, and in this character he enjoys a high reputation throughout the United States. He has written much that is worthy of preservation, and much that will live to be admired long after the present generation has passed away. Our design, however, is not to praise his poetry, but to present some specimens of it to our readers, in connection with the scattered facts of his biography which we have collected. In looking over his poetry we find it has changed its character in accordance with the changes which observation and reflection have impressed on his mind. There are three distinctly marked periods in his poetical life. The poems of the first period exhibit no very decided individuality of character. They were suggested by reading and casual occurrences, and show the influence which a study of Coleridge and Byron exerted over his mind. The "Penitent" exhibits the fruits of this study very clearly.—The second period is marked by poems which indcate much familiarity with external nature, and in it were written "August," "May," "Miami Woods," "Harvest Hymn," "My Early Days," &c.—The poems of the third period betoken much more sympathy with Humanity. It was during this period that those poems which have commanded most attention were produced—such as "The Laborer," "Truth and Freedom," "Be Firm, be True," "The Promise of the Present," "A

Hymn to the Day that is Dawning," "The Artisan," "Conservatism," &c.

In our selections, we shall endeavor to be as chronologically correct as the means now at our command will admit of. The three poems in connection with which Mr. Gallagher's name was first made public, were entitled "Eve's Banishment," "The Bridal," and the "Wreck at Sea." We present two of them, as fair specimens of his achievements in verse in what we have called the first period of his poetical life:

THE BRIDAL.

He stood before the altar; and a shade
Of darkness for a moment crossed his brow,
And melted into beauty on his lip;
And a slight tremor thrilled him, as the blood
Came boiling to his forehead—and sunk back,
And rushed tumultuous to his burning cheek.
But this was over—and the confidence
Of manhood was upon him; and he stood
Erect, in pride and nobleness, before
The minister of the High God—a man
Hoary and tremulous, and bowed with years.
And she, the loved, the beautiful, stood up
Beside the chosen one; and meekly bent
Her half-closed eyes upon her swelling breast:
And on her temples slept a raven tress,
Shading her beautiful veins, that melted through,
Like amethyst half-hidden in the snow.
And loveliness hung round her, like a soft
And silvery drapery. And pain, and sin,
And sorrow's discipline, on her fair brow
Had no abiding place. The various shades
Of sorrow and of gladness, came and went
With almost every pulse, like the uncertain
And silent memory of forgotten dreams.
They stood together—and their hearts were proud,
His of its nobleness, *and hers of him!*
The holy father offered up a prayer,
That happiness in after time might be
The guerdon of their love—and that the star
Which rose so beautiful and cloudless now,
Might light their years of trial, and go down
Calmly, as it arose—and they were ONE.

Here endeth this fair picture. Time wore on,
And they commingled with the callous world,
And had their day of glory and of gloom,
And slept and were forgotten. Others came,

And filled their places at the social hearth:
They too have passed away. And ever thus
Time silently goes on his ceaseless round,
Unnoticed and unknown; and human kind
Are but the puppets, moved about at will,
And lain within the dreamless sepulcher,
To wait the coming of that far-off day,
When the enfranchised spirit shall awake,
And burst the cerements of humid grave,
And live and be immortal!

The "Wreck at Sea," had a prodigious run in its day, having been copied into almost every newspaper at that time in existence. It is one of Mr. Gallagher's most imaginative productions.

THE WRECK AT SEA.

The sun was low—a flood of light
Slept on the glittering ocean—
And Night's dark robes were journeying up,
With slow and solemn motion:
And ever-and-anon was heard
The sea-mew's shriek—ill-omened bird!

Down sunk the sun—the gathering mist
Rose proudly up before it,
And streamed upon the lurid air,
A blood-red banner o'er it:
Frowning, and piled up heap on heap,
Dense clouds o'erspread the mighty Deep;
Darker, and pitchy black they grew—
And rolled, and wheeled, and onward flew,
Like marshalling of men.
Then trembled timid souls with fear—
Glistened in beauty's eye the tear—
And "fatherland" was doubly dear—
But brave hearts quailed not *then.*
Soon the rough tar's prophetic eye
Saw many a floating shroud on high,
And many a coffin drifting by—
And on the driving gale
Beheld the spirits of the Deep,
Above—around—in fury sweep—
And heard the dead's low wail,
And the Deamon's muttered curse.
And on the fierce and troubled wind,
Rode Death—and, following close behind,
A dark and sombre hearse.
And soon the barque a wreck was driven,
Before the free, wild winds of heaven!

Now shrank with fear each gallant heart—
Bended was many a knee—
And the last prayer was offered up
God of the Deep, to Thee!
Muttered the angry heavens still,
And murmured still the sea—
And old and sterner hearts bowed down,
God of the Deep, to Thee!
And still the wreck was onward driven,
Upon the wide, wild sea—
And MAN'S proud soul to Fate was given,
WOMAN'S, oh God, to Thee!

Gaped wide the Deep—down plunged the wreck—
Up rose a fearful yell—
Death's wings flapped o'er that sinking deck—
A shudder!—all was still.

Another early poem is a very touching one addressed to his excellent mother. The second stanza is especially beautiful in every thing but the word "god-like," which is altogether too formidable a word for the occasion. Here it is:

TO MY MOTHER.

THY cheek—it is pale, my mother,
And the light of thine eye is dim—
And the gushings of gladness, that used to fill
Thy cup of joy to its brim,
Come, like the visits of angels,
So "few and far between,"
That I feel the reed is a feeble one
On which thou hence must lean.

'Tis a bitter thing, my mother,
To look on a parent's decay—
To behold the Spoiler's ravages,
As he tears life's bloom away:
'Tis bitter to look on the furrows
He ploughs in the god-like brow—
To weep, o'er the gems of intellect
That are rayless, and sheenless now.

But there is a thought, my mother,
That is balm to the stricken heart:
—Though the gift of life is a frail one,
And from it we soon must part,
There is a haven of gladness,
For the weary heart a home—
Where the light of joy is never dim,
And sorrows never come.

On that blissful home, my mother,
  Thine eye is often bent,
Like a tiny child's on a wished-for thing—
  So longing—so intent.
Oh, how pure in the eye of Heaven
  Must the heart of the christian be—
So entirely fixed on that home above,
  From earthliness so free.

The "Revellers" has more of the flavor of antiquity about it, than any other of Mr. G's. productions. It is highly finished and ballad-like, and carries the thoughts back to "the times that were, of old," like the stroke of an enchanter's wand. It belongs to the earlier efforts, and is the last we shall quote as characterising the productions of that period.

THE REVELLERS.

There were sounds of mirth and revelry,
In an old ancestral hall,
And many a merry laugh rang out,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely pass'd around,
And the red wine freely quaff'd;
And many a heart beat high with glee,
And the joy of the thrilling draught—
  In that broad and huge ancestral hall,
  Of the times that were, of old.

A voice arose, as the lights grew dim,
And a glass was flourished high:
"I drink to Life!" said a Reveller bold,
"And I do not fear to die.
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant, Death;
For he's but a grim old gentleman,
And wars but with his own breath."
  A boast well worthy a revel-rout
  Of the times that were, of old.

"We drink," said all "We drink to Life
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of quick wings sweeping by;
And soon the old latch was lifted up,
And the door flew open wide,
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride:
  In visor and cloak, like a secret knight
  Of the times that were, of old.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchan rite,
And I drink the toast ye have filled to drink,
The pledge of yon dauntless knight:
Fill high—fill higher—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the vagrant, Death,
For he's but a grim old gentleman,
And wars but with his breath."
A pledge well worthy a revel-rout
Of the times that were, of old.

"He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he wears a martial brow:
Oh, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
The Reveller stood in deep amaze—
Now flashed his fiery eye;
He muttered a curse—then shouted loud,
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"
And his sword leap'd out, like a baron's brave,
Of the times that were, of old.

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
When a phantom before him stood,
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
That curdled his boiling blood.
He stirred not again, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
Then the Reveller fell at the Phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—DEATH!
In that broad and high ancestral hall,
Of the times that were, of old.

With the history of the poems that most strikingly characterise the productions of the second period in Mr. Gallagher's literary career, we are well acquainted. They were written in the presence of that glorious Nature they portray, and amid the fresh and glowing scenes they describe, during brief periods of recreation from the cares and labors of active business. The first one we select is entitled "August." We have some hesitation in quoting it, as it may be found in nearly all good collections of American Poetry that have been published within the past twelve or fifteen years, but its presence is necessary to the completeness of our purpose.

AUGUST.

DUST on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late-brilliant sheen:

And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretched on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.
Beneath them far, yet high
In the dim, distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks:
The fleecy flock, fly-scourg'd and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blistered root—
And droop the thirsting flow'rs,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot:
But of each tall old tree, the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain,
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge:
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammel'd, in that 'better land.'

The poem entitled "May" belongs to the same period, and is full of the flowers and freshness and beauty of that lovely month.

MAY.

Would that thou could'st last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping lock'd, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested,
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with dewy vine:
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou could'st last for aye!

Out beneath the morning sky!
Dian's bow still hangs on high;
And in the blue depths afar,
Glimmers, here and there, a solitary star.
Diamonds robe the bending grass,
Glistening, early flowers among—
Monad's world, and fairy's glass,
Bathing fount for wandering sprite—
By mysterious fingers hung
In the lone and quiet night.
Now the freshening breezes pass,
Gathering, as they steal along,
Rich perfume, and matin song—
And quickly to destruction hurl'd

Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-drop world.
Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now
Black upon the mountain's brow,
Threatening the green earth with storm—
See! it heaves its giant form,
And, ever changing shape and hue,
But still presenting something new.
Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in the day;
Bright'ning, at it onward goes,
Until its very centre glows
With the warm, cheering light, the coming sun bestows:
As the passing Christian's soul,
Nearing the celestial goal,
Bright and brighter grows, till God illumes the Whole.

Out beneath thy NOONTIDE sky!
On a shady slope I lie,
Giving fancy ample play;
And there's not more bless'd than I,
One of Adam's race to-day.
Out beneath thy noontide sky!
Earth, how beautiful!—how clear
Of cloud or mist the atmosphere!
What a glory greets the eye!
What a calm, or quiet stir,
Steals o'er Nature's worshipper—
Silent, yet so eloquent,
That we feel 't is heaven-sent—
Waking thoughts that long have slumber'd
Passion-dimm'd and earth-encumber'd—
Bearing soul and sense away,
To revel in the Perfect Day
Which 'waits us, when we shall for aye
Discard this darksome dust—this prison-house of clay!

Out beneath thy EVENING sky!
Not a breeze that wanders by
But hath swept the green earth's bosom—
Rifling the rich grape-vine blossom,
Dallying with the simplest flower
In mossy nook and rosy bower—
To the perfum'd green-house straying,
And with rich exotics playing—
Then, unsated, sweeping over
Banks of thyme, and fields of clover!
Out beneath thy evening sky!
Groups of children caper by,
Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
With joyous laugh, and shout, and song.

Flashing eye, and radiant cheek,
Spirits all unsun'd bespeak.
They are in Life's May-month hours—
And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but Life's flowers?

Would that thou could'st last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers;
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou could'st last for aye!

Here is another poem of the same period. Every one who bears a heart within his bosom can appreciate its sentiment.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

There's a voice from every bird,
There's a tone in every tree,
That recalls some burning word
I have uttered when with thee:
There's an eye in every star,
There's a look in every cloud,
That bears my thoughts afar
Where thou rulest Fashion's crowd.

Every sweet and breathing flow'r
That scents the twilight breeze,
Hath a ministry and pow'r
Over "Olden Memories:"
Every ripple of the stream
That goes singing on its way,
Hath a tale of boyhood's dream,
And of manhood's merry May.

I have treasured every look,
I have garnered every tone,
Till my heart is like a book
Fill'd with memories alone:
I have asked no higher bliss,
'Mid the world's incessant din,
Since our last hope died, than this—
To *dream* of what hath been.

And in the silence of the night,
And 'mid the bustle of the day,
Oft a vision glads my sight,
And I wish it not away:

But I wonder then if thou,
In thy far and wedded home,
Ever think'st of him who now
To thy presence may not come.

Another fine poem, written about fifteen years ago, is "The Mountain Paths;" and with quoting this we shall pass to Mr. Gallagher's more recent productions.

THE MOUNTAIN PATHS.

Come to the hills with me?
Come tread the green and flowery paths, that wind
'Neath many a stately tree
That, ages gone, hath lined
These airy summits of our Western Land!
The stars are fading, and the breeze is bland.
* * * * * *

Here—take the garden's pride:
Thy cheek, like it, will soon be rosy fair.
Now for the green hill-side,
And the pure upland air!
Death floats in every breeze that fans us here.
Ready? In sooth thou look'st the mountaineer!

So—we are winding up;
The fair stars have not yet left the sky:
There—pluck that honey-cup!
Thy slender hand will vie
With it in whiteness; and—but I forget—
Dark eyes compare not with the violet:

Still, pluck it too: I'll call
Thine bright as any star, in any place.
Nay—let thy bonnet fall
Back from thy radiant face,
And the fresh breezes with thy ringlets play!
Whither thine eyes now? Ah! the King of Day!
* * * * * *

What life is this I feel!
A new sensation thrills through every vein:
And glowing fancies steal
Athwart my wondering brain:
Visions of Eld—hopes—aspirations—fears
That vanish soon—bright dreams of coming years!

'Neath these old oaks and elms,
The spirit hath a fullness of delight—
A depth of joy, that whelms,
Like the lone, starry night,
Our intellectual being, in a maze,
Where fancy, pleas'd, bewilder'd, startled, plays—

Now floundering in gloom;
Now revelling in glory, as a ray
The darkness doth illume:
Then bursts the perfect day,
And the clear'd vision wanders wide and free
Through the starr'd regions of Infinity.

Morn on the hill-tops! Hark!
The low of kine swells up from yon green vale,
With the song of meadow-lark,
And merry note of quail;
And from the tree-top, by the free wind stirr'd,
Floats the rich matin of some grateful bird.

The breeze is rising now—
The purple clouds sail gracefully along;
The spiral saplings bow,
And swell the choral song.
Oh, for the soul to truth and freedom born,
What beauty and what glory hath the Morn!

Yet man alone, of all
To whom earth's visible blessings have been given,
Deemeth the privilege small
Thus to commune with Heaven:
There is no bank or railroad stock on high—
Stars are not gold—pence rain not from the sky!

Mr. Gallagher takes a profound interest in all movements designed to break down systems of oppression, and to carry alleviation into the hearts of the poor and the despised. The poems which he has produced during the past eight or nine years, bear unmistakable evidence of the depth and sincerity of his feelings in all those efforts which are now making for the alleviation of the masses. He is deeply imbued with that spirit which is the grand characteristic of the present age—a spirit that is shaking venerable institutions and banishing old forms—the spirit of reform, of progress, which has thrown down more obstacles in the way of truth, in the present century, than have been thrown down in any other century. It may be difficult to describe this spirit intelligibly. It must be studied, and can be appreciated only, by its effects. It surrounds us and we feel its influences. It is the breath of life to our day. Millions of hearts respond to it as the barometer responds to the changes in the atmosphere. They are conscious there is a spirit abroad against which anathemas are vain—which refuses to wear a chain—which cannot be laid to rest by any spell, and cannot be exorcised by any human power. It is manifesting itself in the

political as well as in the social relations of our race. The recent movements in the States of the Old World attest its universality as well as its resistless strength. It has broken down a part of the partition wall that Despotism built in long gone centuries between Power and the People. It has seized on sceptres and they have crumbled; it has grasped thrones and they have tottered and fallen. Hoary institutions, which have stood erect amid the havoc of ages, and defied the ruthless hand of the barbarian and the mutations of dynasties, are now rocking to and fro in its convulsions, like trees with which the mighty currents of the Mississippi have grappled, preparatory to their final fall. The wonderful events in the political world that have marked the present year, have a far deeper significance than the eye of the politician discovers. Mere changes of rulers and of institutions cannot satisfy the demands of the age. From the confusion of clashing systems a voice comes forth declaring that relief from the oppression of bad government is not the only relief necessary;—from the smoke and dust of falling institutions a radiant form issues, whose lips are eloquent with promise. The stars that have lately shot up in the political firmament, may go down beneath a horizon crimsoned with blood; but still as much of the old tyranny as has recently found a grave, under which so many accursed evils were known, will not know of a day of resurrection. Falsehood and outrage are becoming hateful, and must gradually cease to inflict their torture on man through despotic institutions. Preparations are in progress for a general rebellion against systems of oppression and bondage, and the struggle must go on until men are emancipated from all chains but those imposed upon them by their own sinfulness. The great philanthropic movement of the age would place all men in a position in which they can enjoy and appreciate the kindness and bountiful provision which the Common Father has made for all His children. The struggle in this country contemplates the overthrow of all institutions which bear heavily on the minds and hearts of the masses. It seeks the relief of all from that tyranny which degrades the many to the service of the few, and while it would break the bonds that bind the dark toiler in the rice swamps, it would also lift up to the beneficence of Heaven the victims of other kinds of slavery.

This reforming spirit is felt by Mr. Gallagher, and in several poems he has given birth to sentiments which have found an

abiding place in the hearts of thousands. His eye has caught glimpses of the blessed form of Truth, and his spirit has drank inspiration from the unsealed fountain of Humanity, the Castaly of the Christian Poet. He has felt deeply the terrible oppression under which the masses of the poor stagger from the cradle to the grave, on whose ears no music from Heaven ever falls unaccompanied with the distracting tones of suffering, and whose eyes are so dimmed by tears and ignorance that they cannot see clearly the visible beauty and glory of Earth, Sea, and Sky. The freshness of the dawn of a better era is on him, and he has sung in befitting strains of that sentiment of Brotherhood, which is a doer of justice, a lover of mercy, and a restorer of usurped rights.

We select a few of the poems that have been thus responsive to the spirit of the age. The subjoined has been embalmed in a thousand hearts. It has no imagery, it is utterly unimaginative, not a ray of fancy gleams along any of its lines, and yet it is a noble production:

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

On the page that is Immortal,
  We the brilliant promise see:
"Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
  And the might shall make you free!"

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
  Whatsoever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are Freemen,
  We have made, and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
  Keeps what not to him belongs;
But performs a selfish action,
  That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
  At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman:—
  He, at best, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
  Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
  But can never *be* a Man.

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
  Be not thou like either them,—
Rut to Truth give utmost freedom,
  And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
  Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
  Which fulfils life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
  Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
  Let them strike, but *make* them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
  Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thouhgt seek expression,
  Speak it boldly! Speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
  Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast TRUTH to utter,
  Speak! and leave the rest to God.

The following poem, which was published about eight years ago, has been much admired, and widely circulated. The highways of American Literature have been occupied by numerous "labors" since its first appearance.

THE LABORER.

STAND UP—erect! Thou hast the form,
  And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
  And pure as breast e'er bore.

What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
  As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
  As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
  In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
  Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
  What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
  The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst,
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 't is but dust!
Nor place, uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

In "Conservatism," the allegorical form of presenting and enforcing truth, is employed with great success. This is a remarkable poem.

CONSERVATISM.

The Owl, he fareth well,
In the shadows of the night;
And it puzzleth him to tell
Why the Eagle loves the light.

Away he floats—away,
From the forest dim and old,
Where he pass'd the garish day:—
The Night doth make him bold!

The wave of his downy wing,
As he courses round about,
Disturbs no sleeping thing
That he findeth in his flight.

The moon looks o'er the hill,
And the vale grows softly light;
And the cock, with greeting shrill,
Wakes the echoes of the night.

But the moon—he knoweth well
  Its old familiar face;
And the cock—it doth but tell,
  Poor fool! its resting place.

And as still as the spirit of Death
  On the air his pinions play;—
There's not the noise of a breath
  As he grapples with his prey.

Oh, the shadowy Night for him!
  It bringeth him fare and glee;
And what cares he how dim
  For the Eagle it may be?

It clothes him from the cold,
  It keeps his larders full;
And he loves the darkness old,
  To the Eagle all so dull.

But the dawn is in the East—
  And the shadows disappear;
And at once his timid breast
  Feels the presence of a fear.

He resists;—but all in vain!
  The clear Light is not for him;
So he hastens back again
  To the forest old and dim.

Through his head strange fancies run;
  For he cannot comprehend
Why the moon, and then the sun,
  Up to the heavens should ascend,—

When the old and quiet Night,
  With its shadows dark and deep,
And the half-revealing light
  Of its stars, he'd ever keep.

And he hooteth loud and long:—
  But the Eagle greets the day,
And on pinions bold and strong,
  Like a roused Thought, sweeps away!

"The Artizan," the "Promise of the Present," the "Hymn of the Day that is Dawning," etc., are all touched to like issues with the three poems last quoted. But in justice to Mr. Gallagher, if not to our readers, we must strike a new chord. The following we regard as one of its author's best productions. It has the spirit and vigor of THE WEST in it, and could have been written no where else.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A SONG OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

A song for the early times out West,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come:
A song for the free and gladsome life,
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling Heav'n o'er head!
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captur'd elk, or deer;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer:—
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily pass'd the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We shunn'd not labor; when 'twas due
We wrought with right good will;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustain'd here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gather'd in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only Good.

Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers clos'd us round;
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom was sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wint'ry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw,
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

In a different vein still is the following, which is one of the sweetest poems ever written in this country.

THE INVALID.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green,
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,
A stranger, but her gentle mien
It was a calm delight to see.

In every motion, grace was hers;
On every feature, sweetness dwelt;
Thoughts soon became her worshippers—
Affections soon before her knelt.

She bloom'd through all the summer days,
As sweetly as the fairest flowers,
And till October's softening haze,
Came with its still and dreamy hours.

So calm the current of her life,
  So lovely and serene its flow,
We hardly mark'd the deadly strife
  Disease forever kept below.

But Autumn winds grew wild and chill,
  And pierced her with their icy breath;
And when the snow on plain and hill
  Lay white, she passed, and slept in death.

Tones only of immortal birth
  Our memory of her voice can stir;
With things too beautiful for earth
  Alone do we remember her.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green,
  And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,
And flowers sprang up and bloomed between
  Low branches and the quickening lea.

The greenness of the leaf is gone,
  The beauty of the flower is riven,
The birds to other climes have flown,
  And there's an angel more in Heaven.

And an appropriate companion to this, is

THE EARLY LOST.

When the soft airs and quickening showers
  Of springtime make the meadows green,
And clothe the sunny hills with flowers
  And the cool hollows scooped between,—
Ye go, and fondly bending where
  The bloom is brighter than the day,
Ye pluck the loveliest blossom there
  Of all that gem the rich array.
The stem, thus robb'd and rudely prest,
  Stands desolate in the purple even,
The flower has withered on your breast,
  But given its perfume up to heaven.

When, mid our hopes that waken fears,
  And mid our joys that end in gloom,
The children of our earthly years
  Around us spring, and bud, and bloom—
An angel from the blest Above
  Comes down among them at their play,
And takes the one that most we love,
  And bears it silently away.

Bereft, we feel the spirit's strife;
But while the inmost soul is riven,
Our dear and beauteous Bud of Life
Receives immortal bloom in Heaven.

We close our selections with the following poem on CHARLES HAMMOND. There is a double propriety in this: in the first place, because Mr. H. was Mr. Gallagher's political Mentor, and in the next, because it shows a just and true appreciation of the mental and moral characteristics of that independent journalist and incorruptible politician:

CHARLES HAMMOND.

In silence tread this narrow bound—
How deep the dead's mysterious sleep!
How hushed above! the stillness round,
How death-like deep!
I pause beside an humble grave;
And through my brain is ringing now,
The LESSON OF A LIFE he gave
Who sleeps below.

Strong passions, spurning at control,
Debasing appetites, that gave
A galling fetter to his soul,
Made him their slave:
But 'neath a firm, unbending will,
High reason, and a heart of strength,
That, baffled oft, could struggle still,
They fell at length.

A keen perception of the right,
A lasting hatred of the wrong,
An arm that failed not in the fight,
A spirit strong,
Array'd him with the weak and low,
No matter what the opposing pow'r,
And gave a terror to his blow
In battle's hour.

None were too low to meet his eye;
None were too weak to claim his aid;
To feel his anger none too high
In place arrayed.
Man had his sympathies, not *men*;
The whole he lov'd, and not a part;
And to the whole he gave his pen,
His years, his heart.

Throughout the land his might was felt;
His words arous'd the sluggish soul;
He shamed the knee to Power that knelt,
From such control.
Fired by his daring spirit's flame,
Filled with the truths he nobly taught,
In thought, word, action, men became
What freemen ought.
He asked no leader in the fight;
No "times and seasons" sought to know;
But, when convinced his cause was right,
He struck the blow.
Praise to his virtues!—greenly keep
The memory of the race he ran!
Ne'er let the LIVING LESSON sleep
Of such a man!

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

Fossil Footprints.—Dexter Marsh, a laboring man, while flagging the side walk near his house, discovered the first footprints of birds in solid stone; since that discovery, he has felt an increasing interest in the subject, and in a letter to the Editor of the Journal of Science, dated Greenfield, Mass., May 20, 1848, gives an account of his recent investigations. He says he has in his collection more than eight hundred footprints of birds and quadrupeds, besides having presented specimens to many individuals and institutions in this and other countries. He has some very perfect tracks of a quadruped so small that a five cent piece will more than cover the entire impression of the foot; and tracks of a bird that measures more than half a yard from the heel to the point of the longest toe, with a foot very thick and being in proportion to the length. The most perfect specimens he obtained from Turner's Falls. He has obtained valuable specimens from South Hadley, found in the highway leading to Amherst, a mile and a half north of the Seminary. The slab in which they are found is a coarse grey sandstone cut and used for building purposes. He has also obtained from the south part of Montague some hundreds of the footprints of birds, but none of quadrupeds. This location is half a mile from the river, and nearly two hundred feet above it. He says if the height of the birds was in proportion to the length of their feet as indicated by many specimens in his collection, they must have stood nearly twenty feet high. These are the marks of birds that lived and become extinct perhaps hundreds of ages ago! Mr. Marsh says, he has in some localities traced the tracks of a single bird thirty or forty feet, to where the bird went in the water; this he knew from the fact, that the first tracks would be very slight indeed, being

pressed on hard sand or clay, and each successive step would be deeper and deeper until the mud closed over the impression; and when he got into the water, though he settled deep in the mud, the motion of the water entirely obliterated all appearance of the track on the strata over which the bird had walked, but by removing a thin layer we find the impression. This enabled him to ascertain how high the water was at the time, and how much of the layer was out of the water when the impressions were made. He has one slab, four or five inches thick, containing two footprints of a bird, which he split into five layers, the impression being distinct in each layer, although on the upper surface, it only shows a straight mark three or four inches long over each impression, the mud having been so soft as to close up, leaving no impression, while the lower slab shows were the foot rested. What facts in science can be more interesting than these! The student of geology, as he passes along this valley leading from the north line of Massachusetts to Weathersfiled, Connecticut, can determine with certainty that water once flowed at a level, hundreds of feet above its present line, and that the present flinty rocks to an indifferent depth, were once soft mortar to receive the impressions of the traveler's feet. These signs as it were an old language printed on the rock tables, tell of the earth long before the existence of human beings!

THE TENTH ASTEROID DIAN.—A new planet has recently been discovered by Prof. Kaiser, at Seyden. It belongs to the group between mars and jupiter, and performs its revolution in about three years and eight months.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—This process, invented by a Russian chemist, named Kirkoff, consists in evaporating new milk by a very gentle fire, and very slowly, until it is reduced to a dry powder. This powder is to be kept in bottles carefully stopped. When it is to be employed, it is only necessary to dissolve the powder in a sufficient quantity of water. According to Mr. Kirkoff, the milk does not loose by this process any of its peculiar flavor.

SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION.—The proceedings of the Scientific Convention, recently held in Philadelphia, were of exceeding interest. We rejoice that so much is being done in our country for the cause of Science. Its mission is indispensable to human improvement. The great aim of all men devoted to Natural Science should be to so popularize the various departments of science as to make it attractive to the mass of mankind.

Many valuable and highly interesting papers were read at the Convention, abstracts of some of which we will quote from the New York Tribune.

SEDIMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The paper on this subject was prepared by Prof. M. W. Dickson and Andrew Brown. It embodied facts collected during eighteen years of observation, continued for the purpose of this report during the last two years without interruption.

The aggregate quantity of water discharged by the Mississippi, is 14,883,360,636,880 cubic feet—equal to 551,235,579,-143 cubic yards; or 101.1 cubic miles.

The observations made by these gentlemen lead them to the conclusion that in a descending aqueous fluid there is no appreciable difference of velocity in the vertical quantity, but that it is equally the same at *top or bottom*—for the reason that the superincumbent pressure urges forward the under stratum to the point of least resistance, with the same acceleration of speed which the incumbent water itself may have acquired.

The Mississippi Valley is found to contain a superficial area of very little short of fourteen hundred thousand square miles. The inquiry, therefore, here suggests itself, what may be the relative difference between the annual quantity discharged out of it by the river Mississippi? It is found by an examination of the Meteorological Register of the late Dr. H. Tooly, of Natchez—that the mean annual quantity of water which falls at Natchez, is between fifty-five and fifty-six inches—but as such has been taken at the Southern extremity of the Valley, it may be regarded as an over estimate for the whole area. The mean quantity is, therefore, assumed to be fifty-two inches, and then by calculation we will have 169,128,960,000,000 cubic feet, as the quantity which *falls* annually, in the whole Valley,

which is within a fraction of being *twelve times the quantity of that which is discharged by the river.*

There are but two ways by which all this immense quantity of water can make its escape from the Valley—one of which is by the course of the river into the Gulf of Mexico, and the other by evaporation. Hence, we perceive that there is but one relative part of this quantity passing off by the river, for every *eleven* parts which are exhaled by the atmosphere—or, in other words, 1 1-2 by the river, and 11-12 by evaporation.

A conclusion is here drawn of immense importance to the planting States. It is calculated that in consequence of increased evaporation produced by clearing away the timber, the low lands become less subject to overflow. It is estimated that there is not by twenty-five per cent. as much water now passing down the Mississippi, as there was before the settlement of the upper country, The forests being cleared away, more passes off by evaporation. Large tracts of land have been gradually redeemed from the floods and converted into productive fields.

A difficulty here interposes, that prevents us from understanding the subject as clearly as the Committee seem to : it is that our observation teaches that as the country becomes settled the earth becomes more compact, and the water glides off more freely than while its forests were standing to keep it more spungy. Consequently floods would be more numerous, sudden and violent, but would not continue so long as before the clearing of the country.

The Committee has made the following estimate of the quantity of matter carried down the river:

In order to arrive at these required facts, the following methods were adopted: first, a series of glass vessels of cylindrical form was procured, to one end of which was attached a thin tube of the same cylindrical diameter as that of the glass vessel to which it was attached in the tin tube ; immediately above its junction with the glass cylinder there was inserted a small brass cock, by which the tin tube could be conveniently discharged of its contents at pleasure, without causing any disturbance to the contents of the glass vessel below—this tin tube was in length 48 inches. This tube was charged with water from the Mississippi river, and this water allowed time to deposit its contents into the glass vessel below ; that being

accomplished, the water was drawn off, and the tube recharged by water from the river, each particular charge being noted. This was successively repeated from the different conditions and stages of the river's height and velocity, which very materially effects the quantity of suspension, this, by a succession of such chargings and dischargings of the tin tube, amounting in all to 484 times, or, in the aggregate, to a column of water 1,936 feet, from which column of water there was deposited a column of sediment enclosed in three tubes of 44 inches. Assuming that, therefore, to be the true quantity and the true product of a column of river water of 23,232 inches, it necessarily follows that as 44 is to 23,232, so is the quantity of sedimentary matter contained in the water to the volume of the river, or, in other figures and words, the mean proportional quantity of sediment to the river is as 1 to 528.

We have already ascertained the quantity of water annually discharged by the Mississippi river to be 14,883,360,636,880 cubic feet, there must then be deposited from that quantity of water, 28,188,053,892 1-6 cubic feet of solid matter.

In estimating, the delta of the Mississippi, they adopted for it the superfices assumed by Dr. Lyell, in his investigation of this subject, and will say with that gentleman that the delta of the Mississippi river comprehends all that great alluvial plain which lies below or to the south of what, until recently, was the first branching off or highest arm of the river called the Achafalaya. This delta is computed to contain a superficial area of 13,600 square miles.

In deciding upon the depth of this quantity, we will adopt that which was assumed by Prof. Riddell on this subject, and say that it is of the average depth of one-fifth of a mile, or 1,056 feet, inferred from that being the average depth of the Gulf of Mexico, from the Balize to the point of Florida.

We find the computation, agreeable to the above data, that it would require a quantity not less than 400,378,429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles of solid matter, to constitute this delta, having ascertained the quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the Mississippi river to be 28,188,-083,892 cubic feet, which would be equal to one square mile of the depth of 1,056 feet in 381 1-5 days, or one cubic mile in 5 years and 81 days—it therefore follows, that it would require a series of 14,293 4-5 years for the river to effect the final formation of the present delta.

The superficial area of the valley has been found to be about 16,000 square miles, bounded by high lands on either side, ranging from 50 to 250 feet high above the level of the plain.

Should this space therefore have been reduced or excavated by the river, as we assumed, it must have transported the diluvial matter, and caused it to form part of its delta. Now, assuming the average height of the highlands above the plains to be 150 feet, we would therefore obtain 454½ cubic miles, or 66,908,160,000,000 cubic feet of matter, as its proportionable contribution in the formation of the delta; the balance required being 333,470,269,440,000 cubic feet to be derived from the reduction of other lands; the two sources being to each other as 1 to 5.98, or, by giving another expression to the same quantities, there is in the delta 2,720 cubic miles of matter; 454½ of which would be derived from the diluvian in the excavation of this valley, the other portion would consist of 2,265½ cubic miles to be derived from other sources or the reduction of other lands.

We have now traced this great river through a period of 14,204 years, but how it was occupied before that time, or what was the condition of the country over which its waters passed, is more than we can safely venture to say—but, on particular examination of the bluffs which bound its present plain, it will be very difficult to resist the conviction that the river has great agency in depositing the upper and loamy stratum, which varies from a few feet to upwards of fifty in thickness, in all of which stratum there is abundance of land and fluviatile shells, such as those now found in the present deposit from the river.

We have found the age of that deposit to be not less than 14,204 years, through all of which time the waters have been actively engaged in changing the face of the country, and transporting 2,720 cubic miles of its matter to a far distant location. The above may be said to comprehend all the required particulars with respect to the waters of the Mississippi river or its deposits, which your committee are at this time prepared to submit.

MATHEMATICS.—A report was made on Mathematics by Prof. Alexander.

He proceeded to comment upon the general term which was used to designate that to which mathematical reasoning was applicable, viz: *Quantity;* and said that, in so far as mathematics had to do with it, it was that which admitted of the distinction of greater and less. Moreover, quantities were of the same species when, each in itself, *exceeded its less* in the self-same respect in which the other, in itself, *exceeded* ITS *less*, whatever might be true of the boundaries or limits of either.

Thus, a straight line and a curve were of the same species, since each exceeded its *less* in length; so, also, an hour and a minute, since each exceeded its *less* in duration.

He observed, farther, that the only point of resemblance between quantities of different species may be found in the fact, that the distinction of *greater* and *less* was admissible in the case of every species; and hence it was possible to compare the ratio of the two quantities of one species with that of two quantities of another species. He then proceeded to the more special consideration of the two great relations of things, *time* and *space*—remarking that *space* might be described as that wherein there was some room for the separate existence of material substances; and *duration* as that wherein there may be room, in another sense, for the separate (and therefore successive) occurrence of events.

Prof. A. proceeded to a lengthened comparison of finite quantities with the infinite, showing that if a plane was supposed to extend through all space, all the portion on one side of this plane must be regarded as being, *in effect*, that half of all space; and all on the other side as being, in effect, the other half. The like would, however, be true if another such plane were to extend through space parallel to the first—though to what before constituted the one-half would be added all the space between the two planes, and the same subtracted from the other. Hence we must conclude that this intervening space, though boundless in some of its dimensions, must be regarded as *good for nothing* in comparison with half of all space; *i. e.* the half in the sense already described.

For like reasons, any finite portion of time must be regarded as *nothing* in comparison with either eternity past or eternity future; and thus we might, in some humble measure, discover how, in view of a mind which could grasp the whole, "a thousand years would be but one day, and one day as a thousand years."

He last considered the question whether, if the visible creation were annihilated, space would still exist, and concluded that we are not sufficiently accurate of such a state of things to determine with regard to it; but insisted that, in any event, space could not exist independent of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, in whose existence as it was, and is, and is to come, was to be found *the one, the absolutely necessary truth, and that all others were contingent, just so far as* HE *had made them so.*

LAKE SUPERIOR.—*Fishes.*—*Comparisons.*—Professor Agassiz remarked, that it had been his good fortune, during the past

summer, to have opportunities, in company with several friends some of whom he now saw present—to explore the northern lakes, and more especially Lake Superior. His attention had been called particularly to fishes, a subject always of very great interest to him, and of which he had acquired at the lakes some new and valuable knowledge. His object, he observed, was not so much to effect a comparison between the fishes of the United States and Canada, as to ascertain their geographical distribution, and to satisfy himself whether they were INDISCRIMINATELY DISTRIBUTED through all these lakes, or whether there were differences in the localities where found.

On carefully comparing, he found that the distribution was entirely different—that particular families are in some, and other families in another part, and that they *never leave* their peculiar locality. He finds that there are families in Lake Huron which are not in Lake Superior, and some in Lake Superior which do not move into the lower lakes, although the communication between them is always open and easy. The fishes, then, of the several lakes are very different—another illustration of the great law of distribution and localization. Prof. A. considers that these fishes originate where they are found; and it is a singular fact that they are generally located in very similar positions with the fishes of Europe—yet, although they so agree generally with the European varieties, they are greatly different in zoological characteristics; so that there can be no transportation of the separate varieties from one country to another, and there is no connection of the fresh-water fishes of Lake Huron with those of southern Europe—nor of Lake Superior with those of northern Europe. (Prof. Agassiz proceeded to define these differences between them at length. In Lake Huron there are many of the *perch* family—none in Lake Superior, and so on.)

It is well known, from geological data, that North America is the oldest continental land upon earth. The general ancient character of this country is deeply impressed upon the mind of the active geologist, and he (Prof. A.) could not help feeling it when exploring the northern shore of Lake Superior. Is it not remarkable that animals now exist which are old-fashioned in their external zoological character—and that they should be of the same type with animals long considered extinct. It is in North America where the gar-pike live, and the gar-pike is the only representative of the periods when that fish *only* lived!

Among these fishes there are two types—one with smooth and the other with serrated scales, (Prof. A. explained by

blackboard diagrams;)—the serrated scales have usually two dorsal fins. He had found in Lake Superior a new fish, with spines upon the aperaular bones, and all the scales HARD and serrated, and, what has never been before observed in hard-scaled fishes, it has, like the salmon, an adipoise or fatty fin.

Here, then, upon Lake Superior, we have these old-fashioned fishes upon this old soil. He considered it important to trace our living animals in their relation to the fossils, as also their geographical distribution. This country was unquestionably first dry land, and the animals preserved seem to remind us of the olden ages.

ORIGIN OF WORLDS.—Mantell, in his Wonders of Geology, vol. i., p. 22, says:

Astronomy instructs us that in the original condition of the solar system, the sun was the nucleus of a nebulosity or luminous mass, which revolved on its axis, and extended far beyond the orbits of the planets; the planets as yet having no existence. Its temperature gradually diminished, and, becoming contracted by cooling, the rotation increased in rapidity, and zones of nebulosity were successively thrown off, in consequence of the centrifugal force overpowering the central attraction. The condensation of these separate masses constituted the planets and satellites. But this view of the conversion of gaseous matters into planetary bodies is not limited to our own system; it extends to the formation of the innumerable suns and worlds which are distributed throughout the universe. The sublime discoveries of modern astronomy have shown that every part of the realms of space abounds in large expansions of attenuated matter, termed *nebulæ*, which are irregularly reflective of light, of various figures, and in different states of condensation, from that of a diffused luminous mass to suns and planets like our own.

THE STEAM ENGINE.—A correspondent of the Scientific American, a paper to which the people are largely indebted for valuable scientific intelligence, has culled the history of the rotary steam engine. The first individual on record who applied steam to the production of motion was Hero, the elder, who lived in Alexandria, Egypt, 130 years before Christ. His engine was propelled by steam from a kettle, and motion was produced in the same manner as water propels Baker's

centrifugal mill. Six hundred and seventy years elapsed, after Hero made his rotary engine, before any other attempt was made to apply steam to useful purposes. In 1560 an engine, similar to Hero's, was prepared by Mathusius, of Leipsic, to propel a turnspit. It was not, however, until 1615, that particular attention was directed to the steam engine. In that year a French engineer, named Dr. Caus, published a work, with a drawing exhibiting the application of steam to propel machinery. Dr. Caus also knew that a vacuum could be produced by condensing steam. In 1629, Giovanni Branca, a mathematician at Rome, published an account, with a drawing, of a new steam engine. It was not equal to that of Hero, but it shows the modern state of the steam engine in 1629, only two hundred and nineteen years ago. In 1663 appeared the famous "century" of inventions, by the ingenious Marquis of Worcester, and he describes his steam engine, which, however, was not a rotary, but simply to fill a cistern with water by steam. The first patent that was secured for a rotary engine was that of James Watt, the famous engineer. This was in 1769. There is no drawing accompanying the first specification, which is very complex. The invention was a poor one, and the inventor laid it aside. There can be no doubt that it was very ingenious, but, taking it all together, it was a failure. In 1782 he obtained a patent for an engine that proved successful.

Analysis of Milk.—The following is from the report of the committee on cheese dairies, appointed by the New York Agricultural Society:

The chief component parts of milk are those which, when separated, are known as forming butter and cheese; the residue of which is called whey. These are distinguished by scientific persons as the *butyraceous*, or oily substance, producing cream, of which butter is composed; the *caseous* matter, of which cheese is formed, and *serum* or whey.

Cream forming	4.5	parts of 100
Cheese	3.5	do
Whey	92.0	do

This can only convey a general idea of the component parts, for they must necessarily vary according to the quality of the milk.

The analysis of skimmed cows' milk is stated by chemists to be:

Water	918.75	parts of 100.
Cheese, with a trace of butter,	38.00	do
Sugar of milk	35.00	do
Muriate of potash	1.70	do
Phosphate of potash	0.25	do
Lactic acid, with acetate of potash,	6.00	do
Earthy phosphates	0.30	do

Instruments have been invented, called Lactometers, for ascertaining the richness of milk in nearly the same manner as that employed for trying the strength of spirits. The difference in the quality of milk between particular cows may thus be determined, but it does not show whether the caseous or butyraceous matter predominates.

Nutrition of Food.—According to a memorial presented to the French minister, 100 pounds of wheat bread on an average contains 30 pounds of nutritive elements—gluten and starch. Black bread much less.

100 pounds of flesh, on the average, 31 pounds of nutritive matter, (according to Wohler,) fresh flesh seventy per cent. water, the remainder solid substance—fibrine.

100 pounds of French beans, on an average, contain eighty per cent. nutrition.

100 pounds of peas, eighty-three per cent.

100 pounds of lentils, ninety-four per cent.

100 pounds of beets pulse, eight per cent.

100 pounds of carrots, fourteen per cent.

100 pounds of potatoes, twenty-five per cent.

Zinc.—Zinc forms the link between the brittle and the malleable metals. It is a modern discovery that at a temperature of from 210° to 400° of Fahrenheit, it yields to the hammer, and may be drawn into wire, or extended into sheets. At a very elevated temperature it may be pulverized, and, when in fusion, be minutely divided, by pouring it into water. In filings, or small particles, it is used to produce those brilliant stars and spangles which are seen in the best artificial fireworks.

COAL.—Mineral coal dug from the earth, is organized carbon buried in ancient reeds and forests by the sinking down of the crust of the planet at particular points, and the washing in of earthy sediments above the submerged forests, to be consolidated into stratified or sedimentary rocks. The prodigious force of volcanic power, acting from below, upheaves all these strata, their cracks and wide fissures are washed into valleys by the ceaseless action of rain, frost, electricity, light, heat, and other meteoric influences; and thus they wear down solid rocks to coal beds, and often far below them. Carbon is the *coal*, which may be obtained alike from wood, straw, grain, flesh, and almost, if not quite every truly organized product of life. There is carbon enough in the carbonic acid which is chemically combined with lime in limestone rock, to cover the whole globe with a pure diamond 500 feet in thickness. While an immense qauntity of carbonic acid is discharged into the atmosphere from volcanoes and internal heat, acting like fire on limestone in a burning kiln, by which 100 lbs. lose 44 lbs. of gas; and yet old ocean keeps up nature's great balance, by absorbing an equal quantity of carbonic acid gas to combine with the store of the earthy minerals below.

INDIANA OOLITE.—A block of this rock being recently brought to Cincinnati, the Western Academy of Natural Science requested a communication in relation to it from Joseph Clark, who complied as follows:

GENTLEMEN: As you requested me, at our last meeting, to furnish some remarks on the oolitic rock brought up the river lately, and of which, we are told, it is intended to build the columns of the Cathedral, I would observe, in the first place, that we must not confound this rock with the oolite formation of European geologists—they have been deposited at very distant geological epochs from one another; and whatever be the merits or demerits of any of the members of the English oolite, (the Portland stone, for example,) this rock of our great valley has nothing in common with them except the oolitic structure.

The oolite formation of England is deposited above the lias, or rather the lias belongs to it, and is its lowest member; and next above the oolite formation is deposited the chalk formation, except where the great fresh water deposit, called the wealden, is wedged in between the two.

But the oolitic rock, now under consideration, occurs in the

carboniferous or mountain limestone formation, below the coal measures. I have had small specimens of it for several years, and suppose, from its appearance, it will prove one of the most durable as it is one of the most beautiful of limestones, for building purposes; for, though it is not so hard as our blue limestone, it may yet stand the weather as well, and the capability of limestone to stand what is called weathering, depends in a great measure on the absence of all extraneous matter, all metalic oxydes, &c., and its being composed of pure carbonate of lime, which this rock appears to be.

Dr. Owen, in his report to the Legislature of Indiana, in 1839, says: "The series of oolitic limestones, a section of which may be seen in the bluff behind Leavenworth, Crawford county Indiana, extends from Oil Creek to near Indian Creek, and has a total thickness of over 150 feet." He calls the series the subcarboniferous group; only some of its beds are oolitic.

The annexed table will give us some idea of the geological position of the oolitic rock of Leavenworth, also of the oolitie formation of England, beginning with our own blue limestone, and ascending up to the chalk formation:—

9. The chalk formation.
8. The oolite formation of Europe, not found in America.
7. Lias.
6. New red sandstone formation.
5. The coal measures.
4. The old red sandstone, or Devonian formation.
3. The carboniferous, or mountain limestone formation, including the oolitic rocks of Indiana, &c.
2. The cliff limestone.
1. The blue limestone of Cincinnati, &c.

The name oolite is composed of two Greek words,—*oon*, an egg; and *lithos*, a stone. The small round particles of which the rock is composed have nothing organic in them; they are perfectly round, except when a little compressed. Many of them are hollow, so that when the stone is polished, those particles that are cut in two look like little rings—they appear to have been formed mechanically by some peculiar rotatory or boiling motion, in an ocean charged with carbonate of lime, perhaps something like the manner in which pisolite is now being formed in some hot or boiling springs.

The only fossils I have observed are small fragments of bivalve shells, and small stems of crinoidea, with some pieces of coral—all of them belonging to the carboniferous formation.

Copper.—One million three hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds of copper, have been shipped during the present season from Lake Superior.

The shipment of copper this season by the Cliff Mining Co. (Lake Superior,) will yield at least $246,000, and will enable the company, after discharging its old debts and paying for its land, to divide to its stockholders $180,000.

Tea, Coffee and Tobacco.—Professor W. Parker, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, at a recent clinical lecture, examined a man who was troubled with palpitation of the heart. The report states no physical signs of organic disease of the heart could be detected; and hence we may conclude, says Prof. C. "with much certainty, that all the cardiac disturbance is purely functional, depending on derangement of the digestive organs—and this organ depending on the free use of tobacco, tea and coffee, and confinement within doors." What, then, are the indications of treatment? Shall we give physic in such a case? Will physic cure bad habits? Not a bit of it. Let the patient simply throw away his tobacco, his tea and coffee; adopt a plain, wholesome diet, and take regular exercise in the open air, and he will soon be well; in a word, remove the causes of derangement and the effects will cease.

Preserving Fruit.—The following, though late for this season, is valuable, and should be remembered by all who have fruit to preserve:

In the first number of the Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, there is an account of the new mode of preserving apples and pears. The inventor of the mode, M. Paquet, of Paris, has received from the Royal Society of Horticulture a medal. He presented, on the 12th of June, one hundred pears and apples, which, it is stated, not only preserved their beauty, freshness and flavor, but even their perfume. His fruit-house is described as a circular building, with an outer and inner wall—the size of the building being whatever is convenient. The distance between the outer and and inner wall is about three feet six

inches. There are windows in both walls, a diffused light being preferred to darkness. The inner room, which is the depository of the fruit, is kept at a constant temperature of 50 degrees (Fahrenheit;) as low as 39 would not be injurious, but 66 to 73 destructive. Boxes are made with drawers of oak; that wood being easier to be cleaned from the remains of fruit which might decay, "In these drawers," says the account, "the fruits are placed, with small intervals between each, on a slight bed, one-sixth of an inch thick, of saw-dust, (not pine, which would communicate an unpleasant flavor,) highly dried in an oven, eight parts, and one part of very dry pulverised charcoal; and with this mixture the interstices between the fruits are filled to about two-thirds of their height, leaving one-third exposed." This mode is deemed greatly preferable to keeping fruits in moss, cotton, paper, or other substances.

The fruit should be gathered with the greatest care, and not in the least bruised; the fairest and finest specimens selected. It should be gathered ten days before it is ripe. After it is gathered, it is directed to leave it in an open, airy situation, for about fifteen days, to sweat, and on no account to be wiped previous to being deposited in the fruit-house.

Cream.—If cream, well wrapped in a cloth, is put into a hole in damp earth, and left there for about twenty-four hours, it will become clarified and turn into a substance neither butter nor cream, but which combines the qualities of both, and has very delicate and agreeable taste, provided the cream used is sweet and good.

Marriage and Health.—In comparing the ages of the married and single, the ages of the single were computed from the age of twenty-two years; that of the married, from the age of sixteen in the female, and seventeen in male, the lowest age at which any married person died. The calculations give as the mean age at death of the married.....57, 54 years,
" " " single.....42, 18 years,
showing a difference in favor of the married to the extent of about fifteen years.

The difference was still greater between the mean ages of the married and single males—being for the married males 56, 69 years, and for the single males, only 38, 22 years.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF FREE INSTITUTIONS. *By* FREDERICK GRIMKE: *Cincinnati, O.*

THIS is a large octavo volume of 544 pages, neatly printed and divided into four books, of from six to eight chapters each.

The world is in need of new books on this subject. There are many truths in relation to Government that have not yet found their way into works on this subject. The author before us has given the more popular view of free institutions than we find in European works, having written his work under the guidance of the Democratic spirit. He commenced the work in 1840 and closed it in 1846, about eighteen months before its publication. It was not, therefore, very hastily written, although many a work of less size has employed its author for a longer period.

Without pausing to notice the many excellencies of this book at present, we will proceed to briefly point out some of its errors.

On the seventh page of the chapter on the general views and difficulties in the science of government, we read :—" The general tendency, at the present day, is to substitute moral power in the place of physical force ; not because it is more convenient, but because it is more efficacious." We submit, if this is a good orthodox reason for the change : is it not rather because moral power is the only true governing power for human beings, and because physical force is simply the Right of Might ?

On page eight, we read:—"There can be but one form of government, although there may be ever so many varieties." We believe there can be more than one legitimate form of government—that is, a legitimate form which is adapted to the spirit and condition of the people. Strictly speaking, there can be but one true form for true men; but as long as men are not true, untrue forms are perfectly legitimate. The people are qualified for different forms, as they are qualified for different branches of learning; it is a work of progress, and one form adapted to any stage of progress is equally legitimate with another.

Again, in the next line, we read:—"If I ventured to make a classification, it would be into the natural and artificial forms, considering a Representative Republic as the only example of the first, and every other species as coming under the second division." What right has the author to consider a Representative Republic the only natural form? Because the Governments of the United States are the best under the sun is no evidence that they are the only natural forms of government. If we understand the matter aright, the only natural form is a pure Democracy—that is the only true form for true men;—but as men are not yet true, they must institute some form that will accommodate an untrue state of society. If that is a natural form which is best adapted to the condition of the people, then are all forms natural when supported by a popular spirit in harmony with its tone.

Chapter second treats of the foundation of government and the right of the majority to rule; chapter third, of the character and operation of elective governments; chapter fourth is concerning the principle of equality—to what extent it can be carried. On page forty-four of this chapter we read:—"Knowledge is the instrument by which the interests of men are managed; but it is not itself, at least in the highest degree, one of those interests." This is placing the physical above the mental in point of importance. Man is, or should be, more of a spirit than an animal; and consequently, knowledge being the highest interest of the soul, is the highest

interest of man. Food and clothing are not of greater consequence.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, *for the year* 1849. *Boston:* LITTLE & BROWN. *Cincinnati:* BRADLEY & ANTHONY.

THIS is one of the most valuable publications that issue from the American press. It embraces much of the most important matter that can come before the people—being principally statistical facts that are indispensable to a thorough study of all questions of public interest. In the American Almanac we have all the authentic facts touching the main branches of business, whether agricultural, commercial or financial—concerning its government, its increased expenditures, &c.—about education, pauperism, &c.—and indeed on almost every subject of which statistics are procured. The great fault in relation to this matter is, that but a small portion of the facts that might be obtained are collected.

The following facts in relation to the operation of the new Postage law we glean from the Almanac. The total receipts under the old law for the years mentioned were—

1842	$4,546,849	1844	$4,237,288
1843	4,296,225	1845	4,289,841

Under the new law the receipts were—

1846	$3,487,199	1847	$3,955,893

Here we see quite a difference between the receipts under the old and new laws. But the great increase from 1846 to 1847, under the new law, affords every assurance that the cheap postage system will prove successful. The income from letters was, in—

1846	$2,881,697	1847	$3,198,957

Showing an increase in one year of $317,260, or above 11 per cent.

The expenditures of the Department for several years are as follows:

1842	$4,135,052	1845	$4,310,732
1843	4,374,713	1846	4,084,297
1844	4,297,867	1847	3,979,570

Here we see a greater dimunition of expenditures for 1846–7, under the new law, and a difference between the increase and expenditure of 1847 of less than $24,000, while the difference for 1846 was over $400,000. The difference for 1845, under the old law, was about $30,000; so that the Postoffice Department pays more under the new than it did under the old law. The question of cheap postage is therefore solved. The Department will yield a large profit to the Treasury within a few years, when the rates can be still further reduced.

The Almanac gives many interesting facts concerning the condition of the various States. The number of paupers relieved in Massachusetts, for 1847, was 18,717, of whom 7,034 were foreigners, 6,383 of whom were natives of England and Ireland. It is computed that 2,501 foreign paupers come into the State during the year. The cost of pauperism to the people was $347,411 19, and of crime $40,087 30.

In New York city 46,572 persons, or one-ninth of the whole population, received aid from the public, at an aggregate amount of $579,681,375.

The common school fund of the State is $6,450,341 96, yielding an annual income of $411,260 62.

We hope all interested in procuring exact information will devote a portion of time to the collection of statistics. We would call the attention of the Government to the subject, urging the importance of making the statistical collections of those taking the census more ample and satisfactory.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER: *Selected from Original Authorities. With* 16 *Engravings. By* MORITZ MEURER. *Translated from the German by a Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. New York:* H. LUDWIG & Co.

THE biography of this Priest and Prophet to the people is as good to the reader's soul as a prop to an inclining sapling. It gives strength to the weak spirit, supports the falling, and makes one feel like being himself an identical human being.

Whatever Luther was, he was with a certainty; he made his mark on every thing he touched. If a monk, he was the most monkish of his tribe—and if one, by monastic exercises and self-crucifiction, could obtain salvation, he would be surely saved. If he took a stand against any existing Power it was an immovable one; the more he was opposed the stronger he became. From a most devoted worshipper of the Pope he became his most bitter enemy. None but a Luther could have accomplished what he did at that period of the world.

But not to prolong this notice, we will give a short account of his marriage with Catharine Von Bora. As late as 1524, at the advanced age of 42, Luther did not think of marrying. When prompted on this subject, he said he was "undoubtedly in the hand of God, as his creature, whose heart he could change, and change again, kill and make alive, every moment and hour. But as my heart has thus far been inclined, and is still inclined, it will not come to pass that I shall take a wife. Not as though I do not feel my flesh or my sex, for I am not of wood or stone; but my thoughts are not directed to marrying, because I daily expect to be put to death, or to be executed as a heretic. Therefore, I shall not set God a limit for His work in me, neither persist in my own views; I trust, however, that God will not suffer me to live long." But it was ordered otherwise; for while Luther was endeavoring to betroth the former nun, Catharine Von Bora, to Dr. Gotz, she protested against it, and begged of Armsdorf, Luther's intimate friend, to prevail upon him to desist from this project; that if he or Luther desired her for a wife she would not refuse, but Dr. Gotz could not have her. Luther being informed of this, and having, moreover, heard Dr. Jerome Schurf remark—"If this monk should take a wife, the world and the devil himself would laugh, and his cause would be utterly ruined, he, *in order to vex the world and the devil,* as well as to comply with the wish of his father, who had advised him to marry, took said Catharine to wife." This marriage gave great opportunity to his enemies to clamor against him; and even his friends were per-

plexed at it. To quiet his friends Luther said :—" If my marriage is the work of God, what marvel is it that the flesh takes offence at it; does it not even take offence that God, the Creator, offers his flesh as a ransom and food for the salvation of the world? If the world did not take offence at us, I would take offence at it, and fear that what we do is not of God. Now that it is offended and displeased at me, I satisfy and comfort myself through it."

LIFE, LETTERS AND LITERARY MEMOIRS OF JOHN KEATS. *Edited by* RICHARD MONCTON MILNES. *New York:* G. PUTNAM.

IT is generally supposed that the grief occasioned by the Quarterly's savage review of Keats' early poetical efforts produced his death. His nature was most sensitive and his constitution most delicate, which makes it reasonable to suppose that abuse of this kind might bear too harshly upon him. But this volume reveals an entirely different cause for his premature decline and death, and that he was not "snuffed out by an article." He died of a sorer disease of the heart than a random poignard can make. From Naples he thus wrote to a friend :—" The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Every thing that I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment."

THE AMERICAN FEMALE POETS, *with Biographical and Critical Notices. By* CAROLINE MAY. *Philadelphia:* 1848. BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.*

A WORK that shall do justice to the female poets of America will be a most interesting one; for in no portion of the world, at any time, have the females so successfully courted the Muses. We have not merely our "bright particular star,"

but a whole galaxy of female geniuses, whose influence is felt by the whole people.

This book opens with a notice of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the earliest female poet of America, who was born in England in 1612, came to this country when sixteen years of age, and died in 1672. A passage from a poem, entitled *Contemplations*, is given, from which we take the first stanza to show something of her pith :

> I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
> If so much excellence abide below,
> How excellent is He that dwells on high!
> Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
> Sure He is Goodness, Wisdom, Glory, Light,
> That hath this under world so richly dight:
> More Heaven than Earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then comes a notice of Jane Truell, born in Boston in 1708; then Anne Eliza Bleecker, born in New York in 1752, and died in 1783. She was a melancholy poet. In her Lines to Grief we find the following stanzas :

> Fallacious Pleasure's tinsel train
> My soul rejects with scorn;
> If higher joys she can't attain,
> She'd rather choose to mourn.
>
> For bliss superior she was made,
> Or for extreme despair;
> If pain awaits her past the dead,
> Why should she triumph here?

Margaretta V. Faugeres, daughter of Mrs. Bleecker, then is noticed as possessing much more power than her mother. Then comes that remarkable poet, Phillis Wheatly, who was stolen from Africa when seven years of age, and sold to a merchant of Boston, who, in consideration of her virtues, released her from all labor and care. In 1772, when only nineteen years of age, she published a volume of poems.

Then Mercy Warren, the daughter of James Otis Barnstable, and wife of Gen. James Homer, of Plymouth, is noticed. She published three poetical works, *The Adulator*, *The Group*, and

a volume containing two tragedies, *The Sack of Rome* and *The Ladies of Castile.* We quote the following lines:

> Happy, thrice happy, that exalted mind,
> Who, leaving Earth and all its cares behind,
> Has not a wish to ruffle or control
> The equal temper of his tranquil soul,
> Who, on a retrospect is safe within;
> No private passion, nor a darling sin,
> Can check his hopes when death's insatiate power
> Stands hovering on the last decisive hour.

But we must dismiss this book. If we were not disposed to think that a female would even be just to her own sex, we would complain because she has not mentioned "Amelia," Mrs. Nichols, nor the Misses Carey, who deserve as honorable mention as any she has noticed. Sarah J. Clarke receives a long notice, while Mrs. R. S. Nichols is not mentioned! Was Caroline May ignorant of these brilliant authors? Has she not heard of Miss Alice and Miss Phœbe Carey, whose exquisite writings have been current throughout the length and breadth of the land for two or three years past?

THE PULPIT ORATORS OF FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND. *Sketches of their Character and Specimens of their Eloquence. By* REV. ROBERT TURNBULL. *New York:* 1848. BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.*

THIS book opens with a notice of Bossuet, who was born in 1627, and became celebrated as a divine, and particularly distinguished in the department of sacred eloquence, the *Funeral Oration.* He was a profound reviewer, a severe critic, and a thorough logician. He is contrasted with Fenelon as a man of stern, convincing power, while the latter enticed us by his gentleness and purity. Hence the remark: "Bossuet proves religion, but Fenelon makes us love it."

Bossuet's funeral oration for the Prince of Conde is given, and a rich specimen in every respect.

Flechier, born in 1632, is next noticed. He was the son of a tallow-chandler, and not ashamed of his origin. When some

one expressed surprise that the son of a tallow-chandler should reach the Episcopal chair, he said: "With your way of thinking, if you had been the son of a tallow-chandler, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all your life." In the disastrous winter of 1709 he expended nearly all his fortune for the poor, and when reminded of the unpleasant position in which his course might place him, he said: "What you say is perhaps true; but do you think we are bishops for nothing?" When Flechier died, Fenelon said: "We have lost our master."

Baureadloue was born in the same year with Flechier.

Fenelon was born in 1651. All know something of the pure Fenelon.

Sketches of Massilon, Saurin, Vinet, Monad, Grandpierre, Lacordaire, Morle, D'Aubigne and Gaussen complete the volume.

MAN AND HIS MOTIVES. *By* GEORGE MOORE, M. D., *Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c. "I live to move."—Sir J. Davies*, 1844. *New York:* 1848. BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.*

DR. MOORE has taken up his pen in earnest. His eloquent work, entitled The Mind and Body, was much admired and extensively read both in Europe and this country. The present work indicates a long period of study, and a large fund of thought in the field which the author occupies. He is earnestly religious, and is bringing before the public, in a popular form, many truths that would starve in other hands.

We have room for only a few brief notices of a few points.

On page sixteen we read: "The men of old were not minors in humanity. If we may judge from what Moses has written, he was as great a man as Newton." He was doubtless a greater man than Newton, considering the period of time in which he lived; but Moses was rather made a representative of all the wisdom of that age—of all the received teachings of all the signs of the times, and, therefore, we cannot conclude that the men of old were not minors as compared with the men of the present.

On page thirty-one we read:—"Our Maker teaches us by what he has actually done for us both in body and spirit: He does not demand our allegiance but on palpable evidence and conviction." This is an important truth—important because little taught. It amounts to the doctrine of Finney, in his Systematic Theology, that each is bound to obey only when he is able to see and feel it his duty to obey; that every one is judged according to his capability—is responsible in proportion to his development. All men are not accountable alike; but "of him to whom much is given much will be required."

On page thirty-four we are informed that "It is the man himself that perceives, thinks and determines; but the power to perceive, think, and determine, cannot be predicated of the body or any part of it." If we understand the subject, we can predicate the power of the mind only on the developments of the body as premises. We are aware that, did we know nothing of mind, and with our first thoughts were presented with a human body, we could not conclude, at first, that thought is a necessary consequence of such an organization. But we learn all first truths from experience, and accordingly see that the developments of the body indicate the mental power, and consequently we can "predicate" of the body the "power to perceive, think and determine."

On page eighty-nine we are informed concerning the rapidity of mental action:—"We will move the foot, for instance, and it obeys us in the 1,200,000,000th of a second, and impression power without becomes ours at the same rate."

On page one hundred and thirteen we read on this point:—"The rapidity of our mental processes seems to require an electric, or some similar medium, by which they may be effected in connection with the body, since they result so instantaneously that the will to move, for instance, and the motion are simultaneous. Professor Wheatstone has proved that electricity, like light, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second: and this appears to be an agency sufficiently subtle to answer all the purposes of the soul as an active being."

THE PLANETARY AND STELLAR WORLDS: *A Popular Exposition of the Great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. In a Series of Ten Lectures. By* O. M. MITCHELL, *Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New York:* BAKER & SCRIBNER, 1848. *336 pp. and 17 plates.*

WE have read this work with unalloyed pleasure. Nothing can be simpler and nothing more complete than its plan; nothing clearer and more eloquent than its language. It is the most poetical work of science, or most scientific work of poetry, we remember ever to have read. It takes us through Heaven—the Heaven of Astronomy—gradually, easily, naturally. It does what is so commonly left undone, it makes us relish the information it gives, by first stating the problem, the riddle, which that information is to solve. Who is it that teaches and writes, knowing the fondness of the human mind for puzzles, conundrums, and difficulties to be overcome, use the system of instructing by problems so little? Herschel's popular treatise on Astronomy, and even the far more popular works of Dick and Nichols, fall far short of the work before us in interest, because those writers failed to develope, as Mitchell has done, the natural progress of inquiry, the natural sequence of problems in relation to Astronomy.

Beginning with the puzzle presented by the most obvious changes in the skies—the movements and variations of the moon—the writer goes on to those of the sun and planets, to the resulting theories of the universe—the wonderful mechanism imagined by Ptolemy, the bold theory of Copernicus—the guesses of Kepler—the demonstrations of Galileo—the sublime, demonstrated theory of Newton. Then, turning back with Newton as a guide, he applies the one law of gravitation to sun, moon and stars, and shows how from that law flow perpetual change and yet unceasing stability. Then come the later discoveries among the planets, the cometary system, the mystery of the stellar universe with its nebulæ—the theories of Herschel and the grand suggestions of Mædler.

Such is the outline of Professor Mitchell's volume, and the execution of his plan is as complete as the conception is happy. Never before have we seen the dark places of science

made light without the use of great A B, and little x y. Indeed, we almost doubt—such is the force of habit—the orthodoxy of explanations that are as intelligible as any other English. We hesitate to believe that the great feature of the one perfect physical science can be made plain without triangles, circles and arcs.

Perhaps, at some future day, we may return to this work, which, we rejoice to hear, has so soon passed to a second edition. No work on the subject is as well fitted, we believe, to schools, popular libraries, and general reading. Meanwhile, we suggest to the writers and publishers one improvement, *a complete index*. Had there been one, we could have said many more things in its favor, for we should have known where to look for them.

SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE; *or Contributions to the Improvement of School-Houses in the United States. By* HENRY BARNARD, *Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. New York:* A. S. BARNES & Co. *Cincinnati:* H. W. DERBY & Co., 1848. 369 *pp.*, 212 *plans.*

No work can discuss a more important topic than this one. Life depends very greatly on education, and education on school architecture. Change the arrangements of the house in which human beings are trained, and you change their training; as that varies the life henceforth varies, and a wise or foolish disposition of seats, and supply of air, may give you healthy children well trained, or invalids and ignoramuses;—truth is said to be at the bottom of a well, but if the carbonic gas is allowed to gather there we can never reach truth.

Mr. Barnard presents us, 1st, school-houses as they are—in other words, the last relics of the dark ages; 2d, the common mistakes made in such houses; 3d, the great principles as to location, size, light, air, temperature, seats and desks, accommodation for teachers, apparatus, libraries and yards; 4th, he gives us the plans and arrangements of the wise men of our day, and this portion of his volume, occupying 268 pages, is invaluable to teachers and school directors. Here is every

detail relating to building, furnishing and arranging, given by a man who, in knowledge of the subject, is second to no one in the United States.

And let it be kept in mind that parents should know how their children may be, and should be, and are placed in schools; school directors in this land are chosen by parents; let, then, every father look for this work as he would for a specific against the cholera, for it may be a preventive of the worst known epidemic, the school distemper, far worse than the jail fever.

HISTORIE DE DIX ANS, 1830–1840. *Par* M. LOUIS BLANC. *Septieme edition. Paris,* PAGNERRE: 1848. *Tomes* 1–5.

HISTOIRE DE LA REVOLUTION FRANCAISE. *Par* M. LOUIS BLANC. *Tomes* 1–2. *Paris:* CHEZ LANGLOIS AND SECLERCQ, 1847. *pp.* 592 *and* 496.

HAD we time and space, we should like to go into a thorough exposition of what we believe to be Louis Blanc's merits as a thinker and writer. However low his merits in political economy, as an historian he appears to us to be among the most able of the age. His account of the commencement of Louis Phillippe's reign,—a work which was to have been continued so as to include the whole career of that monarch,—is not surpassed in distinctness, vivid portraiture, animated description and excellence of style by the writings of his most celebrated contemporaries. It is partizan, but so are all good histories which relate to the times of the authors themselves. After writers can be impartial, but the penman of a memoir must have enough interest and feeling to be on one side or the other of mooted questions, or he will be so tame as to be worthless. A partizan is a better witness than a blockhead, or a blockheart either. And Louis Blanc, though in writing of his own day, he is a partizan and an advocate, is as impartial as can be hoped for when he speaks of by-gone days. His Revolution of 1789 contains sketches of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and their contemporaries, as fair and just as they are original and suggestive. And no writer upon that

revolution, not even Carlyle, appears to us to invite so much thought as this little radical and rebel of France. His account of the old revolution goes back to the Reformation, and from that time he traces the progress of Individualism in every department of life. His account of the Scotch speculator, Law, his character of Rousseau and his teachings, his picture of Neckar, his delineation of the Court of Marie Antoinette, his development of the Masons and Mystics, are all most admirable. We cannot, of course, answer for the volumes, eight in number, which are yet to come, but we do not hesitate to say that the two before us are worth more than any other two on that inexhaustible subject which we have ever seen; they show deeper research, more genius, and a better understanding of the philosophy of the whole matter.

HISTOIRE PHILOSOPHIQUE DU REGNE DE LOUIS XV. Par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. *Deuxieme edition. Tome* 1 *and* 2. *Paris:* AMYET.

THESE volumes are full, exact, and we presume accurate; but after reading Lamartine and Louis Blanc they seem tame and superficial. Compare De Tocqueville's account of the great Mississippi bubble with Louis Blanc's, for instance, and it is as common-place and barren as the last year's almanac. De Tocqueville hovers on the surface of the phenomenon, and never even suggests any need of an explanation, while Louis Blanc dives at once for a theory, and brings you one, true or false; and it matters little which, for in either case the reader of thinking habits is set to thinking, led to inquire, and comes out of the inquiry with some ideas, in place of a bundle of dead facts. De Tocqueville's work, however, fills a void in French history, and must always remain valuable to the student who has not access to the original memoirs and materials.

THE West. *Its Commerce and Navigation. By* JAMES HALL. *Cincinnati:* 1848.

THIS book contains a large amount of valuable information in relation to the condition and resources of the West. It

shows the progress of Agriculture and Commerce in this great valley. In 1834 we had 230 steamboats, in 1842 we had 450, in 1843 the number was put at about 600, and in 1848 the author estimates them at 1200. The aggregate value of property annually afloat on our Western waters is put at $450,000,000, which, divided by 11,000,000, the probable number of inhabitants of this valley, gives a trifle over $40 per head. This, compared with the calculations of Hon. Geo. Tucker and Ezra C. Seaman, is very high. Their estimates for 1840 give $295,691,973 as the aggregate value produced in this valley, and 6,614,485 as the population. The population has increased ninety per cent., according to Col. Abert's estimate, in his report to the Chicago Convention, and we must calculate about the same increase of productions, which gives for 1847, $561,803,748 as the whole amount produced in the West. This divided by 11,000,000, the population, gives over $55 per head—allowing only $10 per head for home consumption; for Mr. Hall's estimate of the aggregate value of imports and exports, subtracted from the whole amount produced, gives the home consumption. Now, the people consume in provisions more than $10 each, per year; there is, therefore, some miscalculation somewhere. If Mr. Hall's estimate be a little too high and Mr. Seaman's a little too low, we shall readily make the difference. The people, great and small, consume in provisions about the value of $15 per year.

In this book we are glad to see John Fitch, the great steamboat inventor, properly noticed. On page 121 is this remarkable prediction from one of his journals: "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor JOHN FITCH can do any thing worthy of attention." An anecdote is told of Fulton much in the same prophetic spirit. About the time he was building his first steamboat at Pittsburgh, he travelled over the mountains in company with some young gentlemen from Kentucky. The travellers became familiar before arriving at their journey's end, and the young men playfully rallied Fulton about his steam pretensions, asking him if he could

not do this and that by steam. At length, as they were passing over the most difficult portion of the mountainous route, he said, "The day will come, gentlemen—I may not live to see it, but some of you who are younger probably will—when carriages will be drawn over these mountains by steam engines at a rate more rapid than that of a stage upon the smoothest turnpike." The laughter created by this prediction need not be described. The visionary inventor did not anticipate as much as has been realized.

The book before us is somewhat crude in its arrangement. Some passages are repeated either verbatim or in substance several times, a few contradictions occur, and the author did not bring calculations down to as late a period as he might have done. He has not directed sufficient attention to the commerce of the lakes, and the city of Cincinnati occupies too much space to rebut a presumption of partiality.

PROGRESS OF NATIONS. *Supplement to Essays on the Progress of Nations, in productive industry, civilization, population and wealth, illustrated by statistics. By* EZRA C. SEAMAN, *No.* 2. *New York:* 1848.

THIS is a most valuable book. It condenses all the statistics of the leading nations of the earth, exhibits their progress in population, wealth, and the various branches of industry. It is a matter of deep regret that a more complete system of collecting statistics is not adopted, for surely they are the most valuable matter that can go before the public; and yet there is no branch of information in which there is so great deficiency.

We will give a few facts from the book before us. Ohio is set down as third in agriculture in 1840; New York has $499,804,000, Pennsylvania $372,860,000, and Ohio $223,-266,000 invested in agriculture. The annual income of New York from agriculture, is given at $71,177,210, and that of Ohio at $35,723,200. The income of Ohio, from this branch, gives 16 per cent. as the capital, and of New York a trifle over 14 per cent. This shows clearly, to our apprehension,

that the reward of labor diminishes as capital increases,—at least, as the price of land—which constitutes the main element of agricultural capital—increases, so the wages of labor decrease. Mr. Seaman is not responsible for these per cent. calculations and deductions.

Ohio is number five in manufactures—her capital in this branch being $15,724,000; New York $64,969,000; Massachusetts $48,532,000; Pennsylvania $49,123,000; and Connecticut $16,040,000. The annual increase of New York from this branch is $47,228,257, while that of Massachusetts was $40,449,501, being 75 per cent. for the former and 85 per cent. for the latter—showing, again, that where there is the largest amount of capital invested—all other things being equal—there the least amount of profit is realized, and, consequently, the laborer feels more the pressure of the capitalist seeking a larger per cent. on his investment.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid pressing the great importance of accurate statistical information on all subjects. The age demands it, and energy and promptitude are all that is requisite for the amplest collections. Let societies be organized in every section of the country for this purpose, and a fund of information can be collected that will settle many questions that are now disputed.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE: *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review, conducted by* FREEMAN HUNT. *Published Monthly. Vol.* 19: *October*, 1848: *No.* 4. *New York:* 142 *Fulton street.*

IN this number of the Merchants' Magazine we find the following interesting statistical calculations, by J. W. Scott, of Ohio, formerly the able editor of the Toledo Blade:

Let us make some comparisons of the leading eastern and western cities. New York was commenced nearly 200 years before it increased to 100,000 people. Cincinnati, according to Governor Bebb, has now, fifty years from its commencement, 100,000 inhabitants. Boston was 200 years in acquiring its first 50,000. New York, since 1790, when it numbered 33,131, has had an average duplication every fifteen years.

would make her population in 1850, 530,096. This is very near what it will be, including her suburb, Brooklyn.

Cincinnati has, on the average, since 1800, when it had 750, doubled her numbers every seven years.

NEW YORK.

1790	33,131	1820	132,524	1850	530,096
1805	66,262	1835	265,048		

CINCINNATI.

1800	750	1821	6,000	1842	48,000
1807	1,500	1828	12,000	1849	96,000
1814	3,000	1835	24,000		

It appears from this table, that, on the average of fifty years, Cincinnati, the leading interior town, has doubled her population every seven years; while New York, on the average of sixty years, has scarcely doubled hers in every period of fifteen years. If New York is compared with Cincinnati during the same fifty years, it will be seen that the period of her duplication averages over fifteen years. She had, in 1800, 60,489. Doubling this every fifteen years, she should have, in 1850, nearly 650,000. This number will exceed her actual population more than 100,000, whereas Cincinnati in 1850 will certainly exceed 96,000.

Let us now suppose that, for the next fifty-four years after 1850, the ratio of increase of New York will be such as to make a duplication every eighteen years, and that of Cincinnati every ten years. New York will commence with about 500,000, which will increase by the year—

1868 to	1,000,000	1886 to	2,000,000	1904 to	4,000,000

Cincinnati will commence in 1850 with at least 100,000, which will double every ten years; so that in—

1860 it will be	200,000	1890 it will be	1,600,000
1870 "	400,000	1900 "	3,200,000
1880 "	800,000	1904 "	4,066,667

The resulting figures look very large, and to most readers, will appear extravagant.

Let us suppose the duplication of New York, for the next 100 years, to be effected on an average of twenty years, and that of Cincinnati of twelve years—

NEW YORK IN

1850	500,000	1890	2,000,000	1930	8,000,000
1870	1,000,000	1910	4,000,000	1959	16,000,000

CINCINNATI IN

1850....	100,000	1886....	800,000	1922....	6,400,000
1862....	200,000	1898....	1,600,000	1934....	12,800,000
1874....	400,000	1910....	3,200,000	1946....	25,600,000

This looks like carrying the argument to absurdity; but if these two leading cities be allowed to represent all the cities in their sections respectively, the result of the calculation is not unreasonable. It is not beyond possibility, and is not even improbable.

The growth of the leading interior marts, since 1840, has been about equal to the average growth of Cincinnati for fifty years past. This growth, for the last eight years, according to the best information to be obtained, has been more than 115 per cent., as the following table will show:—

	1840.	1848.		1840.	1848.
Cincinnati...	46,000	95,000	Detroit.....	9,000	17,000
St. Louis....	16,000	45,000	Milwaukie .	2,000	15,000
Louisville...	21,000	40,000	Chicago	5,000	17,000
Buffalo.....	18,000	42,000	Oswego	5,000	11,000
Pittsburgh...	31,000	58,000	Rochester . .	20,000	30,000
Cleveland...	6,000	14,000			
Columbus...	6,000	14,000	Total....	191,000	412,000
Dayton.....	6,000	14,000			

The growth of the exterior cities for the same period has been about 38 per cent., according to the following figures:—

	1840.	1848.		1840.	1848.
New York..	312,000	425,000	Savannah....	11,000	14,000
Philadelphia	228,000	350,000	Mobile.....	12,000	12,000
Baltimore..	102,000	140,000	Brooklyn....	36,000	72,000
New Orleans	102,000	102,000	Portland....	15,000	24,000
Boston....	93,000	130,000			
Charleston .	29,000	31,000	Total....	940,000	1,300,000

The census for 1840 is our authority for that year. For 1848, we have late enumerations of most of the cities. The others we estimate.

There are doubtless a few inaccuracies in the detail, but not enough to vary the result in any important degree.

In the aggregate our interior cities, depending for their growth on internal trade and home manufacture, increase three times as fast as the exterior cities, which carry on nearly all the foreign commerce of the country, and monopolize the home commerce of the Atlantic coast.

ORATION: *by* E. L. MAGOON; *delivered July 4th,* 1848, *at the laying the corner-stone of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, Cincinnati.*

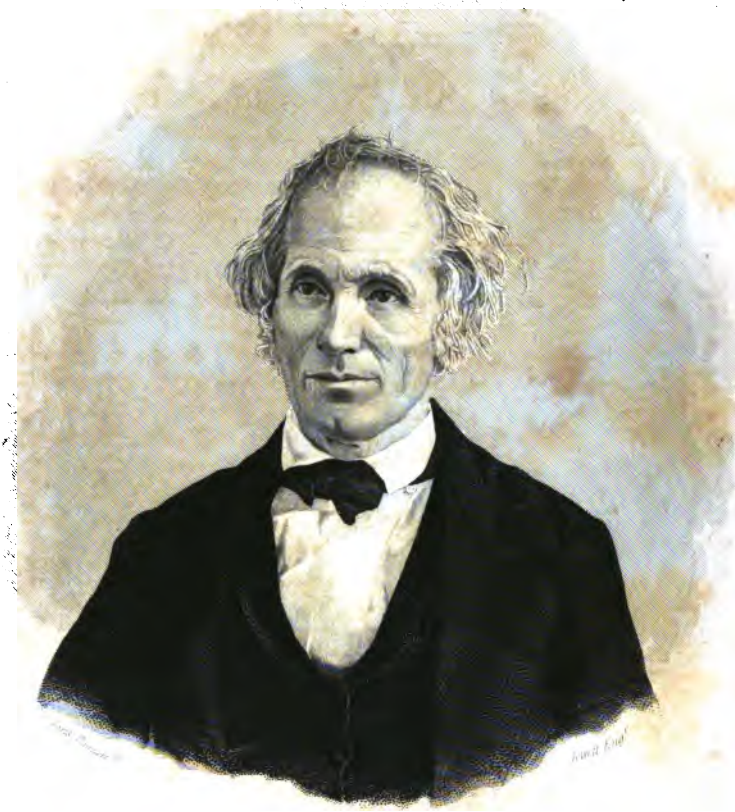
IN this pamphlet we find some valuable facts concerning the advancement of eminent men under difficulties, which we will condense.

Moses and David were *shepherds;* the first Apostles were *fishermen* and *tent makers;* Jesus was a *carpenter's son;* Cleon, successor of Pericles, was a *tanner;* Demosthenes a *cutler*; Cincinnatus a *plowman;* Terence, the noble poet, the *slave* of Publius; Justin the great Emperor of Rome was a *herdsman's boy* in Thrace; Pertinax was an *artificer;* Diocletian the son of a *scrivener;* Valentinian of a *rope-maker;* Probus of a *gardner;* Maximin of a *wheel-wright;* Arsaces, founder of the Parthian dynasty, was the son of a *herdsman;* Agathocles of a *potter;* Iphicrates, of a *cobbler;* Suvius Tullius of a *French slave;* and Tamerlane of a *goat-herd.* Lord Chancellor King, of England, was a *grocer* until the middle of his life. Chief Justice Pratt, of New York, was a *carpenter* by trade. George Canning was the son of an *actress;* Sir Robert Peel began life a *cotton-spinner;* Richard Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning-jenny, in 1767, was a *weaver.* Sir Richard Arkwright was a *barber;* Sir Humphrey Davy was the son of a poor *wood-carver* and an apprentice to an *apothecary.* West, the great American painter was the son of an obscure Quaker, too poor to buy canvass and colors. Count Rumford was a *farmer* of Massachusetts; Fulton was a *portrait-painter* of obscure origin; Columbus a Genoese *pilot;* Franklin the son of a *tallow-chandler;* Bowditch a common *seaman,* who used to sail from the New England ports. Dr. Carey, the first missionary to India, Roger Sherman, the renowned statesman, and Dr. Worcester, the late distinguished philanthropist of Massachusetts, were all *shoemakers;* an occupation which Coleridge said has produced a greater number of eminent men than any other trade.

In conclusion, we will remark that nearly all the lawyers of this city, who have obtained any considerable distinction, were the sons of laboring men—of *mechanics* or *farmers.*

THE WEST: *Its Soil, Surface, and Productions.* *By* JAMES HALL. *Cincinnati:* ROBINSON & JONES. *pp.* 260.

WE notice this book for the sake of the very interesting chapter on the Prairies. We call attention to the cause that produced them. The author supposes first the vegetation to have been of a rank kind, and in the autumn was swept off by fires sufficiently violent to destroy all bushes or saplings that might grow up into trees. The grass growing to an extraordinary size kept the advantage over the young sprouts, and those which did spring up in spite of the enemy were cut down in the autumnal fire. In the bottom lands, and along the margins of streams, the grass and herbage remained green until late in the autumn, in consequence of the moisture of the soil. Here the fire would stop, for want of fuel; the shrubs would escape the fire year after year, and the outer bark acquire sufficient hardness to protect them. The margins of the streams thus becoming fringed with thickets that, by shading the ground, would destroy the grass and prevent the moisture of the soil from being rapidly evaporated; so that the fallen leaves would not become dry so early in the season as the grass of the open plains, and the fire would here find but little fuel. These thickets thus grew up into strips of forests, which continued to extend until they reached the high table land of the prairie. This process has been so exact that we see all the bottom lands and hill sides skirting the streams, and the ravines or hollows extending from the low grounds up into the prairie are covered with young timber. Various theories have been advanced for the formation of the prairies. The Flood—that fruitful source of all the changes in the geography and topography of the earth—has been referred to as the only cause, notwithstanding the many difficulties which reason would suggest. Some have thought the timber was destroyed by fires that annually swept through, rather than its growth being prevented by them. Some have thought our prairies have been lakes, which gradually passed away by the upheaval of the land. Others have thought them caused by hurricanes that blew down the timber, and left it in a condition to be consumed by fire. Long, in his Expedition, suggested the theory we first referred to, which our author sanctions, and which no one will find difficult to prefer over all others that have been advanced.



John Locke

Middleton, Printer

Middleton, Printer.

THE

WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1849.

ART. XVI.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1688 AND MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

It has been thoughtfully said that GOD writes all history. We would, without irreverence, add that His characters require the fire of human genius to bring them out into intelligent view. God has been the author of but one volume directly; but even in that sacred book, His directness sought a medium through human language. The eye of reason can see in every incident—every vicissitude—every mutation—every revolution—His hand inscribing the tablets of time, and writing the history of mankind.

In the world's history there are marked crises. Some eras—like our own, the eventful 1848, *annus mirabilis*—are replete with momentous events. The study of political and social science, becomes not only elegant and useful, but indispensable, in an era like ours. In France, more than in any other country, has history received the baptism of science. M. Compte and M. Guizot have applied their searching analysis; the former with rigid, yet somewhat speculative scrutiny; the latter with comprehensive grasp and practical results. It is however in our country, that the world must find that *actual* refinement in civil polity and social order, which others are aspiring to reach. In revolutionary eras we can best study history, as in the throes of passion we can best decipher character. Then disguises are cast off. Then, the "ugly vizors" which hide the features of our common humanity, are thrown aside to rust among the relics of barbarism. Then, the inherent lust for power and impatience of restraint burst forth in all their wantonness and rage with all their blindness. Then, long silent thoughts

reach their climax in indignant remonstrance. Then, those long muttering principles which are the motives of irrepressible energy in the masses, find bold enunciations and unambiguous exposition. Then, the clouds

> ——— which hide the mental mountains
> Rising nighest heaven, are full of finest lightning;

and a breath suffices to give them power to strike and illumine, to devastate and purify. They are superficial tales, whose relation affects us as a village story on a grand scale. The capital defect in most of our historians, except Bancroft, Arnold and Macaulay, is, that in their works we do not find reason as well as reading, morals as well as dates, motives analysed as well as pageants described, principles investigated in the light of causes, as well as battles fought and kings dethroned.

When we remember that there is a universal mind, and that history can only record that mind, we marvel that historians have not written more for and of its operation. Every fact in history is but its husk. Every event hath an antecedent thought; and if we think of it, every thought lies embosomed in some central germ. "The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Britain, America lie folded already in the first man." We have by virtue of our humanity, the secret spring of all revolutions. With a few unessential differences, we in America can become the Parisians of last February (1848)—the Exclusionists of 1680, or the Revolutionists of 1688. Thucydides did not fail, even in his day, to remark, that although political transactions varied from time to time in their external form and in the degree of the operation of principles; yet, that so long as human nature remained the same, the experience of one age would or should become the instruction of another. An example is for all time. The world is moved by exemplary mind. Not that history should become exclusively subjective. It should not be merged in biography. But there is a necessity for moral and metaphysical study in its pursuit. It must not be skimmed over to the fixation of principles. Human affairs can have but two types—the one is the circle, the other the trajectory; the one ending in itself, the other not returning into itself; the one a perpetual recurrence of the same series

in an unvarying order; the other—onward progress. Which type is the favorite of Macaulay he himself illustrates as truly in his work as in his words, when he says in his second volume, in summing up his third chapter: "The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of a doubt; yet in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from an impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is in some sense inexcusable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition that is certainly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement, precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

"In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand, where an hour before they had seen a lake; they turn their eyes, and see a lake, where an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of their long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degree of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. We too shall in our turn be outstripped and in our turn be envied. It may be in the twentieth century the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefitted the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria, as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound

together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich."

Looking upon human society with this enlarged and elevated view, and minutely illustrating the idea of progressiveness by home pictures and convincing figures, Macaulay performs the noblest duty of a historian. He chronicles the progressive states and increasing dignity of our kind. This recognition of successive events under a fixed law, gives the precision of sciences to history. VICO, the author of the *Scienza Nuova*, pursued this method, but he chose the opposite type. He conceived the phenomena of human society revolving in an orbit. They appeared to him as the reflections of the heavenly phenomena—a periodical series of changes, and a periodical recurrence of the same series. But better had Vico failed in reaching the right result, than to have abstained from his scientific view of history. Already in France and Germany the most enlightened minds have aimed to connect their theories with the facts of universal history. In England, it is beginning to be acknowledged that no social doctrine is of any value, unless it can explain history, and that a science of history is the representation of the progressiveness of human society. In America, there is a looseness and incoherency in the study of history that is lamentable. To understand history—to generalize its facts—to determine the comparative importance and significance of certain facts—to properly weigh the evidence as to the existence of facts asserted—and to apply them to noble and useful purposes, require a knowledge of the elements of mind and morals, and a sort of power of contemporaneousness, in which few can equal—none surpass THOMAS BABBINGTON MACAULAY.

If we would properly understand and retentively remember the history of Macaulay, we must view him as the recorder of English progressiveness. This progressiveness is the result of collision between two antagonistic elements of society, that never can be eradicated. If we would read the history of English wrongs and English rights, we must strike between the parallels—*prerogative and privilege.* Every event worth recording may be strung on this one thread—the privileges of the ruled represented by the parliament (and sometimes by the King,) and the prerogative of

the ruler represented by the crown. Every grievance and every redress, every act of tyranny and every step of popular influence may be classified under this one head—may be accounted for or justified by reference to the operation of this jealousy of the King for his prerogative and of the people for their privilege.

If there is one crowning excellence in Macaulay's history it is, that he is the historian of the people. Hume was the historian of a faction. Gibbon tells the history of oligarchies. The people—the masses have been neglected by both. We shall never forget the pleasant shock we felt in meeting a solitary monument to popular will, which Gibbon erected amidst the regalities and elegances, splendors and pomp of Roman power. After Maximus and Balbinus were chosen emperors by the Senate, the people who loved them not, surrendered the temple Jupiter, and "with obstinate clamors asserted their *inherent right to the election of their Sovereign.*" Gibbon, like Hume, had not mingled with the mass of men. He had no sympathy with them. Fastidious and elegant scholars, are prone to be enamored of the courtly and polite—the diadem and laurel. In describing privileged elegancies, they forgot the harsh sufferings of the middle or under classes. But here, in this neglected spot, is Macaulay supreme. The masses of England have long been waiting for an historian; and they have found one, who though at home in the palace and in the camp, is yet domesticated in the hovel and in the cellar. Lord Jeffrey has a chapter on the delusive and imperfect suggestions of authentic history which Mr. Macaulay has doubtless well understood. "How very few" he says, "of the real scenes of humble life—of love—of hatred—of all the scenes that "gild the calm current of domestic bliss," are found on the page of history. Men court and marry very nearly as much in a season of war, as of peace, are as merry at weddings and christenings; as gallant at balls and races; as busy in their studies and counting houses; eat as heartily and sleep as sound; prattle with their children as pleasantly; till their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history." It is precisely this want in history, which Macaulay has supplied. Instead of detracting from the dignity of the sober maid who hath history under her

especial charge, he gives her flesh and blood, and life with its useful activities. He becomes contemporary with all and familiarly acquainted with their daily walk and conversation. He makes what is most useful, the most agreeable by his manner. He wastes not our time in "ingenious idleness," or what Bolingbroke calls that knowledge which is a creditable kind of ignorance. Without Hume's appearance of candor, he has its reality. Without Gibbon's stilting philosophy, he is soundly and firmly philisophical. Without any affectation of dignity, he never, in the meanest scenes, loses a single ray of that dignity which is based on humility and sympathy. He is eminently social and unguardedly accessible; yet no one trifles with the privilege. In our review, we can scarcely hope to indicate his merits, much less to quote from his pages. It is only from perusal that we can appreciate the refinements of his language and the magic of his style. Every page has some marked peculiarity, showing the clearness, vigor and classic elegance of his composition. Every sentence hath its point, from which leaps, in dazzling power, the fire of his rhetoric and the force of his logic. His capital defect is that which would be the excellence of others. He enkindles enthusiasm, and without giving the understanding time to ponder his conclusions, hurries us along at a brisk gallop, to the end of the volume. It is hard to analyse him. "Well skilled in analysis himself, he plays the Proteus." Now he is under the witchery of a domestic story; now aloft on a bold generalization; now revelling in regal magnificence; now under a hedge with the hunted rebel; but every where holding his own way. Who dare stop him? Is it statistics? He puts M'Cullough to the blush. Biography? Boswell trembles for his laurels. Political economy? Shades of Smith, Say and Ricardo, beware. Poetry? Percy must dive deeper into the twilight of song, and Johnson must roll heavier sentences in his "Lives of the Poets." Philosophy? Whewell and Mill must study his directness and emulate his transparency. Is it wit, metaphysics, intrigue, kingcraft, fine arts, politics? Congreve, Berkley, Sunderland, James I., Reynolds and Halifax, will find in him a contemporary and a rival. In all he undertakes, there is a completeness. He leaves no fragments. He exhausts the subject, even in its detail, and that too without wearying. He is copious yet every sentence tells one thing.

He fires no random shots. Every aim hath its man. His tone in politics, as we shall see, is regulated by calm moderation and unmuffled judgment. The critic of the Edinburgh is lost in the earnest candor of the historian. His aptness of illustration, his facile brilliancy, his epigramatic sharpness, and now and then, impassioned eloquence are here. In this style and temper is his history conceived. If we would know the power of his intellect, how he reaches out to the ends of the earth and through remote durations of time; how he paints the glooms and lights of life, yet ever leaning toward the hopeful side of human nature; how he brushes aside the silly dreamer and tearful croaker over the social state; how he groups admitted facts, and draws unexpected conclusions with a dash as startling as his reasoning is cogent; how in geography he travels closely after Sir Thomas Browne, and in classic lore, after Gibbon; how his knowledge of language, the songs of the era, the fables of antiquity, the architectural monuments contribute to enrich his historic page—can only be seen by perusal. His searching eye is every where—whether in the hovel of the boor, the alehouse of the rowdy, the palace of the Stuarts, the hall of Parliament; whether in the army or navy, in the forests or fields, in the mines or workshops, in the baronial hall, or amidst the cutlery of Sheffield, the hardware of Birmingham, the ships and docks of Liverpool, the parlors and garrets of Bath, the gay saloons and banqueting halls of the merchant princes of London, with their armorial bearings and sculptured elegance, or amidst the magnificence of royal peagants and civic entertainments; now in the coffee house with Dryden in the chair; now "hail fellow," with the robbers of the time; now attending to female education; now regulating the post office and the newspapers; and, amidst all, never forgetting the laborer and the bread, beer, and scanty comforts which relieve the dark picture of the mass of English society.

He is no superficial observer either, no mere describer of outward objects which please or strike the senses. He grapples prejudices, turns sneers into truths, and detects in admitted truths, biting satires. Out of unimportant narrations, there springs a familiar institution or cardinal principal. Blessings are seen to be disasters in disguise, and disasters blessings. We tremble to find, in some important

junctures, that ability would have been fatal; and smile to find that weakness and meanness subserve the ends of right. Who would have fancied that the present prejudice against negroes, sprung from the decay of Catholicism? yet the fact is demonstrated, and the curious may find it in the first volume, page 22. In religion, he is ever ready with a "lay sermon," now lecturing the time serving Cranmer; now dissecting the adherent of Knox; now showing off Archbishop Sand, and now tearing the shallow device away from the hollow hearted James, Duke of York. How admirably he distinguishes between enlightened devotion and practical zealotry. "The experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey." He could not see the exact propriety of great rogues and designing courtiers being good Catholics or excellent Protestants, while they both forgot Christianity: neither could he pass over that mercy in the Prince which reflected double infamy on his cruelty. The solemn visage and nasal imprecations of pseudo-godliness—proscribing innocent amusements—receive no more favor at his hands than the scandalous wit and gay debauchery of those who made that godliness the theme of ridicule. A true moralist, he goes to the motive. In all his delineations of men and manners, we feel that justice will be meted out to the deserving, and reprobation to the guilty. The majesty and solemn twilight of antiquity can hide no baseness from his eye. He lives in the era he records, and thus he makes us feel that everywhere human beings like ourselves, with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, passions and prejudices, live and move as we ourselves would have lived and moved under similar circumstances.

We have said that Macaulay is the historian of the people. Not alone is he such, in the light we have viewed him, as the delineator of their home, every-day life; but as the champion of their political rights. As this champion he next deserves our attention. In this view, we propose to trace that course of events which was consummated in the Revolution of 1668. The second volume ends with this era. The history nominally begins with the accession of James I.; but in reality, all that is most valuable in English History, from the earliest epoch, is reviewed with a master hand. It has

not been very fashionable since Niebuhr scattered the fables of Roman antiquity, to dwell upon those marvels, which are always rich and strange in proportion to the depth of their obscurity. The history of Britain, "from the first traditional beginning," has found a congenial expositor in the pen of John Milton, who rendered into prose what Spencer hath better preserved in poetry—its more fitting investiture. It matters little to us whether Britain was first settled by Gomer, the son of Japhat; or by Albion, a son of Neptune; (pretty fable for the sea girt isle,) or by Brutus, a descendant of the Trojan Æneas, to whom Diana, in a vision of the night, thus revealed its existence and predicted its power:

> "Brutus, far to the west in th' ocean wide
> Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
> Sea girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
> Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
> Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat
> Where to thy sons another Troy shall rise;
> And Kings be born to thee, whose dreaded might
> Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold."

We Yankees might glory somewhat in that prophecy; more especially as that puissant descendant of Brutus, George III., could *not* awe or conquer us, even in so small a matter as stamp duties and tea drinking. But let that go. We do not envy the classic ancestry of old England. The vanity is really beautiful. Our author does not stop to play with these things. With a few bold dashes he paints the first rough Briton—then, the conflict of the two Teutonic races, the Dane and Saxon, passing over, as of little moment, the Roman sway—then the common degradation of the two races under the heel of the proud Norman. He gives little prominence to the facts of English History during the Plantaganets, and hastens on to mingle with the contest which began with the dawn of the Reformation under the Tudors, and was continued with unceasing acrimony until the Stuarts were driven from the throne and the liberties of Englishmen guarantied by the Bill of Rights in 1688.

Is it quaint Sir Thomas Browne, or some other sagacious observer, who says that it is not fit for every man to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; and that many, from an inconsiderate zeal, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies to the enemies of truth? If there ever was a question which required a want of rash-

ness and a plenitude of moderation, it is this question of prerogative and privilege. Up to the present history of Macaulay, it hath fared badly by reason of its impetuous disputants. Hume is confessedly the historian of royalty; and his account of the Stuarts is little better than an apology. It would be a matter of surprise as it is of regret, that Americans derive most of their ideas of English Government from Hume, were it not too well known that no refinement, however cultivated, could be insensible to the "careless and inimitable beauties" of his style, his general air of calmness and good sense, and the charms of his graceful narrative. On the other hand, we have a gallaxy of historic talent, conspicuous among whom are Rapin, Miller and Gilbert Stuart, equally impetuous in their exclusive advocacy of popular privileges. Where Hume imputes all violence and resistance to faction and barbarism, they find only the laudable spirit of English liberty. Hume always finds a turbulent people, regardless of the law; while they only see a weak or malignant king trampling upon popular rights. There will always be these divisions in writers. The one side will be eager to show prerogatives predominant from the earliest times; the other to prove that all power in theory and in fact, was originally derived from the people. Facts will be overlooked or wrested from their real meaning, according to the view taken of this question.

The ground of English History, is thus well occupied down to the reign of William and Mary. Here Hume ends his researches. It was at this point, that the ablest man of the time, Sir James Mackintosh, began his history, or rather projected it. He only gave the world three octavos; but he had collected the most invaluable materials, to continue in a truer strain, the history of Hume. From Holland and France he had received the authentic despatches of the ministers of that era. We might regret that such a valuable collection resulted in so small an offering from a mind so full of comprehensive thought and sound philosophy—political and moral—were it not that it was placed by the family of Sir James, in the hands of Macaulay, and has resulted in the splendid volumes before us. Always siding with the whigs, as his friend Sir James had before him, Macaulay, like him, reprobates the angry and uncandid partisanship of both whig and tory; the first always anxious to prove the

English Government all but republican, and the last to prove that it was all but despotic. It was neither. The two elements of the government present this peculiar phase, that the "democracy was from an early period the most aristocratic, and the aristocracy the most democratic in the world." As to the Constitution, or its rise, about which so much rancor has been shown, Macaulay regards it as a gradual development, and not the result of demolition and reconstruction. "The present Constitution is to the Constitution five hundred years ago, what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy. The alteration has been great. Yet there never was a moment at which the chief part of what existed was not old. A polity thus formed must abound in anomolies. But for the evils arising from mere anomolies, we have ample compensation. Other societies possess written Constitutions; but no other society has yet succeeded in uniting revolution with proscription, prowess with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity." Have we not here the secret of the immobility of old England amid the late throes of Europe.

One more quotation to illustrate the philosophical view and candid moderation of our author. In speaking of the obvious and indispensable division of parties he says: "It has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding and of interest, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit, and the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science, in surgery and mechanics, in navigation and agriculture, nay, even in mathematics we find this distinction. Everywhere there is a class of men, who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who even when convinced, by overpowering reasons, that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find, also, everywhere, another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve, but of both the best specimens will be found not

far from the common frontier. The extreme section of one class consists of bigoted dotards, the extreme section of the other class consists of shallow and reckless empirics." What Englishman of either division can complain of these radical and eternal principles? In their light only can we catch the true features of the English Constitution. Without their light, although hundreds of the most delicate lineaments may be caught, the expression must fail. Let us use them as a test, and every fact in English history becomes significant. Even so far back as Edward III., we may find the same high prerogatives asserted by the King, and complained of by the Commons—the dispensing power—monopolies—commission of trailbaton—pressing and imprisonment without law, and the quartering of soldiery.

There was always some virtue in the Commons, even when every other department was the truckling servitor of royalty. From the time of its enactment at Runneymede, *Magna Charta* was re-asserted thirty-two times; until it was engrafted upon the Declaration and Bill of Rights in 1688. The Commons never forgot its provisions. They told even Henry VIII. his commissions to raise money were against the fundamental law. The glorious reign of Elizabeth passed not without a certain Wentworth questioning a certain dispensing power—"whether there be any council but this, only of parliament, which can make, add to, or diminish from the laws of this realm." In the time of James I. the parliament did not hesitate to assert in their "Apology" the very reverse of James' pretensions and practice. The acts of the succeeding reign—the petition of right—the Hampton shipmoney—the death of Strafford—the labors of the long parliament—the Puritan supremacy—the tragic death of Charles, and the iron handed Oliver's ascendency, are all full of meaning in their ultimate bearing upon the Revolution of 1688.

As soon as the intoxicating effects of the Restoration were over, there began the silent yet sure reaction in favor of the privileges of the subject. It is well to mark the strength of loyalty, increased by the doctrines of passive obedience, heralded everywhere by the Church, and the gathering strength of that singular body of men whom Macaulay portrays as "looking down upon the rich and the eloquent, upon nobles and upon priests with contempt, esteeming themselves rich in a more enduring treasure, and eloquent in a

more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand." The leaven of true puritanism was at work, and with a power, the more ominous from its silence. To all appearance, the English people were the weak and willing subjects of a king, himself subject to the meanest of vices, and to his court, where "intrigue was plot and obscurity was wit." Before the death of Charles, the nation began to awaken at the prospect of the succession. Keenly alive to the interests of their religion, and continually excited by alarms of Popish plots, they became anxious to exclude from the throne the Catholic bigot, who was heir and brother to the king—the Duke of York. But Charles died with no act of exclusion upon the statute, and James became the lawful, and by his profuse professions, the popular monarch of the realm. He had no sooner grasped the sceptre, however, than he began a series of acts whose object was to strengthen his prerogative, and establish Catholicism. In no two points could he have encountered the people of England with greater danger to himself. The various antecedents to the Revolution are most minutely, yet graphically and methodically set forth in Macaulay's second volume. If we should give prominence to any one element as the prime cause of the Revolution, it would be the outrages of James upon the religion of England. Protestantism was the only religion, and as against Catholics, it ever presented a united front. James found this out to his sorrow in his attempt to wheedle the Dissenters. The next cause in importance, was the character of James. He was arrogant, severe, vindictive, bigoted, relentless, headstrong and imprudent. Had he been a moderate Catholic with the high pretensions of his house; or an over zealous religionist, swaying a mild sceptre, the Revolution would have beeen doutful.

Every other cause that can legitimately spring out of a bad executive—a corrupt judiciary, dispensing laws, arbitrary imprisonments, judicial murders, and scandalous favoritism—was present. The foreign relations of England were the more immediate cause of the Revolution. Continental interference in English affairs at any other juncture would have been hazardous, and by any one less cautious than William would have been madness. England had been the stipendiary of Louis XIV. The Stuarts, in their desire to be

independent of Parliament, stooped to receive money of the French court. Louis was the enemy of Protestantism and Liberty on the Continent—William, the prince of Orange, of Holland, their defender. William burned to destroy the supremacy of Louis. With England's aid only it could be done. Macaulay wisely lays great stress upon William's motive in coming over. He loved England, only as England could aid him in plans which he had long formed of breaking the power of France. A series of blunders on the part of James, the arrest of the Bishops for example, favored the designs of William, and the gales of heaven proving propitious, he landed in England, and effected a revolution which is none the less efficacious because almost bloodless, and none the less glorious because not destructively radical.

As before the Revolution, there were divisions in the nation, one side leaning towards loyalty, and loving old institutions, and the other side only recognizing the people as the legitimate source of authority at all times; so, in the very article of death and after the burial of the old dynasty, the same predispositions were manifest, often since the basis of the Revolution has been questioned. There were some principles which it settled forever. It reversed the slavish apothegm, *a Deo rex, a rege lex.* It defined the Constitution as a result from the popular will, a contract to be observed by rulers and ruled, of mutual and dependent conditions. The question, however, was whether the Revolution sanctioned old forms and old features; or whether the government began *de novo.* The fact was simply this: that the ancient line of descent was departed from; but the men of that time anxious to reconcile their action with that of their ancestry, hid the harsh front of their revolution under a well wrought veil of policy. The two estates declared William and Mary the sovereigns; not because of Mary's blood, she being James' daughter. Anne was alive and the elder. They not only declare but create. The principle is elective, not hereditary. It is surely not founded in conquest, for William could truly say "*recepi, non rapui.*" There was some talk of James' abdication; but this was a soothing draught for the churchmen and tories. James had not in fact, or in form abdicated. It was this talk that misled Mr. Burke. The basis of William's elevation was election by the people's representatives. Whether

the election was of a race, or of a man, still it was an election. The same power excluded James' son and his heirs. Mackintosh well says, that the principle which elevated William and preferred the posterity of Sophia, of Hanover, would equally, in point of right, have vindicated the election of Chancellor Jeffries, or Colonel Kirk. The paramount authority of the popular will was asserted. A breach was made in the old Constitution. The leaders thought to draw attention from the breach, by building high and beautiful, some of the barriers which had not been dismantled. Hence the conflicting views above mentioned. Hence the inconsistency remarked even by Smollet, that though William was created *jure humano*, he governed *jure divino;* and that though the change proceeded from a republican spirit, it was built on tory maxims.

The principles asserted in this revolution were the rallying cries of America, from the first act of resistance, up to the more manly declaration in 1776. The English in 1688 feared to demand freedom as their inherent right, but asserted their freedom because they had been free. Still in this assertion were contained the principles of representation and taxation, non-quartering of soldiery and the many grievances of the colonists. To understand our own Revolution, we must study the English. Our defender in England—Halifax—even in James' council, objected to the alteration of the Massachusetts charter, on precisely the same principles that our defenders in Parliament objected to the stamp duty.

There is this difference between the two revolutions. The English was equivocal in its language though unmistakable in its nature; the American was manly; decisive, and independent in tone and act. The "Declaration of Right" was a noble assertion of the rights of *Englishmen*. The Declaration of Independence was a noble assertion of the rights of MAN! English liberty had birth, youth, age, renewal; was of charters, petitions, and usages. American liberty had neither birth nor lineage, save that of heaven. Both are the greatest revolutions the world has yet seen, for their practical importance and permanency stand unrivalled and alone.

In this our revolutionary era, when even Rome has established a republic on the ruins of the great hierarchy

itself, it becomes us to analyse the elements of society with careful eye. Revolutions are hard to justify. They should be the *ultima ratio populi.* Anarchy hovers over every revolution, and despotism is eager for the unguarded prey. The necessity of restraint, the effects of disregarding property and life, the general interest, argue powerfully against revolution in any case, and irresistibly, for "light and transient causes." There is a mine of wisdom in the remark of Mackintosh, "that the chiefs of an ill-concerted revolt incur a formidable responsibility." But, he says, on the other hand, and here is the precise line marked out for all good men to follow, that "an insurrection rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril, as to merit admiration." Revolutions to be good, must be gradual, the mind must be informed and the soul inspired with lofty precepts and noble examples. He who records for this mind, with liberal pen and truthful soul, should receive admiration, only next to him whose resolves and actions are his theme. Honor to William and Washington! Then honor to the historic pens by whom they are heralded! Ever let us have true men of thought as the mirror of true men of action. Each will then be honored in honoring the other. *Laudari a laudato laus est;* and the good of all ages and of every clime will erect co-eternal monuments to the memory of both actor and recorder.

Art. XVII.—THE AGE OF THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

Until within thirty years the general belief of mankind was, that the earth had been in existence only about 6,000 years. The researches of Geologists, and the astonishing discoveries of Astronomers have, within that time, entirely changed, on this point, the opinions of those conversant with natural philosophy, and the natural sciences.

Men who have become proficients in the physical sciences; now agree, the world over, that our earth, and the solar system, and the yet unfathomed "stellar world," have existed *hundreds* of *thousands* of years.

The great past duration of the universe, is an idea that new developments go continually to increase, and not diminish; so that we may safely estimate its age at millions of years, instead of hundreds of thousands.

I shall exhibit to you this evening, some of the facts upon which this belief is founded.

I may not succeed, in causing so difficult a subject to be comprehended at once, but may give you some assistance in your future contemplations upon it.

The periods of time with which it is necessary to deal are so vast, compared with our own earthly existence, or even compared with the historic periods, that it is only by the use of our imagination that we can embrace the idea. Just as in Astronomy we are well convinced of the immense distance of the stars, but do not realise by comparison the length of a line extending from the earth to them, or even from the sun to the earth, or 95,000,000 of miles.

The distances over which we travel on the earth, and over which ships sail on the ocean, being at most only 24,000 miles—or the circumference of the earth—become *as nothing* when applied to the heavenly bodies. The evidence of our senses in reference to space must be left behind, and the conclusions of the mind must be received as true.

I doubt whether an individual present, has a rational conception of the length of a line reaching to our moon, the nearest heavenly body, and distant only about ten times the circumference of the earth.

In contemplating the existence of the universe, we must accustom ourselves to grasp long periods of time, as in Astronomy we do great extension of lines and spaces.

There is another difficulty in the discussion of the longevity of the earth, which arises from our prior convictions and opinions and particularly from a fear on the part of some, and a belief on the part of others, that the doctrine here taught is contrary to the Holy Scriptures.

This branch of the subject is purely *theological* and one, the discussion of which belongs to theologians, and not to philosophers. But it is so interesting, and the apprehensions of christians so unfounded, that I am tempted to digress a little, for the purpose of noticing its connexion with revelation.

And in the outset I should observe—as I shall show before I close—that the science of Astronomy, presents far greater difficulties to be reconciled, than that of Geology: and the arguments in favor of the extreme past duration of our planet, drawn from our knowledge of the stars, are the most conclusive of all.

And I should add, moreover, that among the Geologists and Astronomers of my acquaintance, and those with whose personal history I am acquainted, there are, proportionally, more devout and pious men, than there are among civilised mankind at large, or the secular professions.

The arguments which have been drawn from Geology unfavorable to the truths of christianity, have originated, not with learned men, but with those who are not well informed upon the subject. I know of no exception among the living Geologists, of a man who does not believe the earth to be more than an hundred thousand years old; yet at least one half of them are exemplary, professing christians, who assert, that their confidence in the scripture revelations, is unimpaired.

There was issued in England, a few years since, a work which attracted much attention, entitled "*Vestiges of Creation.*" This book made pretensions to being an exponent of Modern Geology. But Geologists of reputation, in America and Europe, regard the author's ideas as in the main, contradictory, and not in harmony with science—the vagaries of a diseased, or a half instructed mind.

It is an exemplification of the words of the old English

poet and philosopher, that a "*little* learning is a dangerous thing."

I know of no standard work on Geology, that attempts to throw discredit on revelation; although nearly all of them date the creation of the world far back of the historic period of 6,000 years.

The first and the most popular difficulty arises from *confounding*, the era of the appearance of man upon the earth, with the creation of the world. There is no geological evidence, so far as I know, showing that man has been more than 6,000 years in existence. But the fact of a long prior existence of the earth itself is a *separate idea*, and should not be mixed with the *peopling* of the world by human beings.

There has been a great deal written upon the question of reconciling the Mosaic account of the creation, with the present state of science. The qualifications necessary to discuss this question, are possessed by few men living, if they are by any. It requires a mind, free from every external and improper bias. The man, or the men, who enter upon the discussion, must be linguists of the first class; to scan the Mosaic account thoroughly, in all the languages through which it has passed—from the Hebrew to the English.

They would require to be masters of modern science; and here it is doubtful whether the progress of learning is yet such as to render it safe to make a final conclusion of the matter.

The translators of the Septuagint, had only the astronomical light of the era of Ptolemy. The translators of the English Bible, were a little better informed; but even then the Copernican system was not universally received. Great strides in scientific discovery have been made since the days of James the Second.

But I have not forgotten my resolution to express some of the modern views, entertained upon the supposed discrepancy. It will be of course principally a repetition of what may be seen by you all in publications upon Geology, Theology, and Astronomy.

The first chapter of Genesis does not appear to have been intended as a piece of *natural history*, and should not be regarded as such. There is no doubt but He who made all

things, knows all about them and could give us, if he chose, at once the laws of matter, and the most perfect history of the *manner* in which they were originated. In our researches, we should first divide the *act* of *creation* from the acts of *change* to which matter has been subject *since its creation.* The absolute *creation* of *matter*, is an idea beyond our comprehension.

The prevailing theory is, that the first or primeval state of the planets, was that of a vitrified mass, which would naturally become round by motion on its axis. But how that mass was brought into being, is not as yet a subject of human speculation; it is referred directly to the incomprehensible power of God. The observations of man, have disclosed abundant evidence of *change in the condition* of our planet; and the *laws*, the *number*, and the *nature* of *these changes, constitute the science of Geology.*

I conceive, it is only the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, that may be truly said to refer to the *creation* technically speaking: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

The next verse describes the condition of the earth, *after* creation.

"And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," &c.

The succeeding verses, are chiefly taken up by a statement of the *changes* introduced in the earth, which had always been made.

The dry land appears—oceans of water result from the emergence of the land—plants spring up—the waters bring forth things that have life. Here is past creation, and past modification of what was created. The animals, plants, and fishes, were *originated;* the mountains and seas, were the consequence of a rise of the solid materials of the globe, that is, its rocky portions; thus driving its waters into the great primeval valleys—forming oceans, and lesser bodies of water.

But I do not think, there is an *attempt* in the first chapter of Genesis—or any where in the Bible—to give a full, clear and detailed description of these stupendous events.

The revelation is a moral, and not a scientific one—what there is in it of science, history or political law, is *incidental* to the morality and religion there communicated,

and goes no farther. What is purely secular, is merely illustrative, and to be understood, must have been made in terms in use, and in accordance with the state of intelligence of the people to whom it was addressed;—if not, it was to them no revelation—it would be merely nothing. The Hebrews had seen by night, a revolving heaven filled with stars, and had so often watched these mysterious objects as they presented themselves anew, each evening, that they had discovered some, which had a relative motion, among the others.

Here their knowledge of the planets and the planetary system ended. The people of Israel could neither read nor write. The priests were the depositories of knowledge, and they were not much in advance of the people. What did Moses, their prophet and legislator, know of Astronomy or of Geology? Was he inspired in matters of science, above the learning of his day? There is no evidence that he was. Had that been the case, it must have been with reference to the moral revelations he was to make to his people, and in them we should have found expressions relating to science. Was such a revelation necessary to sustain and support the moral and religious law? If it was, how much of it? If it was regarded by the Deity as of consequence to his purposes, that mankind should be provided with an easy way to secular knowledge, would he not have introduced such subjects in his revelation?

If it was necessary for his prophets to possess this knowledge, he would have imparted it to them, and they, recording his communications, must inevitably have made use of expressions, that would show us that they had this knowledge.

The result would have been, that a moral subject would at one time require, or connect itself, with Mathematics; at another with Natural Philosophy; then with Chemistry, and so on through the range of the sciences and the arts; not merely as known to us, but as shall be known through the progress of time; and as fully as known to the Divine mind.

Mankind would not have been in ignorance, till the days of Copernicus, that the sun occupies the centre of our system, and that the earth does not stand still, in space.

It would not have remained for Kepler to show, that the planets describe equal spaces of their orbits, in equal times;

nor to teach that other great law of Astronomy, that the cubes of their times of revolution are proportional to the squares of their mean distances—Archimides could have developed no new ideas on mechanical forces—Sir Humphrey Davy no discoveries in Chemistry—Franklin, in Electricity—or Morse, in Telegraphs. We should have known of the existence of the planet Uranius before the days of Herschel; of Neptune, before Leverrier and Adams—we should probably know whether there is beyond the orbit of Neptune, more than 4,000,000,000 of miles from our sun, another member, or other members of the solar system.

But these developments, not forming any part of the written revelation, I conclude that a knowledge of the sciences, or of natural history, was purposely kept from the books of revelation.

A query might be started, whether there are not in fact some such matters contained in the sacred records? and whether, if there are, they must not agree with true science? So far as I am acquainted, I know of no subject *purely scientific*—no phrases that appear to be intended merely to give such information, upon the pages of the Bible. If knowledge of this kind is anywhere advanced, it should, when fully understood, certainly correspond with our ideas on the same subject, where we understand it correctly and fully.

The Divine reason and human reason, are the same mental perception; and when humanity can reach the truth, its ideas correspond to those of the Deity on the same subject.

Thus the mathematical principal, that the sum of the squares of the sides of a right angled triangle, are equal to the square of the hypotheneuse, is an idea comprehensible alike to the Divine and the human intellect. So with the property of gravitation; with Kepler's astronomical laws; chemical affinity; geological principles, and all other knowledge. Our powers are limited to the *discovery* of God's laws; they are not equal to the origin of laws in nature, or science. When the two grades of intellect unite, in the understanding of a subject, human reason, as far as it sees correctly, must be the same in *quality*, though infinitely less in quantity, as Divine reason. The difference is, that we are continually subject to error; he is not; we are always learning; he never learns.

It is on such grounds, that I regard the Bible as forming no part of our "natural history," or of our science; and that the first chapter of Genesis, should not be regarded as a description, or an attempt at a description of the mode or manner of the creation.

For such a purpose it is too meagre, too confused, and too blind;—it would have required, not merely one short chapter, but many large volumes, to disclose as much respecting the act of forming and peopling the solar system, as we already know.

The most that can be drawn from that chapter, as bearing upon the *modus operandi*, is a succinct, unqualified statement—brief as it is sublime—that in some remote, undiscovered period, God made the universe.

After the lapse of an indefinite period, a succession of *changes* and *modifications* took place, accompanied by additional acts of creation which may still be going on. The intervals between these periods, are unequal and indefinite, or as yet not known.

The most learned theological commentators, teach us that the Hebrew word translated day, should be regarded as meaning epoch, era, period, generation, or time, and not a natural day of twenty-four hours—nor does it mean periods of equal duration. This construction is evidently necessary to accord with observed facts. The lower animals lived, died—and whole *species* disappeared and ceased to exist, before others were created or brought into being. They could not therefore, have been made simultaneously in the same day, unless they were also cut off instantly, and new forms of life put in their place through numberless repetitions. This would be a mere act of creative sport, without design or beneficial purpose, an act of which no one supposes the Creator capable.

Dr. John Pye Smith says, the first verse refers to an "indefinite epoch in past eternity"—also that the term translated "*created*" may be used for the words "adjusted," and "finished."

Dr. Jenks says, the Hebrew word "erets," or earth, "implies every thing relating to the *terraqueo*, *aerial* globe; that is all that belongs to the solid and fluid parts of our world, and its surrounding atmosphere."

The expression "And the evening and the morning were

the first day," has been rendered "and there was evening and there was morning the first day," and also, "and there was dusk and there was dawn the first day."

I said the description was too *confused* to convey a clear idea of the process, taking the order of narration for the *order* of events.

There is day and night spoken of before the firmament, and before the sun, moon and stars. In the original, the firmament is not created, but made to appear. On the sixth day man and woman are said to have been created, male and female. But in the second chapter, the creation of man, the formation of the garden of Eden, and afterwards the creation of woman, appear to have taken place, if it was in the order as mentioned, after the seventh, or day of rest. This want of order and perspicuity, is common to ancient writings, and to the scriptures, where rhetoric and the grammatical structure of sentences give way to the native vigor of untutored and imaginative writers.

Plants are said to have been created before animals and the inhabitants of the seas. As to land plants, the researches of Geology, in its present state, give a contrary order, and show us that the mollusca existed long before these vegitables, but future investigations may show facts to change the received opinion of geologists. Not long since marine plants were supposed to be more recent than the mollusca, but the New York geologists found, and recently published sketches of marine vegetables in the Potsdam Sandstone, the oldest rock of the New York system.

I present these apparent discrepancies, to show that there are difficulties in reconciling the various parts of the narration *to itself*, considered as a piece of natural history. And to enforce my belief that it was *not so intended*. Any enlightened human mind, which should understand such a memoir, would study to make it clear, orderly and consistent; much more the Divine mind.

Geology, however, discloses a good general resemblance, in the order of *the changes* and creations, to those set forth in Genesis.

Almost the lowest fossil remains, which must of necessity be almost the oldest in the order of Chronology, have eyes fitted to receive light. This is the case with trilobites found low down in the "silurian system," though the lenses com-

posing the eye, are constructed of great power, adapted to a very dim light. These creatures crawled on the bottom of ancient seas, and of course were made *after* the creation of light, or their eyes would be useless. Light must also have preceded the growth of plants.

Fossil remains prove that animals inhabiting the waters, were in existence before those that walk on land.

The fossil elephant, mastodon, buffalo, megatherium, &c., are more recent than the fossil saurians, or water lizards, which were of great size.

Geology establishes the position that the first condition of this planet, is aptly described by the statement that it was "without form, and void."

The crystalline rocks, sometimes called the "primitive rocks," such as granite, sienite, and gneiss, are regarded as the cooled crust, or exterior of the earth; its central portions still remaining in a liquid or volcanic state. The surface of the earth, before the "sedimentary" or stratafied rocks were formed, would present the appearance of confused heaps of fractured angular primitive rocks, now represented by the peaks of the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, the Granite Hills of New England, the Alps, and the Himmalys. In the "Plutonic" or primitive rocks, there are no fossils; no evidences that during the long interval between the time when our planet took its place in the solar system, and the period when the sedimentary rocks were deposited, any living, moving or breathing thing, existed upon the earth.

A change then took place, and a new class of rocks began to be formed, by the agency of water. Those rocks, which we call the "sedimentary," rest upon the Plutonic, and contain every where the preserved bodies of living organised creatures. Those that are first in point of time, or lowest in the system, are a small shell fish called the "Lingula." As we ascend in the geological structure, the fossil remains become more numerous, and new forms of animal life constantly appear, such as fishes, reptiles, and birds.

Again, Geology teaches that the animals adapted to the use of man, and at the same time to live on dry land, did not come into being till the geological changes were nearly complete. It shows that they were made near the last act of creation, and either contemporary or closely connected with the production of man. The remains of the ox, horse,

elk, deer, &c., are found in the last deposite of all the "drift;" or as it is some times called the "diluvium." This is the mixture of sand, gravel, bowlders, clay and earth, which covers the surface of the indurated rocks. But even here, no remains of man are found, of a fossil character, showing that he appeared after all the organic changes had been made, and the surface of the earth had taken, in general, its present form.

Thus it may be shown, that Geology finds in the progress of the creative acts, an order corresponding, in a general way, with the Mosaic Books; and that the descrepancies are not greater than would be anticipated, when we consider, that it was no part of the sacred historians duty, to teach Cosmogony.

I now dismiss the subject of discrepancies, to return to the main question—that of the proofs of great age in our earth. An entire volume, would not be too much space to devote to it. I begin with our own region.

If you look about from the upland of this village, you observe a plain, the general level of which extends from the Summit Lake, northerly to old Portage, and Cuyahoga Falls. On each side of this space are rocky highlands; in the township of Portage on the west, and Tallmage to the east. The Cuyahoga river comes in from the northeast, the Little Cuyahoga on the southeast, and on the south the branch which runs from the Summit Lake through this village. These streams have worn channels or gulfs into the plain, from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet deep, and the inquiry arises at once, how long would it take their waters to do this work?

The present course of our streams was marked out as the ancient waters receded, and the dry land appeared. Our streams are merely the conduits for water falling from the clouds upon the surface of the earth.

As the land emerged from the ocean, there would be at first, short rivulets like those of an island, and as the waters fell, the length and number of streams would be increased. These would unite, always taking the lowest ground; forming great tunnels, like the Ohio, and finally like the Mississippi. The mouths of course changing position, and advancing as the level of the sea, into which they discharged, became lower and lower. This is on the supposition of a

gradual subsidence of the waters, or a gradual rise of the land, both of which may have taken place. In some parts of the world, these movements were convulsive and not gradual.

Imagine the level of the water to be at the summit of the bluffs at the old Portage; and as it settled away, the Cuyahoga beginning its work of excavation upon the drift which occupied its immediate valley.

The deposits of sand, clay and gravel, would be rapidly removed, as many of you have witnessed, in the artificial grades effected by means of water, at the sand bluffs of the Little Cuyahoga, north of this town.

But beneath this drift, there is rock to which the streams soon come; and after that, their progress in excavation must be slow, depending upon the nature of the rock for hardness. The surface rock here is called "conglomerate," or the "pebbly sandstone," being a coarse gravel sand rock, with white silicious pebbles imbedded. It is on the average about one hundred feet thick, and may be seen in the street just north of the Court House, at the Carmel quarry, at the point of rocks, the old forge, Middleburg, and in both banks of the Cuyahoga, from the Valley Forge to Cuyahoga Falls.

The rock below it is composed of alternate layers of soft shale, and close grained sandstone, and iron ore.

The fall, or descent, of the two Cuyahogas, is about one hundred and sixty feet in two miles along the rapids: more than half of which is in chutes, and tumbles over the conglomerate rock. The fine grained sandstone, and shale beneath, in which the channel is formed below the edge of the conglomerate, is easily worn away, by the force of the current and by frost.

On the contrary, the conglomerate is a very durable rock, not easily disentegrated by weather or by water. The characteristic features are those of cliffs, standing out sharp cut to the day, while softer rocks form rounded and earth covered bluffs. Whereever this rock is found, there are water falls, and a rude wild scenery. Where the waters of the great Cuyahoga begin to fall over the edges of this rock at the lower end of the gorge at Valley Forge, the shale beneath would be torn up rapidly by the force of the descent: but the conglomerate acting as a protection, prevented the channel from wearing up stream as fast as it would have

done, if the rock had been all shale. The *undermining* process would go on below, and at the same time the wearing process above. There is now presented a chasm two miles in length, at the lower end about 200 feet deep, at the upper 25 or 30; its width but little greater than its depth.

How many years must have elapsed during the formation of this gulf? Along the upper half the water has not yet cut through the hard conglomerate rock, which there forms the bed as well as the walls of the gulf. Since the occupation of white men, no perceptible gain has been observed upon the rocky channel of the river by the action of the elements. It is a rock, which, when quarried and put into buildings, bridges, and walls, is regarded as proof against weather and climate. Its constituents are silicious crystals and pebbles, cemented by a little iron. And yet the never-ceasing flow of the Cuyahoga is eating a pathway through its mass at a slow but certain rate.

If we could, by long observation, determine how much was gained in a period of years, as they have at the Falls of Niagara, we could give the estimate a mathematical form and certainty.

At the Niagara river the chasm is seven miles in length, and the most eminent geologists have made computations upon the rate of its advance. They have a map of the figure of the Fall, made by Hennepin about 1680, and have studied the character of the rocks which lie beneath.

There, as here, there is a substratum of shale, easily torn away; the lime rock at the crest of the Falls, being of better resisting power. They have also discovered an ancient channel which leaves the present one at the whirlpool, and reaches Lake Ontario some miles west of the present mouth of the Niagara river. This channel is now filled with drift; but that the river, or at least a part of it, once discharged there, is well established by Sir Charles Lyell. The Geologist of New York, Mr. James Hall, has made close surveys of the Fall as it now is, and in addition to the map, has fixed copper pins in the rocks, by which means future examiners may judge of the recession of the Falls.

After all these investigations, I believe no geologist fixes the period that must have been occupied by the Niagara river in excavating its present channel below the Falls, at less than 43,000 years.

Considering the resisting nature of the conglomerate as compared with the Niagara limestone, which is slightly soluble in water, the less mechanical power of the stream, and the apparent stability of the rock since the settlement of this country by whites, I am inclined to regard the time necessary to wear out the gulf of the Falls of Cuyahoga as great as that for Niagara, or say 50,000 years.

This is one item in our computation, and applies only to the lapse of time, since the deposition of the sedimentary rocks, and the emergence of the continents from the ancient seas.

Another item of the account, founded on geological investigation, is the period between the drift and the igneous or plutonic rocks, heretofore known as the primary. This was occupied in the slow deposit of the "sedimentary" or aqueous rocks, having a thickness of two to five miles. Every stone mason and quarry man knows that the rocks split in the horizontal much easier than they break in the vertical line. This is owing to the mode of deposition by very gradual subsidence, such as we see when muddy water is allowed to settle and become clear.

The mud at the bottom forms in thin layers or lamina, and when the waters retire as in floods of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the residuary matter becomes dry in the sun, it peels up in their distinct beds like slate or shale. The secondary shales are the best example of laminated rocks, but the sandstones and conglomerates are stratified, internally, in a less degree. It is this universal feature which distinguishes the aqueous from the igneous rocks, of which there are none in Ohio. The aqueous, or sedimentary, contain fossils, and from these facts we can deduce their great age.

In this State we may examine about 4000 feet in thickness of the fossilliferous, stratified, and laminated rocks. Their order and relative thickness may be seen in the Reports, extending from the lower silurian, or blue limestone of Cincinnati, up to the top of the coal series.

Now the part of one bed, or stratum, lying above another in the aqueous rocks, is conclusive as to its relative age.

The upper one must be the most recent. The coal series must be newer than the conglomerate—the conglomerate newer than the fine grained sandstone, the fine grained sandstone

newer than the black shale, and this newer than the cliff limestone, which is beneath it. Carry the same reasoning into superposition of lamina, and each definable portion of the bed, or stratum, not thicker sometimes than stout paper, is more recent than the lamana below it. How many hundreds of thousands of these may there be in 4000 feet?

You will then inquire, what is the evidence that these thin plates of rock, were deposited slowly, and not in a short space of time. If they are closely examined, there will be seen enclosed within the mass the forms of animals, and plants, which retain their form and minutest markings in all the perfection of life.

The marine animals, the testacea and the crustacea, must have lived and grown near where they are now found, for they are not constructed for travel. The rate of deposition must therefore have been such as to allow a quiet existence, not disturbed by a rapid flux and reflux of the waters.

In agitated and highly turbid waters, their dead bodies would soon be injured, if not destroyed; and at least the delicate markings of these shells would be worn off. The same reasoning may be applied to the vegetable remains of the coal series. If they were not deposited in quiet waters, the leaves and fine fibres of the stems would certainly be lost; but there is not a flower or shrub growing on the face of the globe, more perfect than the coal plants that adorn the rocks of our mines. We know, too, that the deposition now going on in the bottom of our lakes and seas, is comparatively slow. When the schooner Acorn was sunk in Lake Erie, in the fall of 1843, in 68 feet water, and 10 miles from shore, the sediment on her decks at the expiration of two months, was about *one quarter* of an inch, or at the rate of one and a half inches per year, or twelve and a half feet in a century.

If we suppose the sedimentary rocks of the globe to be 3 miles in thickness, and I have seen them where they are thicker, we have 15,840 feet. Allowing a rate of deposition twice as rapid as that upon the deck of the Acorn, or 25 feet in a century, and we have 63,200 years for a period occupied in the formation of the sedimentary rocks, and to be added to the period of recession in Niagara and Cuyahoga Falls, making 113,000 years. It may be said that this mode of calculation is very indefinite—that it is founded on speculation, and does not *command* belief.

I think, however, without pursuing the geological evidence farther, every one must admit, that whether we can estimate the existence of the world correctly in this way or not, there are proofs on one side of an antiquity for greater than 6000 years, and on the other no contradictory evidence, even in the Scriptures.

But there is a method of calculation that is liable to no objection, and capable of being made in exact Mathematical terms. It is based on a knowledge of the velocity of light. This substance, although it travels very fast, is not, like electricity, endowed with the faculty of instantaneous transit through space. It is 8 minutes and 13 seconds coming to us from the sun. Astronomers were many weary years trying to find out the distance of the fixed stars. Their remoteness was so great, that when viewed from opposite sides of the earth's orbit, that is to say, at opposite extremities of a line, 190,000,000 of miles in length, no "parallax," or angle at the star was observed.

The most they could say was, that if the angle was only *one second*, they should have been able to find it, and that the distance of the star with a parallax of *one second* would be twenty billions, or 20,000,000,000 of miles, and its light would be about ten years in coming to us. This distance is, to our minds, absolutely incomprehensible, but is less than the nearest fixed stars, and therefore less than the space between the outside of our system, and the inside of the starry universe beyond.

In comparison with such distances, the orbit of Leverrier's planet becomes a mere line; yet we must tax our imaginations to mount still higher, and try and grasp the idea of objects many times more remote than *Sirius*, or any of the visible stars.

By a process that it would be difficult at this time to make intelligible, Professor Bessel, of Koningsburg, in Prussia, has at last actually solved the problem of the true distance of a fixed star. By years of observation upon a double star in the constellation of the Swan, commonly called "61 cygni," he has found a parallax, by which a mathematical computation, unerring in its result, gives a distance about three times greater than the least limit just noticed, or 63,000,000,000 of miles instead of 20,000,000,000—its light being 30 years in making a journey to us, at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles per minute.

Astronomers take this fixed quantity as a unit, and with it go on with their examinations of the depth where the remoter stars are seen. This is done by comparing their relative *brightness*, on the supposition that they are of equal magnitude, and decrease in brilliancy on account of distance. Applying this rule, Sir Wm. Herschel's great telescope brought into view, stars that were 500 times farther off than 61 cygni, and thus about 1500 years of our reckoning must pass while their rays are travelling to our system.

But we cannot rest here, although our minds may stagger at the thought of another forward movement in space. The power of a telescope, is its capacity to make a body appear to be nearer to us than it appears to the eye.

Sirius, or the "Dog Star," might be seen by the naked eye, if removed twelve times farther from us than it is.

If from the last point where it would be thus visible, it was removed again one hundred times farther, and a telescope of the power of 100 applied to it, the observer would bring back Sirius to his vision. The number of stars which we behold in walking out of a clear evening, is but few compared to those which the Astronomer sees when looking through his telescope, and the higher the power of his instrument, the more numerous do they appear.

Instruments of low power disclose nebula, that are imperceptible to the unaided vision, which, on increasing the telescopic power, are found to be not nebula but clusters of stars, so distant that at first they appear like a fleece, or cloud of light, resting upon the sky. The Milky Way is an instance of a *visible* nebula. Their distance is estimated by the power used in their discovery, supposing the intensity of their light to be the same as other and nearer stars.

Now William Herschel examined nebula, that his telescope did not resolve, or separate into stars, and its power was such that, had they been within a distance from where their light would come to us in 350,000 years, he would have detected the separate stars. Lord Rosse *has resolved some of these nebula* with his 52 feet reflecting telescope, whose known penetrating power is estimated at *ten times* that of Herschel's.

The last named Astronomer supposes that there are luminous bodies within the telescopic range whose rays reach us only after a flight of more than a million of years.

Such is the scale upon which the universe is built. Its remote luminaries are no longer measured by miles, or by diameters of the earth's orbit. These standards of measure, though scarcely comprehensible to our senses—*they are so great*—when applied to the distant fixed stars, *are so small* that they do not convey the ideas which Astronomers profess and desire to communicate.

When they spoke of the comparative distance of the stars among themselves, they state how many years the light of the various stars will occupy in traversing the space between them.

The distance of a star of the first magnitude, like *Sirius*, *Aldeboran*, or *Beletyeuse*, in the shoulder of Orion, they say is *seventeen* (17) years away from the sun. Stars of the second magnitude, *thirty* (30) years; and those of the sixth magnitude, being the most remote that are visible to the naked eye, are (130) *one hundred and thirty years* from the sun.

Those that lie so far out in the ocean of the sky, that Herschel's great telescope could just discover them, require 3,541 years to make known their existence to us.

We may be overwhelmed by such considerations, our finite minds may be strained and fatigued by them—but we must go farther still.

The sun itself is in motion, bearing along with it the whole train of planets, satellites and comets, which constitute our system.

You will ask where is it travelling to? and moving as it does 33,350,000 miles each year; how long before it will encounter some other system, and produce confusion there?

Its movement is now towards the constellation of *Hercules*. We should consider here, what I have stated before, that between the outside of our solar system; which as now defined, is the planet of Leverrier; and the nearest fixed star, or sun, or other system; there is a space which it takes *light*—moving 12,000,000 of miles every minute of time—*ten years to cross;* and would require 105,882 years, for our earth, going on an errand through space as fast as it does in its own orbit, to reach our nearest celestial neighbor.

The star R in Hercules, to which the sun is directing his course, is *much more distant;* its light, instead of being ten years, is *forty-six* years, in reaching us. The annual rate

at which the sun moves, as I have just stated, or 33,350,000 miles, is such, that it will require from this time, about 1,800,000 years for us to reach Hercules; provided he remains at rest. But not only the constellation "Hercules," but all the constellations and all the stars, have a motion, and revolve around a *central point*, which is called the "centre of gravity" of the stellar universe.

This point is near the star Alcyone; one of the *Pleaides;* so far from the earth, that its light is 537 years in its flight from there to us.

As a *right line motion* is not known in nature, and since it is well settled that all the planets, satellites and comets, move in *curves*, we must conclude from analogy, that the sun, and all the stars, move in curves also, such as circles or eclipses; which curves return to themselves, and constitute an *orbit* like those of the planets, but inconceivably larger. On this hypothesis, how long must time flow on, before our sun will complete one journey around Alcyone, and come back to its present position?

Astronomers have computed this period, knowing its present rate of progress, and fix it at 18,200,000 years!!

I have introduced these sublime facts, to accustom you to the idea of great periods of time, as well as immense distances in space.

By the side of these vast cycles, what is the historic period of 6,000 years! what is a century! what the life of man!

If the ten millions of suns which the telescope discovers in the heavens, have been in existence only 6,000 years, our lot is cast in the earliest infancy of the world. For if but 6,000 years of the existence of the universe have elapsed, what figures can express the period, when its being shall draw to a close. It is reasonable to consider that a work of such extent and grandeur, should have a length of life in proportion to its dimensions. That it was not made for display, but for some useful and protracted purpose; and if it is true that the stars, like the planets, have their orbits, and periods of revolution, it is no doubt true, that they will be permitted to make, at least one grand circuit around the universe, before they are blotted out.

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Art. XVIII.—DECLINE OF THE CHURCH.

The Church has wielded the most powerful empire over the human mind in all ages of the world.

If we peruse the Jewish history, we find the Church standing out as the prominent feature of that nation. So all-engrossing was the religious organization of that people, that the government was a theocracy—the civil and ecclesiastical power being almost identical.

If we look back to the Chaldean and Persian nations, we shall find the Astrologers and the Magi keeping a guardian watchfulness over the people, and with religious solemnity invoking the sun, the moon and the stars, for guidance in fulfilling their mission. The fire worshippers were among the most devoted people the world ever knew; at the rising of the sun, the whole nation prostrated themselves in most hearty adoration, as though the great God of the universe had suddenly stripped the veil from his radiant countenance and smiled once more upon an abandoned people.

Zoroaster, the Christ of the Chaldeans, ruled the people for many ages; and the Magi of Persia, were not less omnipotent over the public mind.

If we pass on to Egypt, lo, the land is yet full of the monuments of the peoples' religious devotion, that have withstood the storms of the long centuries. Her mighty temples are yet described from the large pillars that have survived the destructive power of time, and her pyramids, built for an eternity of endurance, testify to the superiority of the ecclesiastical over the temporal power.

The Apis, the Isis and Osiris were symbols of the Almighty Infinitude, and the object of political regulations seemed to be rather the protection of religious devotion, than as the supreme authority.

Religion, too, was deeply seated in the Greecian mind. The Church sat aloft o'er the state, and commanded the first homage and offering of the people. Did a Lawgiver appear to reform political abuses, he was careful to invest himself with the mantle of religion, and appear before the people annointed for his mission, and bearing the metre as a sym-

bol of his divine commission. Solon mounted the rostrum, and announced himself as the one sent from the Gods to regenerate the Athenian state. Lycurgus appeared in the same attitude before the Spartans, and to insure the perpetuity of his laws, departed under the pretence of visiting a Goddess in a distant temple, to see if he had done all in his power,—and he administered an oath to support his institutions until his return. He never returned, and the people were persuaded that he had ascended to the abode of the Gods, as one who had fulfiled a glorious mission, and proved a claim to a seat in the mansion of the skies.

The Church was not less omnipotent among the Romans. The "Eternal City" was built by the especial direction of the Gods, and that mighty people were cradled in the bosom of the Church. The sacred fires were not suffered to go out during the period of the nation's glory, and the purest of the purer sex—the vestal virgins ministered at the altar. The Roman people recognised the Divine hand in all events, and their Augurs were consulted on all trying occasions. The mightiest of her heroes trembled under an anathema of the Priest—they were shorn of their power by a curse from the Church.

Neither were those savage hords that came down upon them like an Alpine avalanch and dissolved the institutions of a corrupt people, destitute of the power of the Church. Odin was a God omnipotent to them, and the Druids were Priests who ministered in his temples, more powerful than the tall chiefs who led the dauntless hosts to battle.

But these barbarians were destined to become civilized, and to be the guardians of liberty and learning. They saw something of nobility in the manners and customs of those they had conquered, though dishonored by a degenerate people, and they improved the means that their valor had thus brought within their reach. The first Kings of France, Germany, Spain and England, were the roughest savages; but such as were susceptible to the influence of knowledge and virtue. A gradual improvement took place, until these became the leading nations of the earth, and now with America, the daughter, are the only enlightened nations of the present age. Yet, during this transitional period, one religion was eradicated from the affections of the people and another substituted in its place. The new system—being

the Catholic or Christian religion—did not come with any diminution of authority, but rather claimed a commission direct from the Eternal God, to sit in judgment over Kings, Emperors and people. The Church used no armor nor marched to battle; but, through the Pontifical head—the vicegerent of God—the successor of St. Peter, she thundered her anathemas against all offenders, and the people fled affrighted from their standards, and the stoutest hearts quailed with fear.

Neither did the Church lose its authority when Protestantism took the place of Catholicism. But in both Europe and America, where she held the supremacy, her influence was omnipotent for two centuries and a half.

All were born into the Church, and the reputation of no man was safe who should straggle out of it. Until within the last half century, few individuals were found on either side of the great waters who was not a communicant of the Church.

But a great change has been wrought during this period. The Church has lost her hold upon the reverence of the people, and instead of all flocking to her altars for temporal and eternal safety, a vast majority of the people are disconnected from any religious society.

In the United States there are now 21,000,000 of people, of whom about 4,000,000, or not one to four, belong to the Church. If we make allowance for children considered too young to hold a fellowship in the Church, we shall find that at least three-fourths of the people who have reached to years of discretion, have no connection with any christian denomination. But of these 4,000,000 only 3,000,000 are Evangelical Christians–the remainder being chiefly Catholics.

But with this small portion of the whole population, the Church is not increasing nor even preserving her strength. She is at this moment losing numbers and consequently power. In 1846 the various Evangelical Churches stood thus:

Presbyterians,	322,079
N. Methodists,	644,299
Baptists,	1,116,176
Mission Churches,	651,332
Episcopalians,	69,066
Total 1846,	2,802,952

In 1848 the account stood thus:

Presbyterians,	322,986
N. Methodists,	639,066
Baptists,	1,066,261
Mission Churches,	664,566
Episcopalians,	66,034
Total 1848,	2,758,913
Difference,	44,039

Here we have an actual decrease of church communicants of 44,039 in two years, or 22,019 in one year, or about one per cent. diminution, while the population of the country is increasing about four per cent. per annum. If we look into the individual denominations, we find that the Presbyterians increased 907 during the two years, the Baptists, lost 49,-915, the Mission Churches increased 13,244, and the Episcopalians lost 3,032 during this period; while the Methodists from 1845 to 1847 inclusive, lost 25,084—the amount standing thus:

1845,	656,642
1847,	631,558
Decrease,	25,048

During the year 1848, this denomination increased 7,508 which would leave 17,576 as the actual decrease from 1845 to 1848 inclusive. At this rate, how long will it take to evangelize the world?

But this reduction is not brought about in consequence of lack of effort on the part of Theological Seminaries, Ministers and Missionaries; for during this unfortunate period the clergymen have greatly increased. Thus in

1846 the number was	26,904
1848 " " "	27,219
Increase in two years,	315

In 1846 the number of communicants in the Methodist Church decreased 12,343, while the preachers increased 214. In the Episcopal Church the members numbered in

1844,	72,099
1847,	67,550
Decrease,	4,549
Clergymen 1844,	1,096
" 1847,	1,404
Increase,	308

Thus the Ministers increased 308 in three years and the members diminished 4,549.

Verily, this shows a disastrous state of things in the Evangelical Church! The Church of the Reformation—the Church of progress, is really losing her glory and receding from her proud position. This fact should startle every one who treads her courts as the Mediatorial pathway to the skies, and lead them to inquire the cause of such a disastrous state. They should solemnly inquire why it is that in an age when common schools are gathering in all the youth of the land, and banishing ignorance from the people—when all science is opening the mighty arcana of nature and unfolding to mankind the secrets of the Universe—when crime is diminishing in every state, and virtue increasing—when philanthropists are multiplying, and effectual assaults are made upon unequal institutions and unjust laws,—in short, why is it that in an age where every means of harmonizing man, exalting his powers and purifying his social condition, the Church—the Evangelical Church—the institution of the Eternal God, as it is claimed, is actually retrograding and rapidly losing its power? If it be what is claimed for it, the nursing mother of true piety—if it be the temple at whose altar all purity is enshrined, certainly she should increase her strength with every increase of knowledge and virtue among the people. Every step of progress a man out of this Church makes in the true life, should bring him nearer the Church. And yet during this continual declension in the Church, the amount collected and disbursed for Foreign Missions increases. There was contributed

In 1847,	$211,403
In 1848,	254,056
Increase,	$42,653

as reported by the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Neither is the Catholic branch of the Church, supported by the strong tide of emigratiom, less prosperous.

The Catholic Almanac, published in Baltimore, and which is generally recognised as good authority, represents no increase in the Roman Catholic diocesses of Baltimore, New Orleans, Louisville, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Charleston, Mobile, Detroit, Vincennes, Natchez, Pittsburgh, Little Rock, Milwaukie, Albany, Galveston and Buffalo, while in the diocese of Cleveland there has been an actual loss of 5,000 from the last year's computation of 30,000. The only green spots in this wide-spread desert are, the diocese of Cincinnati, where there has been an addition of 15,000 to the 50,000 of last year; Dubuque, where there is a gain of 500 on the former sum of 6,500; Nashville, where the last year's number of Catholics has doubled, being now 3,000, while it was only 1,500 a year ago; Chicago, where 3,000 have been added to the 20,000 of last year, and Oregon, with the parts adjacent, where 7,500 had grown up to 8,100, being a gain of 600—Indians and others. The total decrease of Roman Catholics in the United States during the year, was 109,400; and the present number of the denomination in this country, 1,276,300.

Thus it appears that the Catholics decreased during the past year, over 100,000, while over 200,000 come hither from foreign countries.

Neither is this decrease owing to a lack of colleges and seminaries in the power of the Church. The account in this respect stands thus:

Methodists,	1	College	to	78,575	members.
Baptists,	1	"	"	59,137	"
Presbyterians,	1	"	"	6,668	"
Congregationalists,	1	"	"	32,022	"
Episcopalians,	1	"	"	6,755	"
Catholics,	1	"	"	85,050	"
Methodists,	6	T. Seminaries	for	1,178,637	"
Baptists,	11	"	"	813,921	"
Presbyterians,	11	"	"	334,453	"
Congregat's.	5	"	"	193,693	"
Episcopalians,	3	"	"	67,550	"
Lutherans,	3	"	"	149,625	"
All others,	6	"	"	241,730	"
Catholics,	16	"	"	1,276,70	"

Thus we see that the Baptists have many more Colleges and Theological Seminaries than the Methodists and yet have diminished their numbers. The Episcopalians have about the same number of Colleges and Seminaries in proportion to their members as the Presbyterians, and yet they have greatly lost while the Presbyterians have gained in numbers.

Neither is their diminution owing to a lack of wealth in the Church, or of freedom in its expenditure.

A table has been published showing the number of churches of each of the principal denominations, cost, annual expenses, &c., made up from tables in the last published census of Boston, exhibiting the following results:

In Boston forty-nine churches have been built at an expense of $3,246,500, or over $32,000 average cost of each. It has twenty-one Unitarian churches costing on the average $40,000 each. The annual expense attending these churches is about $175,000.

Other cities of this country are not behind Boston. New York has many stupendous edifices whose spires tower aloft over all else to indicate the supremacy of the Church over all human authority. But if we judge from the facts we have quoted, showing the retrogradation of the Church, these spires might be compared to the tower of Babel on which the foolish builders expected to escape the wrath and the whirlwinds of the Almighty, but which resulted in a most wonderful confusion of tongues and confounding of faces. Those spires indicate establishments of wealth, of pride and pageantry—where the money lords and aristocratic barons tread the sacred aisles of the Great God in honor of the "Carpenter's Son," and where no one from the dominion of poverty is permitted to enter, where none but the jewelled and those equipped in costly array can appear in peace. One of these establishments is worth $30,000,000—more than half the value of this great city—the rightful owners of which now number hundreds scattered through the land, and generally classed with the poor. That estate was taken unjustly from the ancestor by the Church, who, had he been permitted to hold his own, would have been able to train up his children in virtue and made hundreds of respectable members of society. But instead of this the property went to the church to pander to the pride of the few and not to save the souls of the many. Another

church, to preserve its dignity and gentility has erected a small one for the especial accommodation of the poor. I have often thought that if Jesus could reappear on the earth he would be compelled to attend the congregation of the poor and outcast of the world, for such he came to save! Oh, I have thought how his heart would throb with anguish could he appear again and see what had been done with his religion—a religion he established while wandering, without scrip or purse and satisfying his hunger from the green ears of corn he plucked from the field! He would find many of his temples in every city put to more unholy purposes than was that of old by the money-changers who fled before his withering rebuke!

But if we look at the Church of England, we shall conclude that no lack of pecuniary support has caused the decline. Mr. Horseman, in a speech in Parliament concerning the Hampden controversy, stated the salaries of some of the Bishops.

"On a former occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury said that he thought the revenues of his see much to large, and they ought to be reduced to £15,000 a year; and the Bishop of London thought £10,000 a year enough for his see, but they both persisted in retaining their present revenues during their lives—although they admitted that they were too great and ought to be curtailed.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at £22,-216 gross, and £19,182 net; but Dr. Lushington the year before, in 1830, said that the average income of the archepiscopal see was £32,000. Next came the return of the Archbishop of York, who made his income to be £13,000 gross, and £12,000 net; and added that a decrease of at least £20 per cent. must be expected. Accordingly his future income was set down at £10,-600: but the return made by himself in 1843, showed that his income had risen to £14,550, an increase of £40 per cent.

"He now came to the case of the Bishop of London, who returned his income at £13,900, and stated that there must be a decrease, in accordance with which his future income was estimated at £12,204. It had risen, however, by the return of 1843, to £14,552.

"Five years before there had been an act of Parliament obtained for the express purpose of promoting them. Terraces were springing up in every direction, and a mine of wealth was thus secured to the Bishop of London which he was almost afraid to calculate; it had, however, been estimated that it must eventually amount to £100,000 a year.

"The Bishop of Durham returned his gross income at £21,000, and his net income at £19,000; his future income he put down at £17.890. Instead of this, however, the net income rose to £22,000, and the gross income to £26,000. The Bishop of St. Asaph estimated his income at £6,300, but it had risen to £6,548. The honorable gentleman gave similar details with reference to the following sees, stating in every case that the bishops had calculated on a decrease: Chester, estimated in 1831 at £4,229 net, put down at £3,800, and increased to £5,200 in 1843; Hereford, put down by the ecclesiastical commissioners in 1831 at £2,510, but had risen to £3,194, Lincoln, estimated at £3,800, but increased to £5,223; Norwich, income returned in 1831 at £5,300, put down at £4,700, and risen in 1843 to £5,728; Oxford, returned in 1831 at £2.648, future income estimated at £1,628, income in 1843, £2,659; Salisbury, in 1831, returned at £4,000 gross, future income estimated at £5,000, returned in 1843 at £7,200; Worcester, in 1831, £6,509 net, future income estimated at £6,500, returned in 1843 at £7,122 net, and £8,166 gross. The Bishop of Llandaff returned the income of his see in 1831 at £924, and he was the only prelate who said there would probably be an increase in the future income; but, like all the rest, he was mistaken, for it turned out that, by the year 1843, it had decreased to £915. Nevertheless, it was upon these statements that the commissioners proceeded to make their future calculations.

All this extravagance we see indulged by the Fathers of Zion, those who are at the head of the Church, and ought to be examples of purity, simplicity, and benevolence. This extortion we see on the part of a few Bishops, while the working clergy suffer privation. What must be the effect of such examples with all intelligent men? Why, either that Christianity itself is a humbug, or it is so perverted by its followers. I hesitate not to say that the latter is the fact. There was no humbug in the teachings of Jesus, sanctioned by a life of purity. The man who could agonize in the garden, and sweat blood for the misery that afflicted the people, lodge in hovels, yea, even amid the mountain rocks, while preaching deliverance to the poor, was no humbug, but a reality that ought to shame three-fourths of his followers of the present day. Methinks he would agonize again, not in a garden, for he would have no right to enter one, but in the streets of our cities and towns.

We have said that this retrograde movement of the Church was not owing to the increase of ignorance. The rapidity

with which our people are advancing in intelligence is truly gratifying to every philanthropist. Almost every state of this Union is making improvements annually in the School system. Some that have done nothing in the cause of free education are now establishing free Schools. Several states are just waking up to the importance of this subject, and the new states, as Wisconsin, place the education of the people above all other interests. Louisiana, during the last year, voted half a million towards education. Indiana voted, by a large majority, for free schools, and Virginia, that was dead and buried, has risen from her sleep, and is rapidly gathering her children into the school house. New York sends every child to school, and she has provided 1,400,000 books for her youth to read. The common School Report of Michigan for 1848, show 98,044 youths between the ages of 4 and 18 out of the aggregate of 117,952, who attended school—an increase over the previous year of 9,964 in the common schools. The libraries of the 345 Townships contain 58,203 volumes, being an increase during the year, of 45 libraries, and 14,277 volumes. The last Legislature of New York declared the common schools free in that State; and the Report of the Ohio schools shows that a growing interest is felt in nearly every county in relation to the education of the people.

In a county in Wisconsin just organized, we find its people gathering together and resolving as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the principle of graduation of schools should be incorporated into the Common School system of this State.

Resolved, That it is important at this time to organize a Teachers' Institute for Sheboygan county.

Resolved, That a Common School Journal should be established in this State, as soon as the same may be practicable."

Such is the spirit all over the land, and yet the Church is declining.

Let us quote a passage from Macaulay:

"It is pleasant to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well

born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bones burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the Scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humbler rank.

"If an offender be put in pillory, it was well if he escape with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed around him imploring the hangman to give it to the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes gathered to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them on bench, bar and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. No where could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life of even the murderer."

Such is an indication of what is being done for the increase of education and benevolence, while the Church is sliding down hill, and has not life enough to ascend again.

But the parson may reply that there is a lamentable deficiency of moral culture in our schools. In answer it may be said that the Church controlls our colleges and primary schools, and though she has every thing her own way, she

does not contain one fourth of the entire population, and is diminishing in numbers. The moral instruction in our schools is such as the Church provides, and she has no ground of complaint here.

But, not only so—while the Church is retrograding, vice and crime are actually on the decrease. As proof of of this we refer to Article xxi. for abundant facts.

Besides this, the last Report on the New York Penitentiaries show a farther diminution of crime. It appears the number in the several prisons was as follows:

	1847	1848	Less	In.
Auburn,	507	452	55	
Sing Sing,	682	611	71	
" " Females,	89	83	6	
Chriton,	148	163		15
Total,	1426	1309	132	15

Here we have an actual decrease in the number of convicts to the New York prison of 117 in one year.

In Ohio the average number of convicts in the Penitentiary was

In 1847, 461; In 1848, 432. Decrease, 29.

In New York we thus find a decrease of 8 per cent in one year of crime, while the population increased over 3 per cent, and emigration increased 40 per cent. In Ohio the decrease of crime has been 6 per cent, while the people have increased 4 per cent.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, city Missionary of Cincinnati, reports the number of commitments for several years as follows:

In 1845, 873; In 1846, 811; In 1848, 679.

Here we have an annual diminution of commitments for a continuous number of four years, of over seven per cent, while the population increased about ten per cent per annum.

Crime was increased throughout the country during the past year, owing to causes which will be explained in a future article.

Neither is the decline in the Church the consequence of a lack of vitality in the precepts of Christ.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love

thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that dispitefully use you and persecute you."—Matt. v. 43, 44.

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—Matt. v. 39.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mystery and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."—I Cor. xiii. 1-3.

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind."—Luke xiv. 12, 13.

But we need not quote more or we shall be puzzled to find a christian in the existing Church, for who obeys the precepts we have quoted?

There is, then, vitality enough in the precepts on which the Church professes to be founded. There is moral power sufficient to regenerate the world—a power that is redeeming mankind from the thraldom of vice and poverty and war.

Is it not surprising that the Church which commands the reverence and awe of the people, and claims to be the fountain of all purity and truth should be found retrograding in the most brilliant period of the world's history—when mankind are superior in all respects to any former period? Is it not strange that the Church which claims to be the only gate-way of salvation should be most powerful in the darkest periods of time, and be absolutely losing its power in the most luminious era that ever dawned upon man? Is it not wonderful that the temple of all truth should be crumbling to the ground in spite of all efforts put forth to protect its walls? Is it not astonishing that God should make the Church the only ante-chamber of salvation, and turn all not found in this fold into unending despair, and yet

permit its glory to depart as the sun of Truth advances upward toward a meridian of splendor? Is it not amazing that the "straight and narrow way" should be travelled by so few, and those few become less and less as intelligence and virtue increase? And yet this Church sits in sullen pride and in scorn condemns to endless suffering three-fourths of the human family. From her ten thousand domes, she summons' the people to judgment; and while the saints all decked with gold and silver and jewels and costly apparrel, sit under the quiet assurance that all is well—that Heaven will open to receive them, angels smile at their approach, and seraphims strike up a welcome, lo! one of the holy flock, a brother in the Lord, is pining with hunger in a filthy hovel within hearing of the church-going bell! While they repose in cushioned pews, bolted against the lowly of the earth, and drink in the consolation that their money purchases from the minister, lo! a widow in a no distant garret is reposing upon her pallet of straw to recover the vitality she has lost during the week, in midnight toil, to support her orphans! There was a Church in ancient times, of which Decius, a Roman persecutor, demanded its treasures; and they brought the poor, the blind, the lame, the widow and the orphan. The contrast of this with the Churches of the present day needs no comment.

There is, then, something wrong in the Church—the fault is not in the Truth. That is "mighty and will prevail." As certain as the springtime appears, and the freshness and fragrance of nature fills the air, so certain will the Truth triumph. This world is not without purpose—and that purpose is a mighty one. All humanity is to be restored to the freedom of God, and every son and daughter of man admitted to a full fruition of the bounties of the Creator. Then shall sighing and sorrow cease, peace and plenty abound, and the Truth shall triumph in the gladness that shall fill the hearts of all mankind, unmocked by a single victim of degradation and poverty, and unembittered by a single moan from an oppressed heart!

Note.—It is proper to state that the statistics of some of the denominations are brought down to 1848 by the reports to which we had access, while we calculated the gain or loss of others from 1847, and 1848 from the gain or loss of previous reports.

forfeited the faith he had plighted to his benefactor! But why comment? It seems as if words expended upon facts like these weakened their force. If all the truth that beats in the bosom of God could be made known at once on this subject, it would not be more potent than the simple experience of this Philanthropist.

Mr. Edwards once admonished a prisoner that he should have better thoughts, and the emphatic reply was, "*where shall I get them.*" Yes, where shall the people, and especially the criminals, get good thoughts and feelings? They must be inculcated by those who have them—or, more correctly speaking, their faculties should be so developed that good thoughts and pure feelings will come unbidden—those holy influxes from the Great Centre of truth and goodness.

It is development that the people want—development that will elevate the base above their vileness, and enable them to appreciate their true character as human beings. As a general rule the externals of an individual are a reflex of the internal; disorder in the former surely indicates disorder in the latter. Set in order the soul and surrounding confusion will cease. Force an angel into a state of degradation, and time will transform her into a demon. Bring a vile youth out of the filth, profanity and vice with which multitudes are enveloped, and he will gradually rise to a higher plane and feel himself a being of too much consideration to be dishonored and degraded by immorality. On this point some facts reported by the Commissioners appointed by the English government to look into the condition of the poor, will be instructive. Sir, John McNeil was examined before Lord Devons, Commissioner, and the following answer obtained to the question

"Do you find that there is an improvement in their habits corresponding with the improvement in their condition?"

"Yes, decidedly so, as far as I am able to judge; and they improve in their moral habits. As soon as an Irishman gets a little better in his circumstances, and gets out of the state of misery they are generally in, they commence to get clothes a little better than they have been accustomed to; and when they get tolerably well dressed they become totally different characters, and they are men you can trust and depend upon. There are, when this takes place, few quarrels among them!"

"Is it your opinion" Lord Brougham, asked Sergeant Adams, "that whatever increases the self respect of persons, is wholesome as a moral discipline also?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," replied the learned Sergeant.

In these facts we see the secret of human redemption. Place all in such a situation that they will understand themselves, the great fact of life, and the object of existence, and crime will be banished from the land. But as long as children are trained up where every thing fair is laughed at as silly cant, where virtue is prostituted and where theiving is popular and taught as a profession, we must expect society to reap the fruits of such neglect. In one of the English ragged schools, of fifty boys, sixteen were professed thieves, and twenty-seven beggars and hawkers.

Some kind of education the people will have, either good or bad. When society does not establish the good, the evil will prevail. Locke said that, "of all men we meet, nine parts in ten are what they are, good or bad, useful or not, by their education. But we need not prolong.

What is here said is sufficient to impress the infinite importance of educating every child, and the infinite wrong of neglect in this behalf. In the light of these facts, who, let me ask you, are the greatest sinners, those who fail to educate the young, or those who have grown up with their rights violated, and acted out the legitimate consequences of ignorance and mis-development? Let, therefore, the fault be charged upon the responsible agents. Let us look to the right source for virtue—to the discipline of the young, and not to the uneducated mind which, in this wicked world, must necessarily be wicked. Let us no longer despise and laugh at the drunkard in the gutter, for we now know what would have made him temperate, industrious and virtuous—and to this he had a right, but this right was violated. Let us no longer turn away with indifference when we see a criminal thrown upon a dray, lashed to its knotty timbers, and drawn ruthlessly over the pavement to the Mayor's office, the watchhouse or the jail; for he would not have disturbed the peace of society had society provided favorable circumstances for his appearance into the world and for his good education in youth. Had his rights been defended

he would have led a dignified, virtuous and happy life. But being so grossly wronged in youth, he grew up a curse to himself and others, and now that he has committed a crime, society seeks to revenge upon him the error she has herself committed!

We conclude by stating some propositions.

1. No one is responsible for the circumstances of his birth.

2. Being brought into the world, every one has rights which grow out of the necessities of his nature.

3. Those necessities have reference to happiness, which depends entirely upon the truthfulness of the mind's development and the extent to which it is instructed in the laws of their mental and physical organizations, and in the knowledge of external nature.

4. Every one, therefore, has a right to a thorough education, and if this right be violated, and he becomes a criminal, he is the great sufferer while the injury to society is merely incidental.

5. The criminal being such from the violation of his rights, is not the really guilty one, but only the instrument which society has sharpened to cut its own throat.

6. The criminal, therefore, should rather move us to tears of pity than to feelings of contempt, hate and revenge.

7. Society should provide for the thorough education of every child without delay.

8. Society cannot consistently hold a subject accountable for crime until she has discharged her duty to him.

9. The great business of government is to educate the people—for government has to do with the mind as its first object.

Art. XXII.—MISSION OF DEMOCRACY.

America compared with England. The respective local effects of the American and English systems of Government and Legislation; and the Mission of Democracy. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. London, 1848. *pp.* 289.

This is a radical book written and published in London by an Englishman who has spent several years in Cincinnati. It is designed to meet the growing spirit of reform in the English mind, which has been so much accelerated by the revolutionary events of the past year. Its object seems to be two-fold,—to show the people of the "fast-anchored isle" what better laws have done for their brethren in America, and inspire a hope of improving their own political institutions; and to set forth the author's peculiar views of social progress—the comparison between England and America being made the pretext for getting his own reformatory notions before the public.

It is calculated better than any other book we know of, to give Englishmen a true idea of their own institutions, by contrasting them with those of the United States, within the compass of a few pages. The author proves himself familiar with the institutions of both countries, and indeed his education—that of a lawyer—has given him every advantage in his researches.

The book has not been published in America, and we merely call the attention of publishers to it, as one which will be profitable to them and of great advantage to its readers, both for the information it contains and the thought it will excite on all the great questions of the age—those relating to the universal diffusion of knowledge, plenty and happiness.

The first three chapters are devoted to an exposition of the Constitution of the United States and of the several States.

Chapter iv. treats of the character of American legislation and government. The author is generally truthful—indeed always so, when speaking of the intention of our institutions;—but the practice under them, all well know, is frequently inconsistent with their spirit. In this chapter our author remarks on the subject of Education:—

"The children of the poorer classes receive an excellent education unmixed with religion, and without expense to their parents. The public common sbhools are so conducted that the master tradesman, farmers and others, who could well afford to pay for the education of their children, prefer sending them to these public schools, although they might there be on a footing of perfect equality with the children of the poorest people in the district."

To this we shall interpose no objection, for it is generally so. But in our larger towns and cities a different practice prevails. There are classes of people who scorn the idea of sending their children to the common schools, because they are attended by the poor. The last Common School Report of Cincinnati tells something on this point. The Central School is a high school into which pupils graduate from the Common Schools, for the purpose of a more complete education. It is a school unsurpassed by any of its grade in the United States; and yet, because it is a free school and assigned for the benefit of the poorest as well as the richest, it is wholly unpatronised by the aristocracy, and by those who wish to rank among the "Upper Ten." Two lawyers, three physicians, one clergyman and one editor, who could not afford to be "select" in the tuition of their children, appear on the list of parents of the students of the Central School! Indeed we may say that nearly all the families that can afford to educate their children separately, do so because of the very freedom and equality of the Common Schools. In our Democratic Republic, there is probably as much aristocracy in the feelings and practice of the people as among the corresponding classes in England—at least there is as much as their wealth will permit them to cherish.

Chapter vi. is devoted to the comparative expenses of Justice in the two countries and to the comparative quality of the justice administered—proving that it is not only vastly cheaper here, but also of far superior quality. Concerning the late Irish trials our author says:—

"The administration of justice in Ireland is of a remarkable character. The judges and justices of the peace are nearly all Protestants, and in many trials it has been customary to exclude Catholics and all persons entertaining obnoxious political opinions. On the trial of Mr. Meagher for sedition, the Catholics and Repealers generally were excluded from the jury; but one got in by mistake, and he alone was for an acquittal. The power of the Government, both in England and Ireland, over the juries is very great, not only as regards the selection of the list, but also in the right of challenging.

"On the trial of Mr. Mitchell for 'imagining' the establishment of a republic, &c., no Catholic was allowed to sit on the jury. The jurors' book from which the jury was taken contained 4,570 names, of which 2,965 were Catholics, and 1,635 Protestants. The Sheriff selected a panel of 150, in which there were but 28 Catholics. The Attorney-General challenged 39, including every Roman Catholic who answered to his name, to the number of 18. Mr. Keogh asserted, in the House of Commons, on the 21st July, 1848, that ten out of these 18 Catholics did not belong to any political society. So that, in a Catholic country, no Catholic is allowed to be on the jury!"

In chapter viii. the author argues that the superiority of Englishmen to Irishmen, as a people, is due to the better condition of the poor of England for centuries, in consequence of the munificence of the Government in granting poor relief. This is doubtless true.

In chapter xviii. we have an account of the liberty of speech and of social action in the boasted land of Magna Charta and Clarendon Constitutions:—

"In the year 1840 it was publicly stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox Maule, then one of the Secretaries of State for the Home Department, that 'the government of 1817 came down to the House for extraordinary powers. They came down to Parliament for the six acts.' The 19th chapter of 57 Geo. III., under the pretence of being an act for the more effectual prevention of seditious meetings, was in effect an act passed *for the purpose of suppressing public discussion altogether.*' And he also observed that 'he found it recorded that the Government of 1817, not content to rely on the ordinary or even the extraordinary powers the law had placed in their hands, in order to the conviction of those guilty of sedition, had employed spies to go amongst those misguided persons, to mix with

them, to excite them, and then to betray them into the hands of the Government. The people of England had been visited by one of the greatest plagues with which a people could be inflicted. The Government, which ought to be their protection, had sent persons among them to stir up acts of violence. Upon the examination of certain persons at Bow-street, August 18, 1848, the principal witness was a spy, who had urged the accused to acts of violence.'

"The act of 39 Geo. III., chapter 79, section 1, suppresses certain named societies, and enacts that every society, the members whereof shall take or assent to any test or declaration *not required* by law, and every society of which the names of all the members, and of all committees, and of all officers, shall not be entered in a book to be kept open for the inspection of all the members; and *every society composed of different divisions* or *different parts*, acting separately from each other, shall be deemed unlawful combinations and confederacies; and it is punishable to be a member of, or to support such society. *The object of this act was to prevent all political associations;* and it is so worded as to include all associations, even those of a religious and scientific character."

Section 14th of this act makes two Justices the judges of what shall constitute sedition. By the 15th section there can be no lecture or reading room kept open without license, and persons offending may be summarily committed by Justices without a trial by jury. The act 57 Geo. III. prohibits societies having any committee, representative, or missionary, to meet or communicate with any committee, representative, or missionary of any other society. The act 60 Geo. III., chapter 6, prohibits meetings of more than fifty persons except in the parish where the people meeting usually reside, and unless six days' notice be given to the Justice, who can change the place of meeting at discretion. Section 1st of this act prohibits all assemblies of persons for the purpose of training or drilling themselves, or of being trained or drilled to the use of arms, or for the purpose of practising military exercises, movements or evolutions, without the authority of Justices, &c.

Chapter xix. gives further information concerning sedition with references to decisions and charges of the courts.

Chapter xx. further describes the abridgment of liberty in England.

In chapter xxi. we find some account of political parties in Great Britain. They are the Whigs, the Conservatives or

Tories, the Radicals, the Chartists, and the advocates of the repeal of the Union with Ireland. The Whigs have a majority of the members of the House of Commons, but are greatly in the minority of the middle classes. This happens in consequence of the regulations concerning the exercise of the right of suffrage. Ninety thousand men, most of whom are dependents on the landed aristocracy, elect a majority of the representatives.

The larger portion of the middle class is Radical, as is judged from the great patronage extended by them to the weekly radical papers of London, while the Whig papers enjoy but a limited circulation among them. Formerly the difference between the Whigs and Tories was that the former would concede a little reform, while the latter were afraid to make the least concession. The Whigs were more democratic in spirit. They supported religious toleration, parliamentary reform, the abolition of slavery, law reform, and so forth, while the Tories opposed them all. But now there is very little difference between them; both parties desire to perpetuate the institutions as they are. The Whigs were too much dependent upon the aristocracy, moved too slowly for the Radicals, and have had their day.

A majority of the nobility, landed aristocracy aud clergy are Tories; but a considerable minority of Whigs and followers of Sir Robert Peel are among these classes. The Peel party are Whigs, and our author thinks it is not impossible that they will, at some future day, advocate some comprehensive parliamentary reform, under the belief that a great change is inevitable and they might as well assist in bringing it about.

The Radicals are for parliamentary reform but do not generally support universal suffrage; they are for household suffrage, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts and triennial elections; the abolition or thorough reform of the church establishment, and a reform of the taxing system; they advocate national education, economy and retrenchment. They say in public that they are in favor of the Monarchy and the House of Lords. They embrace a majority of the middle classes, and yet cannot muster more than fifty or sixty votes in the House of Commons.

The Chartists comprise a majority of the intelligent

working-men of England. They are in favor of parliamentary reform on a large scale, universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual elections, no property qualification for members, payment of members;—these are the six points of the Chartists. There are not half a dozen members in the House of Commons favorable to these views, and not one in the House of Lords. The Chartists wish to impose the burden of taxation on the great fortunes of the realm, for a gratuitous education and a more liberal relief of the poor. "Many of them are opposed to monarchy and aristocracy, though they do not openly declare their sentiments. They do not favor Communism nor understand it; nor do they desire to break the national faith, or interfere with the right of private property, although some of the voters, in ignorance of the equalizing effect of democratic laws and government, argue that it is necessary for the State to take possession of all the land of the country and lease it out in small parcels, for small terms, to those who will pay the highest rent to the government. The proposition is, for the government to take the land from time to time, upon the decease of the present owners, paying the descendants its value by instalments, without interest. These teachers make very few converts. Some of the Chartist orators have counselled an appeal to physical force, if moral force should prove unavailing; but the vast majority are aware that without the aid of the middle classes it is impossible to overturn the government, either by force or otherwise."

The remainder of this chapter, as well as a large part of the book, is devoted to the necessity of establishing democratic institutions in Great Britain.

Chapter xxii. is an ingenious compilation of the testimony of Englishmen in America, concerning the effects of democratic institutions, showing the great superiority of society in the Model Republic. This is well calculated to operate on the English mind and strengthen the dislike of Monarchy and Aristocracy.

With chapter xxiv. the author commences a statement of his views concerning the Mission of Democracy—the benefits which democratic institutions are to confer upon mankind. In the first place he exposes the evils of the

present order of society by copious quotations from such writers as Louis Blanc, who have probed society to the core, and laid bare the enormities of the present social state. We must make a quotation to show the temper of the French Reform. Speaking of the boasted freedom which the mass enjoy, he says:—

"Free, truly, to cultivate his intellect as the poor child whom hunger drives from school, to sell himself, soul and body, at the nearest mill, in order to increase by a few pence the paternal wages!

"Free, truly, to dispute the terms of his employer, is the workman, who perishes if the dispute be prolonged!

"The workman, out of work, who has no shelter, is at liberty—not to sleep upon the pavement!

"The poor girl is permitted to remain chaste and poor, when, without work, she has to choose between prostitution and hunger!

"But the poor man has the free *right* to ameliorate his position. And pray what of that, if he has not the power? What avails the patient, who remains sick, the right to be cured?

Again, speaking of competition, the same writer says:—

"*Competition is for the people a system of extermination.*—Is the poor man a member or an enemy of society? *Answer:* He finds around him nothing but appropriated ground.

"Can he till the land on his own account? No; because the right of the first occupier has become right of property.

"Can he pluck the fruits which the will of God has ripened in the path of man? No; because like the soil, the fruits have been appropriated.

"Can he resort to hunting or fishing? No; because they constitute rights which the government supports.

"Can he take the water of an inclosed well? No; because the proprietor of the inclosure is, by virtue of the law of inheritance, proprietor of the spring.

"Can he, dying with hunger and thirst, stretch out his hand to the pity of his fellow men? No; because there are laws against mendicancy.

"Can he, exhausted with fatigue, and without shelter, fall asleep on the pavement of the street? No; because there are laws against vagrancy.

"Can he, escaping from his homicide country, where all is denied him, seek far from the land of his birth the means of existence? No; because he is not permitted to change his country, save on conditions impossible for him to perform.

"What, then, does this unfortunate? He says to you, 'I have arms, I have intelligence, I have strength, I have youth; take all that, and in exchange give me a little bread.' Thus do and say the workmen of our days. But, even to this you can reply to the poor man, "'I have no work to give you.'"

The writer then summons these workmen before an employer, and the following dialogue takes place :—

"How much for your labor? Three francs; I have a wife and children.

"Good; and you? Two francs and a half. I have no children, but I have a wife.

"Indeed; and you? Two francs will content me—I am single.

"You, then, are preferred.

"It is done; the bargain is struck. But what becomes of the two rejected workmen? They will die quietly of hunger, it is to be hoped. But suppose they turn robbers? Fear nothing; we have gend'armes. Or murderers? We have the executioner. As for the luckiest of them, his triumph is but temporary. Should a fourth workman arrive, sufficiently robust to fast one day out of two, the scale of reduction would descend to the lowest point; and lo! another parricide; perchance another convict for the galleys."

These remarks were made after visiting 1500 workmen and 30 shops in Paris. The following is also forcible :—

"There is a tyranny I know, far more difficult to elude or shake than that of a Nero or a Tiberius; it is the tyranny of circumstances. It is born of a corrupted social order; it is composed of ignorance, poverty, neglect, bad example, mental sufferings—and bodily pain that finds no softener; it has for victim whoso is in want of food, of clothes, of lodging, in a land of abundant granaries, warehouses encumbered with stuffs, and empty palaces."

The author next exposes M. Thiers' fallacy that *society rests on property, liberty and competition*, and proceeds, in chapter xxv., to notice the co-operative communities in America, such as the Shakers, the Fourierites, the Rappists, &c., showing that the Community principle had succeeded.

Passing over several chapters enforcing the co-operative principle, we will conclude by noticing the author's peculiar notions concerning the Mission of Democracy. He says a proper social system is to be obtained only by several successive steps.

1. There must be democratic legislation, which will extinguish the aristocracy, diffuse intelligence and distribute property. Society will then guarantee the support of all its members in a direct manner. Criminals will be treated with humanity and emigrants assisted by the state. Education will be provided gratuitously; as also public libraries, lyceums, &c. People will be disposed to fraternize with each other.

2. In the second stage the State will assume the ownership of railroads and other great public works, and undertake the manufacture of those articles that are not made in large establishments. It will regulate the prices of those articles and the rate of wages. The State will provide against famine, by laying up stores in time of plenty. The subject of restricting the increase of population with reasonable limits will be investigated and thoroughly understood.

3. The last grand charge, for which all the preceding will have been mere preparations, is the general establishment of industrial associations based upon the co-operative principle, instead of that of competition. Society will be formed of a conjeries of such associations, with a central government for the control of all of them, and the conduct of foreign relations. All the male population will bear arms and be skilled in their use, so as to be able to resist invasion from surrounding kingdoms and States remaining in a state of semi-cultivation. In further particularising the condition of this social consummation the author says:

"As to the marital relation, no absolute right in one human being to the person of another will be recognized, but the husband and wife will be authorized to separate whenever incompatibility of temper, or any other circumstance, may, in the estimation of the community, and according to its laws, render a dissolution of the compact desirable."

To the objection that under such regulations, marriages would be too frequently dissolved, he says, that this would not be the case for proper motives would govern, and the usage will be to abide by the contract of marriage.

We would suggest, in conclusion, that when this sublime society shall bless mankind there will be no need of military parade, and all the murderous parapharnalia of battle will be loathed by the human family. For neither war nor rumors of war will be heard in those days, and the people will look back to the present with amazement, astonished that man should meet his fellow in battle. The author ought to have divested himself of the present when passing spiritually through coming centuries to that Jubilee of Peace and Happiness on earth.

The same objection might be made to his views of the

marriage relation in that happy period; for then the male and female will not err in finding their own counterparts, and therefore, there will never occur any disagreement between husband and wife.

Art. XXIII.—TO A BELLE.

Thou of the Queenly brow,
Amid a train of parasites there standing,
One talking to thee—one a boquet handing,
Another gazing on thy form commanding;
Come, wander with me now,
From thy charmed circle and accustomed smile,
And let me rouse thy WOMAN-SOUL awhile!

Look 'round upon the world!
Is't not a glorious time to see its brightness—
The stars are out, and an auroral whiteness
Glistens along the north; the air is lightness,
The tree leaves are all furled,
And thou and I can listen now apart
To the great beatings of the Eternal heart!

What—doth its glory awe thee!
Has it so soon in silence steeped thy laughter?
Then shall my missive angel follow after,
And may the winds of holiest feeling waft her!
Lady, since first I saw thee,
My heart hath yearned to whisper in thine ear
A voice of truth—how unaccustomed there!

Dost thou know what thou art?
A jewel all immortal set in glory—
Radiant as Dian throned on mountains hoary—
Charming like Circe of the olden story—
To thee was given a heart—
A mind of brightness; wings to soar on high
And bless mankind with blessings of the sky!

What hast thou done with these?
Learned how to dress forsooth with choice election—
To smatter French that scarce will bear inspection—
To waltz and move with skill beyond correction;
And thou hast power to please
With graceful nods, and artificial smiles,
Smooth speeches, and a thousand petty wiles.

These bring thee thy reward!
A train of shallow, sensuous fools for lovers,
Whom thou dost scorn as each his suit discovers,
But still another band around thee hovers,
With pleading long and hard;
And thou art toasted as Queen among the graces,
And even talked of at the watering places!

And so thou liv'st thy life,
Without an object save what each day bringeth—
No fount of pleasure in thy bosom springeth—
No bird of beauty in thine ear aye singeth—
Nor is thy bosom rife
With happy thoughts that come from deeds of worth,
That fall like dew drops on the thirsty earth!

Lady, forget these things,
And turn to nobler themes for thine aspiring—
Let a true woman's soul be thy desiring—
A soul as noble as the spirits lyring
Their songs by heaven's clear springs;
Thyself its temple, in which all may see,
Through actions pure, th' in dwelling Deity!

Then there shall be, the form
Of a dear angel lent to human weakness,
To bless with gentlest smiles the couch of sickness,
To tread the path of right in graceful meekness,
The rainbow of the storm!
And thou shalt learn in perfect womanhood
The dignity and power of doing good!

Then, too, shalt thou be loved—
Not by mere shallow worldings; but the noble
Who shine in genius' gallaxy, and double
The smiles of Heaven to this world of trouble,
Will hold thee worthy proved;
And the high hearted will thy presence seek,
And in thine ear a grateful passion speak!

And thou wilt be the wife
Of one whom thou can'st prize o'er any other,
And thou shalt hold each brave companion brother,
And when his noble sons shall call thee mother,
Thou, in thy truer life,
Shalt by thy generous joys and transports tell
How vain a thing it was to be a Belle!

Art. XXIV.—I WAS IN PRISON.

CHAPTER I.

The Spirit needs no locality for it "wings the Infinite." But while it is manifested only by the aid of physical organs, the body must have a place, and there we must look for the unemancipated soul.

For the locus of our meditations, let us turn to one of our western streams that flows by the Capital of a youthful Commonwealth. Silently the clear waters glide along under the umbrage of the elm, the sycamore and the willow, that skirt the streams and reach over many a luxuriant branch to bound at the throbbing of the tranquil tide. The Scioto winds its way toward the genial South, now breasted on one side by a bank not high nor of steep ascent, and bounded on the other by a wide plain of Eden fertility, and now, as if repelled by the bank, moving off diagonally across the plain to seek companionship with the opposite hills leaving the fruitful garden of the valley on the other side.

At the section of the stream where we are now located, was a scene of singular beauty combining both the natural and the artificial. On the west the stately forest, held from the axe and the plow by the monopolising landlord, stretches far away in sombre and solemn grandeur, broken only in the perspective by here and there a mansion almost sheltered by the o'erbranching oaks. On the east to the southward lay the Capital City, rising elegantly over a gradual undulation of surface. While toward the north is seen the Prison House of the State towering grimly amid the gray turretted battlements that seem to have been constructed to guard some mighty and infernal power.

It was on an evening of May that Elmira Lawrence, who dwelt on the bank opposite the Capital, walked out to enjoy the coolness, the quietude and the spiritual geniality of the evening. A beautiful day was closing, the sun was taking leave of the domes and the spires on the other side of the river, the whippoorwill was already heard

from the forest's depth, and around, above and below, myriads of insects united in the solemn chorus, as if to commemorate the dying day. Such an evening suited, well the tone of Elmira's feelings and she failed not to enjoy it in a solitary walk along the brow of the bank with the valley, the river, the city and the varied landscape stretching out before her. Having passed along reflecting upon what was before her, and the associations connected with them until her soul was full of strong sentiments and gushing feelings, she paused, leaned against a Mulberry, and fixed her eyes upon a single object on the opposite bank. But a few moments elapsed before the intensity of feeling opened the fountains of her soul, and she stood a monument of truth, and beauty bathed in tears. She was in a state of complete abstractedness, and she made no movement but that of wiping away the warm and sacred drops as they coursed along her cheeks.

While Elmira thus stood as it were in the sanctuary of the spirit, a young man of graceful mein, pleasant appearance and not unknown to her, passed that way, and beholding her situation, halted and hesitated whether it were allowable to disturb her for the purpose of lessening her grief and administering consolation. He was touched by the singular beauty that seemed to adorn her at this above all other times, and deeply moved by her tearful sensibility. Slowly did he approach—now softly stepping and now halting as if he were walking upon holy and forbidden ground. He kept his gaze fastened upon the young woman and soon found himself reciprocating her tears by brushing them occasionally from his own countenance. After doubting and hesitating for many minutes, he ventured to advance with sufficient noise to warn her of his approach while at a respectful distance. As she started at the noise and rustling of his footfall he said with a winning voice and manner :—

" Pardon my intrusion—I would weep with thee. Why art thou sad amid all the loveliness around? What grief lies heavily at the heart that thou shouldst weep while every things seems so well calculated to make the spirit bound with delight and awake to joy our every sense?"

The maiden full of confidence from the frankness of man

ner and the echo her spirit voices thus seemed to meet, manifested no discomfort; and the character of her meditations was such as to need a reciprocating friend to whom they could be revealed for counsel and for strength. She had never before met one whose whole appearance indicated so fully an appreciation of her thoughts, feelings and emotions. She rarely found a sympathizing friend, and to be thus approached she felt the generosity of friendship and the congeniality of home. Unabashed and unembarrassed, therfore, she responded to the question so earnestly put; she pointed across the valley and in a tone of wonder accompanied by an expression of astonishment, replied:

"Dost thou see that huge structure begirt with those gray walls of massy rock?"

"Ah, and why art thou so sad in the prospect?"

"It is the prospect that makes me sad—it is the Prison where human beings are guarded by unpitying keepers armed with guns and bludgeons, as if they were ferocious beasts from the wilderness."

"Hast thou a near relative under the care of those keepers?"

"Ah, verily—there are five hundred of my near relations within those walls, robbed of every principle of manhood, whose only companions and bosom friends are those in whose presence they dare not breathe a generous feeling, and whose instruments of death call up sentiments that choke down every virtuous inclination!"

"Is this the cause of your tears that have flowed so freely?"

"Is it not enough, that such things should be in the face of the deep blue sky, in the presence of the sun, moon and stars, on the bosom of such a fruitful earth, surrounded by such charming scenery, and within hearing of the song of the free birds, the music of sportive insects, and the general joy of creation? Oh, sir, five hundred of those beings whose bodies are chained and whose spirits are crushed, should be enabled to enjoy all the fullness of the soul for which nature has made such ample provision?"

"But they are criminals—individuals so wicked as to be dangerous to the peace of society, the security of property and the safety of life. They must be punished, or *none*

would be able to enjoy the bounties of nature. It is, therefore, to preserve every beautiful prospect on earth from being converted into a black desert, that the Prison house is erected, and the violent confined with the strong arm of the law."

"If my principles were those of the world," replied she, "I would pity these unfortunates as little. But I know by an unerring knowledge that with every stone that composes those grim walls, is associated a falsehood—a lie destructive alike of the virtue of the free, as of the reformation of the convict. I know that other means of dealing with the erring are the true means, and that injustice of the deepest die is done to those upon whom the law thus lays a ruthless hand."

These announcements created some surprise in the young man, who, nevertheless knew what belonged to true gallantry, and did not press an argument further, both for the purpose of first satisfying himself concerning the position his fair companion of the evening occupied, and to gratify a feeling of reverence that her words and questions had excited, He, therefore, cut short the conversation on this point by silently acquiescing in her remarks, and saying that the subject was new to him and must be revolved in his own mind.

"It is growing late, she added, and I must retrace my steps."

"Shall I obtrude myself if I accompany you?"

"Not at all—I am not a strict observer of the arbitrary rules of a false society. While sustained by the consciousness of the rectitude of my intentions and conduct, I little regard what others may think or say in reference to me."

They filled up the time required to walk back to her residence by a desultory conversation. When they arrived at the gate, he desired to know if he could serve her on any occasion; to which she replied, that she would be pleased to attend Church at the Penitentiary on the next Sunday, and if he should be pleased to call for her, she would endeavor to appreciate his kindness. Here they separated —he to digest the thoughts he had heard, and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and she to meditate in silence and solitude the intuitions of her holy nature—in solitude I say, because those with whom she resided were

not of her spirit—could not understand her philosophy, and regarded her as somewhat disordered in mind, and one of those day-dreamers whose idle vaporings were worthy of no attention. For the same reason she had little or no society in that section, as well as for the reason that she despised the affectation and hollow-heartedness that prevailed, and because the great interests of humanity, so dear to her, were overlooked by those who have the power to save. An incongenial mind is of another species and a stranger.

CHAPTER H.

Junius Langdon, the young man introduced in the foregoing chapter, was of the best society, being connected with an important State functionary, and having means enough to pass him in the genteelest circle. But he was not, as the reader has already discovered, destitute of good mental qualities. His susceptibility of feeling has been tested, and his good intellectual inclinations will be conceded when the object of his visit across the valley is made known. He was a youthful devotee of science, and had come over to study the rock formation as developed in the quarry, and to gather the fosssil remains of animals, which lived in a former period of the earth's history, but long since became extinct, leaving their places in the future for more perfect beings occupying higher places in the climax of progress. Junius had gathered many fossils of which there are an abundance at this locality; among which the most interesting are varieties of the Strophomenœ, Orthis, Delthyceris, Orthoceras, Pleurotomaria, &c.

The formation is the Cliff Limestone of the Western Geologists. He had already made quite a collection of mineral and fossil specimens of this section of the country, and was in correspondence with several industrious collectors of other sections, with whom he exchanged duplicates of such as he had multiplied, for those which he could not otherwise readily procure. His taste for science had done much to ennoble his philosophy and exalt his thoughts. He was, therefore, above much of the light and frivolous that prevailed, and it is not a wonder that he so well ap-

preciated the character of Elmira on this their second meeting.

At the Chapel of the Penitentiary Church, service was held every Sunday morning by the convicts, who seemed to pay the strictest attention, and understood the impassioned if they did not the doctrinal portions of the sermon. They joined in the services of prayer and singing, making as good prayers and much better music than are usually had at Methodist Churches.

On Sunday, Junius accompanied Elmira to the Prison Chapel as per appointment. They were seated with a few other visitors in one corner, having a full view of the convicts as they entered in single file and took their seats under the direction of their keepers. It is to the Philanthropist an affecting sight to see human beings thus situated. All dressed in the dishonorable garb of the convict, and watched by men no better, perhaps, than they, carrying clubs and arms to guard those who are stripped, they feel as though all manhood were beaten out of their souls, and hang their heads in shame. Knowing that the world regards them with contempt and laughs at their misfortunes, they feel crushed in spirit, and their days are one continual brooding in despair and doubt, hesitating whether it were better to endure the world's scorn, to seek vengeance by rushing into deeper crimes, or to make their own quietus "with a bare bodkin." I say, it is an affecting sight to see so many individuals banished from society, and all the sympathies of mankind, with hopes blighted and every prospect of life darkened by the mastery in themselves and the people who misuse them. It is sad to see an immortal spirit thus choked to the very death, where a little kindness on the part of those who ought to be their brethren would have saved, yea, would now save them from the horror that yawns before them, and the misery that enclouds their minds.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Elmira was deeply affected by the spectacle, even beyond her power of control. She suppressed far as possible, all manifestation of feeling; but when the hymn was given out by the Chaplin, and the singing commenced by the convicts, who sung as one choir under the lead of one of their number who was an excellent singer. Such was the adaptation of the words to

their situation, that the strong feeling excited in the unfortunates was irresistable. The hymn was as follows:

Surrounded by a host of foes,
  Stormed by a host of foes within;
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
  Single against earth, hell and sin;
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

What though a thousand hosts engage,
  A thousand worlds my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
  And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

While singing this piece more than one of those victims were moved to tears, and Elmira more than all poured out the evidence of a sympathizing heart. She turned aside to give vent to her compassion, and was not able to collect herself until the Chaplin had advanced far into his discourse. One of the convicts who chanced to see her grief, and knowing the cause, bowed his head in a tearful consciousness, that one human being lived to understand the position of himself and fellow convicts, and to wish in her heart she might do them good instead of evil. This unfortunate was recognized by Elmira who saw in his clear, frank countenance the evidence of many noble sentiments and generous impulses. He was about twenty five years of age, of symmetrical form, elevated brow, black eyes, and a beautiful countenance, expressive of great benevolence and kindness. How such an individual came to that horrible place, where every happy impulse and virtuous feeling is choked by all that can stimulate resentment, offend pride and mortify self esteem, was a wonder to her. She intuitively saw him worthy the first place in society, and it seemed a human sacrifice, a victimization of an immortal spirit to chain such an one by day, close the iron bar upon by night, and all the time to think of him with scorn. Indeed, all the convicts she knew were worthy of different treatment, and if some exhibited more of the animal and less of the spiritual than are safe to society, it only proved them deficient in that

congenital inheritance and youthful culture which are most consonant with virtuous feeling, truthful thought, and noble action. For lack of these they are not blameable, and therefore, for their evil works they are not entirely responsible. Let every person have a good mental and physical constitution from their parents and all their educational rights discharged, before an attempt be made to estimate his blameworthiness. Through this philosophy she judged of the victims before her and consequently knew how to pity them.

The exercises of the morning closed and the prisoners were marched out as they came in, and formed into platoons of twenty or thirty individuals in as close order as they could stand, the one on the right leaning back against the rest and all pressing forward upon him, so that no one can break the rank without throwing the others down or so disconcerting them as to render a capture easy if a revolt be meditated. In this order all stepped together taking short steps, and thus they marched to their dinner of soup, corn bread and beef. Elmira saw this spectacle, the climax of humility and human persecution, and with a heavy heart said—

"It is enough—let us go. It is easy to kill the soul but who can make alive. Modes of punishment and engines of torture have been studied, but who ponders the means of regeneration and reformation?"

"Much that we have seen may seem cruel and unnecessary," replied Junius, "but judging of it we must consider the welfare of the mass of society. Our judgments may tell us to punish certain offences, to deter the base from violating the rights of life, liberty and property, while our more kindly feelings would incline us to forgive the offender. The judge must turn his face away from his sympathies, else the law will frequently be violated with impunity, and consequently lose its power."

"That law is a falsehood," said Elmira, "which demands a sacrifice of the holiest portion of our being. It is false that, "stern justice," is in conflict with the deepest compassion. There is justice for the convict as well as for society, and our sympathy if permitted to flow will meet it out to him also. Who is it that more strongly impresses the heart, the man of a stern intellectual aspect,

that demonstrates an act to be vicious by cold calculation of the injury, or he who takes his erring fellow by the hand, encourages him by gentle words and wins his esteem by kindness? Many cannot reason but all can feel. The avenue to the intellect may not be readily opened, but to the heart of the basest, there is more than one way of access, so that at one door or another an easy entrance can be had."

They conversed no more upon this subject at this time, but hastened on to the home of Miss Lawrence. The scene she had witnessed made a deep impression upon her mind, and the subject was constantly before her. How can this reform be carried out? she asked herself, and how can the views of the people in relation to this matter be changed? How can society be induced to treat man *as* a man, and thus appeal to his higher instead of his lower nature? She concluded that it was of no use to preach without practice, and that one example is worth a cord of sermons. While pondering this theme she sat down to write to a friend, but the first words she inscribed were "*A human spirit can be redeemed.*"

Quick as a flash she dropped her pen, started to her feet, and in an attitude of firmness, and with a tone of unchangeable resolve exclaimed! A HUMAN SPIRIT SHALL BE REDEEMED.

CHAPTER III.

On the following Sunday, also, Elmira and Mr. Langdon visited the Chapel of the Penitentiary. On this occasion she confirmed her previous impressions and learned the name of him whose appearance most forcibly struck her attention on the previous visit. She did not enquire his offence, neither did she care, well knowing that "to err is human," and that many crimes of the most injurious character and, therefore, of the deepest die, had no punishment declared. The name of the convict was Jurdon Lancey.

She had resolved to do what woman rarely deems it her duty to undertake unless in the case of a son, a husband

or a brother. She had determined to obtain a pardon for Jurdon.

On the next morning she presented before the Governor and obtaining a private audience, herself briefly made known her business.

"I have intruded upon your attention, sir, to ask at your hand, a pardon for a convict."

"A pardon for a convict!" exclaimed the Governor, "what can this mean? For whom do you ask a pardon?"

"Jurdon Lancey."

"Have you a petition signed by a large and respectable portion of those who have known him, and are willing to recommend him to Executive clemency, as well as to be surety for his future good conduct?"

"I have not. I do not know where his acquaintances live, neither do I know whether they would consent to his liberation. This I do know, said she, with a tone of conscious truth, he is infinitely above the chains that bind him, and I will guarantee his future good conduct."

"But how dare I liberate a convict unless I have the usual basis of the grant—a petition from the people?"

"Thou hast the power, trouble not in the exercise of that power. The people have given you the means of doing good in this case. Why ask of them permission to do the good?"

"How shall I know that it will be a benefit to liberate this man?"

"Trust that to me," replied she, in a manner that admitted of no more question on this point.

"But I am already blamed for using the pardoning power so frequently. The people say it costs them much time and expense to send the rascals here, and then to have them pardoned through the influence of some woman's tears, is too intolerable."

"Art thou a man? Let not the opinions or speech of others dissuade you from the discharge of a duty. Are you a Governor? Show the world that you can govern. As for woman's tears, I bring them not. I only ask you to look upon me and see if I can be trusted; if so, act accordingly—grant my request."

"Thou art not suppliant as those who crave Executive favor are won't to be."

"I know no suppliance, and on that fact you can rely."

"Have you known Mr. Lancey heretofore?"

"I never heard of him until long after his arrival at the Prison."

"If thou can'st endure a joke, I will suggest that you are perhaps impressed in a tender manner, in behalf of this convict—love is frequently known to work wonders."

"Dost thou mean to trifle with me in this matter? Thou should'st have known me better, ere this, than to think I can be put off with a joke. I came on serious business, and it must receive sober consideration. I have been informed from a power above us all, that A HUMAN SPIRIT CAN BE REDEEMED, and I have resolved that A HUMAN SPIRIT SHALL BE REDEEMED."

The Governor quailed beneath the withering glance of Elmira, as she uttered these words. She summoned a mental power; superior to rank, office, learning and ordinary endowments, and the Governor was compelled to change his tone.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, "for the liberty I took. I had appreciated the importance of your request."

"I only wish, sir, that my prayer might be granted as readily as I grant yours."

"I must consider this case. Give me three days and I will bring you my determination if you will inform me of your residence."

"I reside in the mansion across the valley, and my name is Miss Lawrence."

With this she took her leave, to wait the determination of the Governor. In the mean time he called upon the Warden of the Penitentiary and learned all the particulars of the case of Lancey. They were of the most aggravated character, and he feared the cry that might be raised against him, for prostituting the pardoning power, if he should exercise it in this case. But then he remembered the rebuke of Miss Lawrence, that if he was a man to disregard the power of others. He felt as if it were not right to grant a pardon in this case, and yet he felt that from the determined manner of Elmira a pardon would be procured. He did not prematurely decide the case, but called upon her at the end of the specified time. On entering and observing the usual civilities he said:—

"That is a hard case for which you plead."

"The harder the better," replied she, "the more powerful the example"

"But Mr. Lancey is now in the Penitentiary for the second time. He was first sentenced for robbing the mail, on the trial of which it appeared that he was the leader of a band of ruffians, who were more under his influence than their own; and he is now confined for the second crime known to our law, that of murder in the second degree. He has been pardoned once, but abused the Executive clemency, and has but just entered upon the term of his second sentence, being almost equivalent to imprisonment for life."

"Nothing that I can hear will change my views in relation to this matter, for I am assured by interior light, and must remain constant to my purpose. If he has only commenced his second term, so much the better—his spirit is not so crushed as it would be if his term had nearly expired. There is more hope of him now than there will be if he remain much longer."

"I shall be compelled, I see, to grant your request. Tomorrow I will send you the papers."

"I thank you Governor, for your good kindness in this, and permit me to assure you that you shall never regret the act. Moreover, let me say that your name will be pronounced with honor by multitudes who will know the result of your action this day." A HUMAN SPIRIT SHALL BE REDEEMED.

The Governor took his leave, and the next day his private Secretary delivered the pardon of Jurdon Lancey, under the Seal of the State, and every thing requisite for a liberation of the prisoner.

CHAPTER IV.

Elmira Lawrence was a woman of some eighteen summers, of fair complexion, liquid eyes that could at all times beam the tranquility or the fire of the soul, of features not altogether feminine nor masculine, but well marked and expressive. She was what almost every one would call a beauty, but it was that kind of beauty that those love who are charmed with an exalted soul, delineated in the ex-

ternal form. She was of wealthy parentage, had received a thorough education, and, as the reader has already observed, had been carried by the inate truthfulness of her own mind beyond the popular philosophy into that which is more divine and eternal. She had been living at her present place for some months with a distant relative, on account of the proximity to the seat of Government, that she might feel the pulsations of the national heart, and enjoy the privileges of the State Library. Her parents did not appreciate her mental qualities, and hence she could not have the advantage of such books as she desired at home. She, as before observed, found very few with whom she could join a single cord of sympathy, but the company of her own reflections, and of the authors whom she summoned to her presence in their works, were sufficiently varied to afford all the recreation she desired. Not being desired to assist in the domestic affairs of the household, she employed some portion of her time in cultivating flowers, many of which she transplanted from the native wilds, having gathered them while on one of her botanical rambles.

From the seclusion in which she confined herself, she did not meet the fashionable world, nor contract many male acquaintances who could appreciate her inclinations and habits—or if one was found to truly estimate her worth, he felt a kind of awe in her presence, and that familiarity would be intrusive. The ground on which she trod was holy, and the atmosphere about her pure. The most intimacy she had enjoyed with a gentleman was her recent interview with Junius Langdon, who had been attentive to her since his acquaintance, contracted as related in the first chapter.

But we must resume our narative. Elmira presented herself on the next morning at the gate of the prison, and of the one who opened the gate she enquired—

"Is Jurdon Lancey confined in this Prison?"

"He is,"

"Can I see and speak with him?"

"It is not permitted to visit one of the convicts in private,"

"Can I see the Warden?"

"I will call him."

It is remarkable that in the roughest society woman will always meet with civility. This man would have appeared differently if the visitor had been a man; but being a woman he was ready to afford all the privileges, and extend all the courtesies within the rules of the establishment. The Warden appearing, she said:—

"I have called to see, in private, a convict named Lancey."

"I am sorry to tell you that the order of the Prison will not permit you to see him."

"Not if I were his sister?"

"Not in such a case."

"Not if I were his mother?"

"Not even then."

"Not if I were his wife?"

"Not in that case either. Mr. Lancey is the most desperate case in the Prison, and no favor should be extended to such arch villains. He is the most dangerous man in the State, and must be shut out from all the world during the long period for which he is sentenced."

"Then I demand his release by virtue of these papers," said she, with an expression of abhorrence for such cruel regulations.

The Warden took the documents and started with surprise on beholding a pardon from the Executive Chief of the State. But there was his hand and official seal that could not be resisted.

"And tell him to call at the mansion to the right, across the valley," she continued, and bidding the Warden good morning, departed.

The pardon was carried to the Prisoner who was astounded on hearing it, and agitated by many conflicting thoughts that crowded upon him. His chains were unclenched, his change of dress and five dollars in money handed him, with a tone and bearing that would say, go but I expect you will soon be here again or led upon the scaffold. Lancey could not fairly interpret his meaning for he had long been accustomed to such treatment. He could only ask for the person to whom he was indebted for this favor, but received only the reply that a young woman presented the pardon at the gate and left in the direction of the mansion to the right across the valley.

Lancey was affected to tears of gratitude for the kindness, that a moment before seemed an impossibility. Bad as he was thought to be, there was something of goodness in him that might be developed. He hastily took leave of the Warden and his keepers with a countenance that might be interpreted, would that you were better men than you are, and understood the nature of a human spirit. He departed, and as the iron gate was closed upon him, he started under the thought of freedom, turned quickly toward the guard houses as if he expected more than one gun were leveled at him. Collecting himself and realizing the change he had made, he bowed his head in deep feeling, and in perplexed thought moved for the mysterious mansion where might be found the wonderful woman who had involved him in such a debt of gratitude.

On meeting Elmira and hearing from her own melodious voice that she was the woman whom he sought, he was choked with the gush of feeling that welled up from the heart, and in silence they shook hands. Lancey dashing the quick tears from his eyes, and in silence they sat musing upon the past in which they had been mutually concerned. He rested his head upon his arm supported by the back of his chair, and thus passed the most profitable moments of his whole life. Elmira looked mildly upon him as he sat there a monument of penitence full of inexpressible gratitude for the service she had rendered. She comprehended his feelings and saw that the antidote she had administered worked favorably and needed no aid. That silence was more eloquent than words. It was an effectual prayer to the source of all goodness for grace and sustenance. It was a man coming to the God of Truth for the New Birth. Elmira was there—and there the ministering angel to his soul whose sweet communings needed no words to transmit its feelings and emotions, its sympathies and inspirations. This was a true communion of spirit in which the strong succored the weak, and the penitent received strength and was moved to more noble resolution. For two hours they there sat in silence which was only broken by his footfall on departing. As he rose, he stole a glance at his angelic savior which was returned by a look beaming with hope and encouragement for the honest seeker of Truth and Beauty and Bliss. He left for the

day stronger in the power of virtue than he had ever been, and swearing upon the altar of his own soul to emulate that spirit that leads upward to the Good and the True.

Having just left the Penitentiary of course his purse was light, and he was compelled to obtain some employment to supply immediate demands. He was a shoemaker by trade and soon found enough to do. He toiled at the bench a large portion of his time, and readily obtained a competence.

The next day he called again upon Miss Lawrence, and was sufficiently composed to enquire the motive which had induced her to interfere in his behalf.

"A HUMAN SPIRIT MUST BE REDEEMED. The associations of Prison life are little calculated to facilitate a redemption. Guns and chains and clubs are poorly calculated to preach lessons of love to the soul. My mission is to show the world the mode of reformation for convicts as well as greater sinners who are not convicts. You are selected as one to aid me in this mission."

"I will go at thy bidding—whatsoever you wish I am ready to perform. I am, though young, the darkest of criminals, and I can bring to thy aid but the wreck of a spirit."

"The darker your crimes, the more glorious will be the example of your reformation. I would have you to study goodness for the future as diligently as you have studied evil in the past. Do this and you are safe."

"That seems a difficult study. The mass call such terms as truth, goodness, wisdom, virtue, love and so on, cant and insipid phrases, while blood, murder, villain, and all the terms that speak of vice and crime are full of freshness and attraction."

"Alas! this is the perversion of the age; men seem to loathe that which is good and spiritual, and to delight in dwelling upon all that is vile and woeful. If the tide of thought could be changed, if the higher faculties of our nature could assume the sovereignty, the reformation of mankind would be speedy. If thou art resolved to become like me a reformer whose duty it is to do good continually and never listen to the least temptation to evil, I will advise you now. In entering that profession you may be despised more than you ever have been; but this treat-

ment from the world is as the steel to the flint, in whose concussion light and heat that were before latent are now evolved."

"How can I become worthy of such a holy office?"

"Look to the model man—the man of Calvary who "went about doing good." Study the lives of the purest spirits of the past ages, such as Fenelon, Howard, and Penn, and fail not to notice the meekest, most benevolent and holy of living mortals. Imitate their examples as far as they are without fault. These will assist you in forming an ideal of Excellence far above them—a model yet unnattained which you can have constantly before you, and toward which you will be conscious of advancing if you frequently commune with your own spirit, and cultivate a quiet and warm disposition, so that angels can minister unto your spiritual wants. Study the nature of your mental and physical constitutions that you may know what constitutes perfect organizations, and what course will best conduce to general health. Study books of science that you may know something of the world in which you live. Cultivate an acquaintance with the poets and the artists, that you may appreciate the beautiful and the lovely. Toil for food, clothing, the means of mental culture and of doing good to others, and you will fulfill your mission."

These words excited the intense thought of Lancey, who bowed his head in meditation as though a new world had opened before him.

CHAPTER V.

It is rare that a crime or even an immorality is committed with deliberation. That is not always deliberation which the law construes as such. To deliberate we must have the uncontrolled use of all our faculties; for, as that would not be a valid law to which one of the essential branches of the law-making power did not assist, so that is not a deliberate act in the determination of which one or more of the intellectual or moral faculties that ought to be exercised in the case, was paralized. Immoralities may be committed because of the ig-

norance, the intellectual or moral dullness of the actor; in which case, the act, though wrong because of its injury is without moral character, as is the injurious act of a wild animal that acts from a blind instinct and without the exercise of moral faculties.

Few individuals are without their vice, because of some defect in their intellectual or moral natures, or because of their deficiency of knowledge in relation to right and wrong, virtue and vice. The clergyman in his pulpit, it may be objected, knows the immoral character of an act against which he is preaching and yet is in daily practice; to which it may be replied that the habit of committing the act has a stronger hold upon his propensities, than the moral force of his nature is able to resist. Should he add to this force he would reform the habit. In this case there is a weakness in certain of the deliberating faculties that forces us to acknowledge, that even the divine all robed in the christian mantle commits vices without deliberation.

We see here what is understood by temptation. It appeals to certain faculties, stimulutes them beyond the harmony essential to sanity, and to such a degree as to be beyond the restraining influence of other faculties. In this case a crime or an immorality is necessarily the result. Here we see what is meant by resisting temptation; it is a strife that is waged against the faculties urged to an excess which is wrong. When the conservative powers are weak, the strife will soon cease, and the agent be carried amid the giddiness and confusion of an irresistable infatuation. Acquisitiveness stimulated beyond the control of Conscientiousness will lead to theft, burglary, robbery, indeed, to any act that promises the gratification of the ruling power of the mind.

On these principles do we account for the wrong of human action, and for the singular phenomena frequently presented in the moral world. We are frequently astonished at the aberrations in the conduct of some of those whom we had regarded as moral models. We are often startled by the fall of one who was, in many respects, among the first of natures' own nobility. Such individuals will perhaps pass on blamelessly to the middle age of life, and then by a temptation stronger than he had ever

before encountered, be hurled from his moral elevation.

This thing of wrong doing then is the result of insanity —as truly so as are the incoherent babblings, reckless action and wild ravings of the madman. The difference is in degree only. Every mental unbalance is an insanity, and to make a maniac we have only to carry this mis-balance to the extreme.

Here, also, we behold the secret of moral reformation. If the powers that impel to goodness can be aroused to adequate resistance of evil, and on all occasions preserve their controlling force, the moral victory will be achieved. To reform a culprit whose perverted faculties seem to irresistably impel him to evil, we must make a stronger appeal to his interior soul than would be required in a less aggravated case. The appeal which Elmira Lawrence had made to the dormant spirit of Jurdon Lancey was one of the strongest that could be made to human nature. Without other motive than a desire to benefit her race, disconnecting herself, from the fashionable society that shrinks from the poor, unfortunate and miserable as from loathsome objects, and bearing the opposition and ridicule she would meet from the genteel of the world, she had procured the liberation of one unknown to her, who had just commenced a long term of Penitentiary service. Such an act was appreciated by him and the gratitude he felt, the reader has already imagined. The moral beauty that had thus been exhibited to him could not be vitiated, and he resolved to become a good man and consecrate his future life to the service of virtue, humanity and God.

But Lancey now stood upon slippery ground," for though he should for days and months feel renewed in spirit, and think himself planted securely upon the " rock of ages," yet should at a moment when he thinks himself the safest he might be the weakest. Such an individual leaves the watch-tower of the soul when he deems himself secure—the newly awakened faculties relapse, the chained devil breaks his fetters and assumes the supremacy.

On the following fourth of July, the great day for patriots, Lancey was abroad sharing the tone of the occasion. The drums were beating, the fifes playing, the flags flying, and the youthful were hurraing for liberty, freedom and independence. The old revolutionary soldiers, just ready to

leave the land for which they had fought, for their final bourne, were relating to the crowds gathered around the story of their trials, in the cause of freedom, the dangers they encountered, the hardships they endured, and the battles they fought in that memorable struggle. Lancey listened to these conversations and he felt his strong faculties once more aroused. His ambition that had been so outraged in youth, that he sought its gratification in leading a banditti of criminals, was again stimulated by what he heard and saw on this occasion. The false notions of personal independence and dignity that he once entertained were again awakened, and the pure feelings and noble thoughts that had been aroused within a few months past were almost forgotten.

Lancey had become somewhat notorious as an example of a woman's power in reforming the base, and wherever he went he encountered the malignant leers of the low, and the expressions of contempt pictured upon countenances that mirrored souls unworthier than his.

On such occasions the gaping multitude are always in search of something to engage their lower natures. As the excitement, increased they become more reckless until they were ready to victimize almost any one who might be repugnant to their base feelings. The side leers and contemptuous expressions that Lancey met began to be communicated in a more tangible form. As he passed, the harsh exclamation "there goes a convict" saluted him, and crowds would gather round to gaze upon so distinguished a personage. The plot continued to thicken until in the afternoon when the ordinary matters of interest had become exhausted, and the rabble grew warmer with exciting beverages, a man of decent garb and respectable appearance pointed to Lancey with exclamation, "there is the convict who is said to owe his liberty and reformation to the pretty woman that lives across the river!" Straightway the crowd hooted and followed after, taunting him with his crimes. He resisted the rising indignation of his nature until it was too much to endure, and he swore vengeance upon the man who had begun the insult and set on the multitude. The accusation of crime, of cowardice and the insults heaped upon himself, and the pure being who had guarded him for the past two months, he felt that he could

not brook. Anxious to try his spirit and under a pledge that he could get him again into crime, an individual fell in with him under friendly pretences, saying that he ought not to endure such abuse, and directing his attention to the man who had commenced the fray, he secretly placed into his hand a knife bidding him use it in case of necessity.

Lancey passed round to where his enemy was standing and suppressing his rage, enquired:

"Did you intend to insult me by the language you used a few moments since?"

"Insult *you*—you have not character enough to insult," was the heartless reply.

Infuriated beyond further control, Lancey sprang toward him and with a blow levelled his foe to the ground. Recovering his feet, and conscious of his physical power, he expected to chastise Lancey with a few blows, and the next moment the pardoned convict was prostrated. The crowd gathered round in great numbers to witness the fight, and stimulate the passions of the combatants. Lancey recovered himself and renewed the attack. Being bent more upon vengeance than the honor of what is called a fair victory, he bethought himself of the knife that had been presented to him, and drawing it hastily he was about to plunge the blade into the heart of his antagonist, when his arm was paralized by the voice of a woman crying, "hold," as she made her way through the crowd. Jurdon was not so nearly self-annihilated as not to recognize the voice of his guardian spirit. Quick as a flash she caught his arm and raising the weapon threw it far into the street. Taking him by the hand she said, "come this is a fatal spot for thee, there is too little quietude for thy too turbulent mind." Lancey glanced at the heavenly countenance of his preserver, and was mute with astonishment. A thought, and his holier nature was rallied, he felt condemned, and guilty not only of a disturbance of the peace and an attempt upon the life of a fellow, but above all, guilty of forgetfulness and ingratitude toward his liberator and benefactor. Imagine the feelings of a naturally noble mind under such circumstances! The silence of dumbness pervaded the gaping crowd over whom Elmira had cast a serene and holy influence. No hisses nor expression, of

contempt escaped a single lip—a power was upon them and they felt that it was no trifling thing to *redeem a human spirit.* They almost wished she could remain a brief space that they might adore her as the Queen of the virtues. But no, she had been sent to lead her ward from the precipice over which he was about to leap, and quickly moved away. The antagonist of Lancey soon recovered himself sufficiently to see his position and recognize the hand that had saved him. He also felt condemned for abusing the hitherto unoffending Lancey. He was not insensible of gratitude to Elmira and hastened on her track to thank her for her interposition. Approaching them he manifested the honesty of his repentance and said:

"Will you forgive me Mr. Lancey? I have deeply wronged you—I feel it and crave your pardon?" He brushed the big tear drops from his eyes, and Lancey replied:

"I have nothing to forgive. I should not have permitted a few idle words to so unman me. If, however, you desire me to pronounce the word forgive, I most cheerfully do and give you my hand as a token of future friendship."

"And this lady with you—how shall, I repay the debt of gratitude I owe thee? I owe my life to thy interposition, and what service can I render for such assistance?"

"I ask no service" she replied. "If I have served you I rejoice in it. If I have saved your life, all that I ask is that you hereafter prove that life to have been worth purchasing.

This was uttered with such sweet severity that it penetrated the heart of the heretofore too reckless man, and feeling not only their acutest penitence, but rising in spirit unto the pure influence of a higher sphere, he fell upon his knees before her exclaiming:

"Hear it ye powers that made the world and rule the universe, accept the offering of a broken spirit and record the consecration I now, in this holy presence, make to the service of truth and goodness. Hereafter I shall be resigned to thy will and obedient to thy commands. Assist me by thy grace, and bless her who has ministered to the spiritual wants of thy unfaithful servant, and forget not him whom I have so wronged by cruel speech. Sustain him in

every trial that he may also sustain thy suppliant in the pilgrimage he now commences."

"Amen"—escaped from their united voices, and from many of these who had quietly gathered around. They separated mutually blessed by the recent occurrences. The crowd silently dispersed to their several homes and Elmira was the imaged angel to their minds, and the theme of many tongues for days, and months, and years. The gossipping community ceased their slanders and gradually changed their scurrilous insinuations to praises.

Elmira did not chastise Lancey for his desertion of her and of virtue, because she knew his feelings were wrought up to their highest tension. She knew his weakness, and that the result had placed him upon higher ground than he ever occupied. They separated for their respective homes, he stronger than ever in virtue, and she fully persuaded that *a human spirit can be redeemed.*

The appearance of Elmira so opportunely was not merely accidental. It was not a remarkable coincidence, a lucky hit merely, but the result of more deliberation than might be imagined were the matter not thoroughly understood. She saw the future by reason of that mental illumination which is vouchsafed to the "pure in heart." Her intuitions, her presentiments, and the impressions from the world of spirits revealed her duty, and in obedience she wandered out on this day of danger to the being entrusted to her care, that she might be near to shield from danger.

Years passed, and Jurdon Lancey the convict, became Jurdon Lancey the honored and beloved. All delighted to pronounce his name—the rich because they could not withhold esteem, the poor because he had frequently given them substantial evidence of his sympathy, and the criminal because he appreciated their condition and had often ministered unto them. His life had been characterized by industry, sobriety and economy, and complete success had crowned all his efforts. He threw himself into all public enterprizes and contributed to them his unflagging energies. His relations with Elmira became more intimate than those of a friend and adviser, and their home was one the angels blessed, and Lancey was a living example of a REDEEMED HUMAN SPIRIT.

Art. XXV.—BATTLE FIELDS.

There are battles, fierce and many,
  By our valor to be fought,
And we want for soldiers any
  Who will fight as brave men ought;
Not with sword of glittering steel
  Laying waste the fruitful land,
But with truth upon their lips,
  And the Bible in their hand.

Half the world are shut in darkness
  In the prison-walls of death;
Blood is reeking on their garments—
  Pestilential is their breath;—
Let us march to give them freedom,
  The pure light of day to see---
Cast aside your carnal weapons!
  'Tis the Truth shall set them free!

Voices call upon us now,
  Out of war's abominations---
"Preach to us the saving truth,
  Preach a brotherhood of nations:
Earth has long enough been stained
  By its cain-commending slaughters"---
Who will fail to heed the call,
  And to bring the cleansing waters

Shall a man henceforth be found
  Spotted o'er with brother's blood?
Let him humbly turn to God
  For the purifying flood:
Gory laurel-wreaths the warrior
  In the deadly strife may earn,
Gnawing in like molten lava,
  On his shrinking brow shall burn.

Error's chains that long have held
  Earth in bondage dark and cold,
Fast are breaking, fast are falling,
  Now a single link doth hold---
Who will help to strike the blow
  That this straining link shall sever!
It shall be a joyous stroke
  That shall glad his heart forever.

While the western Ophir calls
  Thousands in its dross to share,
Let *us* search the human heart
  For the diamond hidden there:
What if scorn at first shall meet us?
  Love and hope shall urge us on---
None shall ever fail who battle
  With the weapons of St. John.

Let us quickly then prepare
  For the strife the needed shield:
Are we few?---then more's the need
  We should quickly take the field:
Full of faith and full of hope,
  Forth we'll go, a conquering band,
With the truth upon our lips
  And the Bible in our hand!

Art. XXIV.—OHIO, HER RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

Ohio is worthy an article.

1. Her population at the various periods at which her census was taken is as follows:

1800 - - - -	45,365.
1810 - - -	230,760.
1820 - - -	581,434.
1830 - - -	937,903.
1840 - -	1,519,467.

This shows an increase from 1820 to 1830, of 62½ per cent, and from 1830 to 1840 of the same amount. If we calculate the population for 1850 at the same per cent we shall have for 1850, 2,459,132.

There is no doubt that this is even below the true increase, for the population of her principal towns has increased more than 100 per cent during the past ten years

The population of Pennsylvania at the various census was as follows:

1790 - - -	434,373
1800 - - -	602,365
1810 - - -	810,091
1820 - - -	1,849,450
1830 - - -	1,348,233
1840 - - -	1,724,033

This shows an increase from 1820 to 1830 of 29 per cent, and from 1830 to 1848 of 28 per cent. If we calculate the same rate of increase for 1848 we shall have for 1850, 2,206,762. We thus see that Ohio has already superceded Pennsylvania, and stands second only to New York in this great confederacy.

The population of New York at her various census was as follows:

1790	340,120
1800	587,756
1810	959,049
1820	1,372,842
1830	1,918,608
1840	2,428,921

This shows an increase from 1820 to 1830 of 40 per cent and from 1830 to 1840 of a little more than 25 per cent. It will be liberal to calculate the increase of this State for 1850 at 25 per cent—we shall then have for 1850, 3,036,151.

As to population, therefore, the two great states of the Union, will stand thus:

New York	3,039,151.
Ohio	2,459,132.

2. The AREA of Ohio is 40,500 square miles, or 25,920,000 acres. Of this extent at least 25,000,000 acres are good agricultural land—a fact that tells greatly for her prospective wealth, because no equal extent of country on the surface of the earth can be found having so little waste land as Ohio. The number of acres assessed in 1848 is 23,667,056, which were valued at 261,774,490, being at the rate of $11 per acre.

To this we must add the value of Town lots $69,220,783 making $330,995,273 as the value of the real estate of Ohio. The personal property was assessed at $90,072,718 making an aggregate of $421,067,491 as the assesed wealth of this state for taxation. This is probably a little more than two-thirds the real value of the property of Ohio. Indeed it bears about their proportion of little more than one half in the estimate of the Commissioner of Patents in 1847. The assessment gives to each person $168 worth of property, or $840, to each family of five persons. But if we put the real value at $600,000,000 we shall then have

nearly $250, for each person, or $1,250, for each family. Mr. Seaman in his supplement to the Progress of Nations puts the wealth of Ohio in 1840 at $344,154,000 or $228 per head, or $1,140 to each family. The population of Ohio has become more stable and less floating; she will furnish double this amount to each person or family.

The AGRICULTURE of Ohio constitutes her gold mine. In 1840, according to the calculation of Mr. Seaman, the agricultural capital of Ohio was $223,266,000. In the Auditor's report for 1848 we find the assessed value of the agricultural lands to be $261,774,490. If we add to this the value of domestic animals, horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs amounting to $30,995,147, we shall have $292,-769,637. To this should be added the value of implements amounting to about ten per cent, which would give about $322,780,640, as the aggregate of agricultural capital. If Mr. Seaman's calculation be correct, we shall approximate now nearly the truth, by adding 62½ per cent to the estimate for 1840—this being the rate of increase of population. This gives $350,307,750.

The various kinds of agricultural property are as follows:

Lands, acres	23,667,056.	$ 261,774,490
Horses, number,	492,509	16,856,841
Mules, "	2,098	78,958
Cattle, "	983,822	9,729,929
Sheep, "	3,677 171	1,988,316
Hogs, "	1,879,689	2,341,106
Implements, value		30,000,000
Total		322,780,640

The above, with the exception of the implements, are the returns of cattle and horses, over two years old, of the assessors for 1848. All ages included would probably give the following table of Domestic Animals.

Horses, number,	700,000	$ 25,000,000
Mules, "	2,500	100,000
Cattle, "	2,000,000	16,000,000
Sheep, "	4,000,000	2,000,000
Hogs, "	2,000,000	2,500,000
Land		275,000,000
Implements,		30,000,000
Total,		$450,600,000

The following table of the annual agricultural productions of Ohio may be regarded as very nearly correct.

Horses and Mules,			$ 6,500,000
Cattle,			5,500,000
Sheep,			6,000,000
Hogs,			10,000,000
Poultry,			1,400,000
Wheat,	28,000,000	bush.	18,000,000
Barley,	350,000	"	200,000
Oats,	25,000,000	"	6,000,000
Rye,	1,500,000	"	750,000
Buckwheat,	1,400,000		500,000
Maize,	50,000,000		15,000,000
Potatoes,	10,000,000		2,500,000
Hay,	3,000,000		15,000,000
Hemp & Flax,	16,000	tons	650,000
Tobacco,	10,000,000	lbs.	500,000
Sugar,	5,000,000	"	300,000
Wood,	8,000,000	cords,	8,000,000
Dairy,			12,000,000
Orchards,			4,500,000
Home made goods,			5,000,000
Gardens,			2,000,000
Land cleared and fenced,			6,000,090
Total,			$126,300,000
No. engaged in Agriculture in 1848			500,000
Amount to each,			$252

We will now estimate the Agricultural capability of Ohio. We can set down the whole soil for cultivation, as there is plenty of fuel beneath the surface. We distribute the crops as follows:

	ACRES.	BUSHELS.	VALUE.
Wheat,	4,000,000	160,000,000	$ 28,000,000
Corn,	6000,000	480,000,000	180,000,000
Pasture,	6,000,000		100,000,000
Meadow,	6,000,000		60,000,000
Total,			$468,000,000

In this total, 8,000,000 acres are set down to wheat—4,000,000 to be under seed every year. As wheat is not grown only every alternate year, we have reconed 2,000,-

000 per year, of wheat ground with the pasture lands, because 4,000,000 acres of wheat land would be pasture and every alternate year. We have calculated 30 bushels of wheat and 80 bushels of corn as the yield per acre, because the day is not distant when agricultural improvement in Ohio will cause even more than these quantities to be produced.

4; In MINERAL resources, Ohio is not deficient. As to coal, she is abundantly supplied. About one half the area of the state is underlaid by coal, and 5,000 square miles by workable beds of this valuable mineral. "In many cases several successive beds of coal are superposed one over the other, with Sandstone iron ore, slate and limestone intervening. The coal beds are favorably situated for working as they are found in hills and ravines where they can be drained with little expense and without deep shafts and expensive machinery, like those of Europe, or some parts of our own country."* It is calculated that a bed six feet thick, covering an area of 5000 square miles is not an over estimate of our resources in this combustible." Every square mile, containing two yards in thickness of workable coal will yield about 6,000,000 tons, which is an abundant supply of fuel for all the people of this state, both for domestic and manufacturing purposes; and if we allow double this amount for prospective consumption, in consequence of increased population and manufactures, we have coal within a moderate depth, sufficient for consumption during 2500 years."*

"That portion of the coal measures of the valley, which is within this state, occupies a space of about 180 miles in length, by 80 in breadth, extending in a south westerly and north easterly direction along the border of the Ohio, from Trumbull County to the mouth of the Scioto. These immense fields will furnish fuel for a larger population than the soil of Ohio can support for ages; and when the surface beds are exhausted, much thicker ones will be found by sinking shafts to the depth of a few hundred feet, as all coal beds are thinner in their out-crop, or near the mar-

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* Mather's Report.

* Dr. Hildreth's Geological Report.

Mather's 2d. Report.

gins, than in the centre of the basin. Of these facts we have proof, not only from foreign fields, but from the disclosures made in boring coal walls in our own state."

"The coal formation of Ohio has its Western and Northern boundary along an irregular line drawn nearly east and west through the northern part of Trumbull County; then south easterly, across Portage County; east of Akron, across a small corner of Medina, to include about one quarter of Wayne, one half of Holmes, three fourths of Coshocton, near the nothwest corner of Muskingum; then south to a little east of Logan; thence south, southwest to Jackson, C. H. and to near the mouth of the little Scioto. The boundary continues thence south-westerly to the south of the south-forks of the Kentucky, and of the Cumberland river, and thence continues into Tennessee, beyond the line of which I have not traced it. From the point on the north, in Ohio, where I have indicated the line, the northern boundary sweeps onward to the eastward in Pennsylvania, to the Alleghany, thence southward, by Cumberland, in Maryland, on until it probably joins the line first traced in Tennessee or Alabama. This coal formation lies an area of about 50,000 square miles, and forms a part of at least six states."*

"The estimate of the coal of Ohio last year, was intentionally placed at the lowest calculation, viz: a vein, the thickness of six feet, in order that two exalted ideas of the amount of coal under our soil should not be entertained The investigations and the measurements of the past season, justify the conclusion, that in some of the counties there is a thickness of twenty to thirty feet of workable coal. In the before mentioned estimate, I showed that Ohio possesses coal enough for every contemplated increase of population and manufactures for twenty-five hundred years, we may now feel that there is not only sufficient for domestic use for any reasonable time, but to supply the country around the lakes, and throughout the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, for as long a time as it is proper to calculate."* The amount of coal in Muskingum County, is estimated a 349,712,000 cubic yards, a yard being nearly equal to a ton. The amount of coal in Hocking and Athens Counties

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Mather's Geological Report.

as estimated by Mr. Briggs, assistant geologist, is 3,000,000 tons. In Tuscarawas county there is 3,300,000 tons of coal.

The coal of Ohio is one of her richest elements of wealth —next perhaps to her agriculture. She will be able not only to supply herself for almost countless ages; but will make it a profitable item of exportation.

We will conclude this part of our paper, by noticing the receipts of coal at Cleveland by the Ohio canal for several years past.

1838	73,292	bushels
1839	134,881	"
1840	172,206	"
1841	478,370	"
1842	466,844	"
1843	387,834	"
1846	850,931	"
1847	1,212,8871	"
1848	1,925,451	"

The Iron ore of Ohio covers a very extensive portion of the State. In some places its bed is too thin to be worked with profit, and in others it is mixed up with too much siliceous matter to be readily worked in a furnace by the ordinary treatment.

A bed of this ore in Athens County, is two feet in thickness but has been only partially opened. Loraine and Scioto Counties abound in iron, and many furnaces are working it. The beds of ore are easy of access, and associated with materials necessary for its reduction, cannot fail to be immense sources of wealth. Most of the workable beds of ore are above the first workable bed of coal. The amount of workable iron ore in Muskingum County is estimated at 153,600,000 cubic yards, which, when smelted will yield about that number of tons in pigs. But we need not specify localities. Mr. Briggs closes his Report on iron ores by the following:

"A very low calculation of the amount of good iron ore in the region which has this season been explored, is equal to a solid, unbroken stratum, sixty miles in length, six miles in width, and three feet in thickness. A square mile of this layer—being equivalent in round numbers, to 3,000,000 cubic yards—when melted will yield as many tons of pig iron. This number multiplied

by the number of square miles in the stratum, will give 1,080,000,000 tons; which, from these counties alone will yield annually, for 2,700 years, 400,000 tons of iron—more than equal to the greatest amount made in England previous to the year 1829.

The counties referred to in this extract are Scioto, Loraine, Gallia, Athens, Hocking and Jackson. The iron ores of this portion of the State, are thought to be not only sufficient to supply all domestic demands for ages, but to form an important article of commerce with other states.

In mineral waters, the State is not deficient. These may not be considered very productive sources of wealth, but they are highly prized by many for their healthful properties. Col. Whittlesey in the topographical survey he made of various counties, reports an abundance of mineral springs—especially such as contain sulphur, as well as those which deposite the oxide of iron. Mr: Brigg's reports that in Crawford County, the mineral springs are among the most interesting objects of investigation. They are such as are most valuable for their medicinal properties. In this county are four large sulphur springs, one copious gas spring and several chalybeate springs. Near Zoar in Tuscarawas county, is a sulphur spring used by the community for medicinal purposes. Other sulphur and chaleybeate springs are in this county. In Ross, Green, Butler and other counties are also copious mineral springs.

Ohio also abounds in Salines and could if necessity required, manufacture her own salt. Dr. Hildreth reports that,—"portions of the valley of the Ohio, if not the whole of it, from its north eastern extremity to its western outlet may be said to be based on saliferous, or muriatiferous rocks affording an abundance of water highly charged with a muriate of soda." Near the Ohio river, the strata above the salt-bearing rocks are more than twelve hundred feet thickness so that borings must be carried to a great depth. The salt bearing rock is a white porous sand rock, having in some places a reddish appearance.

On the Muskingum, near McConnelsville, there are two distinct stratas of this rock, known as the upper and lower salt rocks. The distance between them is over four hundred feet. The upper one is about twenty five feet in thickness, and affords much less brine than the other.

lower rock is forty feet in thickness, and not only furnishes a stronger water, but also an unlimited quantity. Near the centre of Jackson county is one of the earliest known salt springs in the western country, and may rank with the "Big Bone," and "Blue Licks" in Kentucky. Fossil bones of the Mastadon and the Elephant have been found there at the depth of thirty feet imbedded in the mud and clay. Before the country was settled by the whites, it was visited by multitudes of buffalo or bisons, deer, bear, and all the forest animals, which, at certain seasons made the country most valuable hunting ground, for the Indians. The primitive inhabitants made salt here in great quantities as is known from some of the white captives and from the remains of their fires. Considerable salt was manufactured here from 1806 to 1808, when there were twenty furnaces in operation, making on an average from fifty to seventy bushels per week. At this time salt was worth $2,50 per bushel. No less than fifteen acts were passed in relation to the Scioto Salt Works, while under the contract of the State.

In Deleware county, salt-water was procured in 1817, from a boring of 200 feet in depth, of which 200 gallons made 50 pounds of salt.

J. W. Foster, one of the Assistant Geologists of the State, reported in '38, on the Salt of Muskingum county as follows:

"The salines of this county are probably the best in the State with the exception of those on the Hocking. No less than 50 wells have already been bored. Salt water can be obtained of a sufficient strength, and in sufficient quanties to justify the investment of a large capital. To show the strength of the diffierent salines in America, permit me to lay before you the following table, compiled with great care by Dr. Beck, of New York.

At	Nantucket,	350	gallons	yield	one	bushel.
"	Boons Lick, (Mo.)	450	"	"	"	"
"	Conemaugh, (Pa.)	300	"	"	"	"
"	Shawneetown, Ill.)	280	"	"	"	"
"	Scioto Licks, (O.)	213	"	"	"	"
"	Lockhart's, (Miss.)	180	"	"	"	"
"	Shawneetown, 2d.	123	"	"	"	"
"	St Catherines, W. C.	12	"	"	"	"
"	Zanesville,	95	"	"	"	"
"	Muskingun,	90	"	"	"	"

"	Kenawha, (Va.)	75	"	"	"	"
"	Grand River, (Ark.)	60	"	"	"	"
"	Onondagua, (N. Y.)	45	"	"	"	"

Thus it will be seen that the Muskingum Salines yield the greatest per cent of salt with the exception of Onandagua, Kenawha and Grand River. But when we take into consideration the greater facilities for its manufacture, which we possess, in the abundance of coal, we have every reason to believe that this branch of industry is yet in its infancy."

At this period the quantity of salt manufactured in this county was estimated at 100,000 bushels. Some of the wells produce 10,000 bushels per year.

The Hockhocking valley also abounds in salt. One well in Athens county produces 12,000 gallons in 24 hours sufficient to make 110,000 bushels per year. The brine yields 50 pounds to 75 gallons.

But we will not dwell upon the saline resources of the State, as they will not be made very productive as long as salt can be imported at a cheaper rate than it can be made at home. The day may come when they will be extremely valuable. They at least show that as far as this article is concerned Ohio can be independent of other States.

With the productions of the Quarry Ohio is well supplied. All the western half of the State, the Blue and Mountain Limestone furnishes the building materials needed from the quarry, of beautiful and desirable quality. In the South-eastern and eastern portions a good building material is derived from the sand-stone formation. Burr Stone is also abundant in the South-eastern part of the State.

We might here foot up the probable annual value of the mineral productions of Ohio for 1848.

Iron, - - - -	$2,000,000
Cool, - - - -	2,000,000
Salt, - - - -	100,000
Stone, - - - -	1,500,000
Total.	$5,600,000

5.—Commerce.

For 1840, Mr. Seaman calculated from the census the

annual production of the commerce of the State to be $12,238,382. If we add the rate at which population has increased, say 62½ per cent, we shall have $19,877,277 as the value for 1848.

The imports of Cincinnati, were as follows:

	1848.	1847.
Breadstuffs,	$ 1,339,348 71	$ 3,213,432 79
Provisions,	4,697,272 39	3,239,185 17
Dairy Products,	526,621 50	513,752 10
Fruits,	127 100 40	165,211 55
Naval Stores,	38,367 50	19,137 00
Sundry Produce,	294,574 90	287,227 50
Liquors,	1,588,679 60	1,915,041 10
Hides and Leather,	549,550 15	369,208 96
Metals,	1,457,074 20	1,578,893 25
Sundries,	1,984,620 80	1,852,092 37
Groceries,	3,263,040 20	2,934,300 50
Merchandise,	45,461,700 00	34,335,400 00
Lumber, &c.	1,456,219 75	1,296,677 00
Totals.	$ 62,784,276 11	$ 51,633,559 31
Increase.		$ 11,150,710 80

The exports for the same periods, were as follows:

Breadstuffs,	$ 1,037,420 70	$ 3,268,086 50
Provisions,	5,369,383 15	4,712,973 17
Live Stock,	115,964 25	434,102 01
Dairy Products,	374,663 58	175,202 00
Sundry Produce,	342,466 63	367,384 35
Liquors,	1,556,109 80	1,637,877 70
Metals,	658,936 40	343,026 59
Sundries,	53,585,768 63	44,085,897 04
Groceries,	1,053,509 25	686,919 00
Lumber, &c.	100,360 07	79,926 00
	$ 64,194,582 46	$ 56,791,394 27
Increase of Exports,		8,403,188 19
" Imports,		11,965,697 35
Total increase,		$ 20,368,885 54

Here we find an increase in one year of twenty per cent.

The Ship building of Cincinnati for the past three years is as follows, showing an increase of nearly 100 per cent in two years, or near 25 per cent during the past year.

	Number.	Tonnage.
In 1847–8	29	10,233 tons.
In 1646–7	32	8,268 "
In 1845–6	25	5,657 "

In one respect a difficulty attends a comparison of the commerce of 1848 with that of 1847. The foreign demand for Breadstuffs in 1847 drained our graneries, and consequently the export of these articles was much greater than in 1848.

At Cleveland the amount of Canal tolls collected

In 1848 was - - -	$ 80,510
In 1847 " - - -	66,963
Increase, - - -	$ 13,547

Here is an increase of over twenty per cent. The principle articles exported from this port for several years, were as follows:

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Wheat, bushels	1,367,383	2,788,513	1,585,270
Corn, "	421,147	1,381,291	662,162
Flour, barrels	340,000	644,913	466,429
Wool, lbs.	1,281,400	1,443,428	1,407,261

The foreign demand, as intimated above, having cleared our graneries in 1847, caused the exports of grain to be less in 1848 than they would have been had not the Irish starved for our bread. The table shows an increase from 1846 to 1848 inclusive, of about twenty per cent.

The exports of principle articles from Sandusky city for several years, were as follows:

	1844.	1846.	1847.
Wheat, bushels	487,211	843,746	1,818,574
Corn, "		59,467	312,265
Flour, barrels	36,277	51,855	133,066

But not to pursue this point we can safely put the commerce of Ohio at the annual value of $20,000,000.

6.—Manufactures.

Mr. Seaman calculated the annual value of the manufacturing industry of Ohio, in 1840, at $13,368,358. If to this we add 62½ per cent we shall have $22,723,583 as the value of this branch for 1849. But this is far below the truth. By the census of 1840, it appears that the manufactures of Cincinnati alone amount to the annual value of $14,541,842. Mr. Charles Cist has calculated in a work entitled "Cincinnati in 1841," their annual value to be $17,431,670. Now if we add to this 62½ per cent, we shall have $28,328,090 as the value of the manufacturers of Cincinnati for 1849. Cincinnati doubtless does more than one half the manufacturing of the whole State; but we are safe in putting the whole at $40,000,000 in 1849.

The resources of Ohio for manufacturing are unsurpassed. She has abundance of water power, her coal beds are unexhaustible, her agricultural productions are not surpassed in quantity, quality and cheapness, and the facilities of communication to and from the State are all that can be desired.

To conclude this paper we may say that Ohio is able to furnish all the means of the most comfortable life to all her people. There is nothing which is really desirable that she cannot supply in great profusion. If it be said that she lacks cotton, we may reply that her flax and hemp, would more than supply its place, being more healthy and durable. Indeed it is supposed that a recent invention by a citizen of Louisville, will enable us to make neater and much more valuable cloth from hemp than can be manufactured from cotton.

We will here sum up the productions of this State.

Agriculture,	$ 126,300,000
Mines,	5,600,000
Commerce,	20,000,000
Manufactures,	40,000,000
Fisheries,	200,000
Forest,	1,300,000
Total.	$ 193,400,000

Population,	- -	2,459,132
Amount per head,	- -	$78 00
" " family,	-	375

It is well here to remark that in dividing the agricultural products among their number engaged in that branch, we took the number of actual laborers excluding women and children. In dividing the whole produce of the State in the last instance we have taken for a division the whole population.

A word now in relation to what Ohio can do. She can produce $500,000,000 of agricultural products which will feed 20,000,000 of people. She can manufacture every thing her people may want, and therefore as many can inhabit her soil as her bread can feed. In this estimate we have not gone beyond that made for Great Britain and Ireland by a distinguished writer who stated that their 75,000,000 acres could sustain 60,000,000 of people. Ohio has one third this area, and we have assigned to her one third this number of people.

We can safely say that Ohio will double her population within twenty years, after which she will not double it again in less than thirty years, and again short of forty years. Her population will then stand thus in whole numbers.

1850 - - -	2,500,000
1870 - - - -	5,000,800
1900 - - -	10,000,000
1940 - - - -	20,000,000

Here we close our view of Ohio.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

DANIEL VAUGHAN, a schoolmaster of Kentucky, has published an account of some chemical experiments he has made, in reference to the influence of Heat, Light, and Electricity, on VEGETATION. The chief experiment and fundamental discovery of Mr. Vaughan is, *that carbonic acid may be decomposed by means of the evaporation of water at a low temperature.* This he proves by analogies drawn from nature, and by a very simple experiment. By impregnating water with carbonic acid, and allowing it to stand in the open air and sunlight, he finds that the carbonic acid in the water is gradually decomposed, and carbon, in the form of dark powder, is deposited on the bottom of the vessel. The carbonic acid, for this experiment, may be obtained by pouring hydrochloric acid on common limestone, or marble, which will yield the carbonic acid combined with the lime; or, it may be obtained from any fermenting substance—as yeast, sugar dissolved in water, sweetmeats, apples, grape juice, &c. The fermenting substance should be placed in a small vessel, and that set in a larger vessel of water; then, by inserting a bowl, or vessel, of intermediate size, over the former, the gas that is evolved will be confined and compelled to impregnate the water, before it escapes. In the course of a few days, the carbonic acid which has entered the water will be freely decomposed, except when it is sheltered from the light, and the carbon will be precipitated on the bottom of the vessel.

This decomposition is supposed to be occasioned by electricity. The water is a negative, and the vapor a positive electric; the

carbon goes to the negative pole, or water, and the oxygen goes to the positive pole, or vapor. Thus the water becomes surcharged with carbon, and precipitates it on the bottom of the vessel.

This simple experiment overthrows many prevalent notions. For instance, the purity of the atmosphere has been thought dependent upon vegetative action, which consumed the carbonic acid given off by respiration, fires, volcanoes, vegetable decay, putrifaction, &c.; but according to this experiment, the purification of the atmosphere is going on constantly, independent of vegetation. Whenever water is evaporated, carbonic acid is decomposed. This experiment teaches, also, that the earth owes much of its fertility to evaporation. Where there is a lack of moisture, there is comparative sterility. Where moisture is abundant, carbon is deposited, and in turn a deep bed of vegetable mould is formed, as the prairies of the west. Where there is excessive evaporation, as in the marshes, the carbon is deposited in an insoluble form, and beds of peat or bituminous coal are formed. Thus the theory of the vegetable origin of coal, is very much shaken, if not completely overthrown.

The difficulty here suggested, that the bottom of the great bodies of water ought, according to this theory, to be covered with a deep bed of vegetable mould, peat, or coal, is removed by the fact that pressure promotes the combination of carbon with oxygen, and thus the carbonaceous materials which fall to the bottom of the ocean, become reconverted into carbonic acid; and even the vegetable mould brought down by rivers, undergoes the same process at the bottom of the ocean, and is ultimately restored to the atmosphere.

Meteorological Statistics.—We are indebted, says the Scientific American, to Mr. John E. Randal, of Wayne Co., N. Y., for a valuable table in manuscript of his Meteorological Observations in that part of the country for 18 years, viz. from 1831 to 1849. There is a record of the amount of rain and snow which fell every month during that period, showing that Mr. Randal is not only a patient but an enthusiastic and careful observer. We should like to publish the whole table, but owing to the size of our columns, we could not do it justice; but we publish the fol-

lowing yearly fall of snow and rain, which will be of much interest to many:

1831.	Snow	11	feet	6	inches.	Rain	1	foot	10	inches.
1832.	"	10	"	4	"	"	1	"	0	"
1833.	"	9	"	8	"	"	1	"	8	"
1834.	"	5	"	10	"	"	2	"	0	"
1835.	"	10	"	0	"	"	2	"	2	"
1836.	"	9	"	11	"	"	1	"	3	"
1837.	"	8	"	6	"	"	2	"	0	"
1838.	"	8	"	9	"	"	2	"	3	"
1839.	"	8	"	4	"	"	2	"	3	"
1840.	"	8	"	0	"	"	2	"	5	"
1841.	"	10	"	5	"	"	2	"	5	"
1842.	"	8	"	8	"	"	3	"	0	"
1843.	"	7	"	6	"	"	2	"	0	"
1844.	"	9	"	0	"	"	1	"	4	"
1845.	"	8	"	5	"	"	2	"	0	"
1846.	"	8	"	10	"	"	2	"	8	"
1847.	"	8	"	3	"	"	2	"	10	"
1848.	"	6	"	11	"	"	1	"	11	"
	Snow	161	feet	9	inches.	Rain	37	feet	9	inches.

The total includes the fractions of an inch which were registered, but not in our table—and the whole table shows, as far as it respects the fall of snow and rain, that there is no perceptible change created by improvements in agriculture, or other causes, during the past 18 years. We have heard many observations made in regard to the winter seasons being more mild now than they were some 20 years ago. This table throws some doubt over these opinions;—plain facts are indisputable.

Magnetic Stone.—A brown stone, in no respect presenting any thing by which it can be distinguished from other rude stones around it, is found, upon examination, to possess the power of drawing light particles of iron towards it. If this stone be placed upon a table, and iron filings are thrown lightly around it, we discover that these filings arrange themselves in symmetric curves, proceeding from some one point of the mass to some other; and upon examining this, we find that the iron which has once clung to one point, will be rejected by the other. If this stone be freely suspended, we shall learn also that it always comes to rest in a certain position—this position being determined by these points and some attractive force residing in the earth itself. These points we call its poles; and it is now established that this stone is but a weak representative of our planet. Both are mag-

netic; both are so in virtue of the circulation of currents of electricity, or of lines of magnetic force, as are seen in the curves formed by the iron dust, and the north pole of the one attracts the south pole of the other, and the contrary. The stone is partly composed of an oxide of iron, to which it owes its color.

Longevity of the Damask Rose.—There is a rose-bush flourishing at the residence of A. Murray McIlvaine, near Bristol, Pa., known to be more than a hundred years old. In the year 1742, there was a kitchen built, which encroached on the corner of the garden, and the mason laid the corner stone with great care, saying, "it was a pity to destroy so pretty a bush." Since then it has never failed to produce a profusion of roses, shedding around it the most delicious of all perfumes. Sometimes it has climbed for years over the second story windows, and then declined by degrees to the ordinary height. The fifth generation is now regaled with its sweets. Not far from this venerable bush is a tree, of the same age, now measuring 35 feet in circumference—a buttonwood.

Light.—It has been demonstrated that light is about eight minutes in moving across one half of the earth's orbit; consequently it moves at the astonishing rate of 200,000 miles in a second. Therefore, if each of its particles weighed the thousandth part of a grain, its force would be greater than that of a bullet discharged from a musket. Were it even the millionth part of a grain in weight, it would destroy every thing against which it should strike. If it even weighed the millionth part of that, it would still have a very sensible force. But how much less must be a particle of light, which makes no sensible impression upon so delicate an organ as the eye! We are certain, then, that no particle of light can weigh 1,000,000,000,000 part of a grain! It may be remarked, that light leaves the body of the sun with a velocity equalled only by the extent of its journey. It goes from planet to planet, from sun to sun, distributing colors, illuminating and enlivening all nature.

Interesting Geological Fact.—Professor Aggassiz, in a recent lecture, stated an interesting fact, in connection with his remarks upon the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.—viz. that no fossils belonging to this family have ever been dis-

covered by geologists. This is regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man.

Collodion for Wounds.—Finely powdered nitrate of potash, 40 parts by weight; concentrated sulphuric acid, 60; carded cotton, 2. Mix the nitre with the sulphuric acid in a porcelain vessel, then add the cotton, and agitate the mass for three minutes by the aid of two glass rods. Wash the cotton, without first pressing it. in a large quantity of water; and, when all acidity is removed, (indicated by litmus paper,) press it firmly in a cloth. Pull it out into a loose mass, and dry it in a stove at a moderate heat.

The compound thus obtained is not pure fulminating cotton. It always retains a small quantity of sulphuric acid, is less inflammable than gun cotton, and it leaves a carbonaceous residue after explosion. It has, however, in a remarkable degree, the property of solubility in ether, especially when mixed with a little alcohol; and it forms therewith a very adhesive solution, to which the name of Collodion has been applied.

The collodion is prepared as follows:

Prepared cotton, - - - - -	8	parts by weight.
Rectified sulphuric ether, - - -	125	" "
Rectified alcohol, - - - - -	8	" "

Put the cotton with the ether into a well stopped bottle, and shake the mixture for some minutes. Then add the alcohol by degrees, and continue to shake until the whole liquid acquires a syrup-like consistency. It may then be passed through a cloth, the residue strongly pressed, and the liquid kept in a well secured bottle.

Collodion thus prepared, possesses remarkably adhesive properties. A piece of linen or cotton cloth covered with it, and made to adhere by evaporation in the palm of the hand, will support after a few minutes, without giving way, a weight of from 20 to 30 pounds. Its adhesive power is so great, that the cloth will commonly tear before it gives way. The collodion cannot be regarded as a perfect solution of cotton. It contains, suspended and floating in it, a quantity of the vegetable fibre which has escaped the solvent properties of the ether. The liquid portion may be separated from these fibres by a filter, but it is doubtful whether this is an advantage. In the evaporation of the liquid, these undissolved fibres, by felting with each other, appear to give a greater degree of tenacity and resistance to the dried mass.

In the preparation of collodion, it is indispensable to avoid the presence of water, as this renders it less adhesive; hence the

ether, as well as the alcohol, should be pure and rectified. The parts to which the collodion is applied, should be first thoroughly dried, and no water allowed to come in contact with them, until the ether is evaporated.

This is the famous substance now used for dressing wounds.

Manufacturing Profits at the South.—The Augusta Manufacturing Company have declared a dividend of 3 per cent. for the last three months, which is at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. The Augusta Chronicle says: This result is the most remarkable when it is borne in mind, that during this time only one hundred and sixty looms have been in operation. The fall complement, with the present capital, would be two hundred looms. When the additional capital of forty thousand dollars, subscribed by the original stockholders, is paid in, the number of looms will be increased to three hundred and twenty-five. Some idea may thus be formed of the future business and profits of the Company.

We will not prolong our Summary, because we have an excellent scientific article in the body of this number.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

SANITARY SURVEYS: *House Documents, No. 66.—The Report of the Joint Special Committee, in the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on a Sanitary Survey of the State.*

We call attention to this document, for the double purpose of appropriating some facts it embodies, and of invoking public consideration to the importance of investigating the laws of health. Human life has been greatly protected by the scientific discoveries of the past century; but vast improvements can yet be made in the condition of the mass of the people, as to that essential prerequisite of happiness, Health.

The difference in the comparative longevity of the poor and those in independent circumstances, is startling, and should induce every philanthropist to inquire into the causes of oppression, and resolve upon their removal. For instance, in Dorchester, during more than a quarter of a century, the duration of life among the poor was twenty-seven years and five months, while that of the prosperous farmers was forty-five years and eight months. In Boston, the average age of those who were buried in the Catholic cemetery, was only thirteen years, five months, and nine days; while that of all who died in the city, was twenty-two years, eight months, and nineteen days. In some towns the more favored classes enjoy a length of life 66 per cent. greater than that of the poor; and while less than 13 per cent. of the children of affluence die under two years, more than 32 per cent. of the children of the poor die within the same period of infancy. The difference is still greater in England, the facts of which we shall give in an article for a future number of the Review.

There is found to be a great difference as to various localities. For instance, the average duration of life in Franklin county is thirty-eight years, ten months, and twenty-four days, while in

Middlesex it is only twenty-eight years, two months, and twenty-two days.

There is also a vast difference as to the city and country. The report of births, deaths, and marriages of England, for 1838 and 1839, shows the following:

	Population.	Inhabitants to square mile.	Deaths annually.
Country districts, - -	3,559,323	206	1 to 54.
City districts, - -	3,769,002	5,045	1 " 38.

In another report it is stated that for every hundred that died in the country districts, one hundred and forty died in the city districts. In the country, 20 per cent., and in the city, 9 per cent., survived their 70th year. The report of the Health Commissioner for 1844, shows that in some cities the population is denser than 5,045 to the square mile. Leeds has 87,000, Manchester 100,000, and Liverpool has 138,222, on each square mile of their respective builded areas; and the frequency of deaths corresponds to the density of the population, thus:

In Leeds	it was	1 to	36.
" Manchester	" "	1 "	29.
" Liverpool	" "	1 "	28.

In the same city this difference is seen. Thus, in Liverpool, the mortality is as one to 41 inhabitants in the best, and one to 23 in the worst wards. Still another more startling fact is given. One district in Liverpool contains 49,000 square yards, and 7,938 inhabitants, giving a ratio of 657,963 to the geographical square mile! In one part of this district one-tenth, and in another one-seventh of all the inhabitants, were annually attacked with fever.

Is it not important, then, that attention should be given to the promotion of the public health and the prolongation of human life, until God has done with us here, and calls us home according to His law of spiritual progress and physical dissolution? It were better that fewer come into the world, and be enabled to lead a happy life until Nature demands the change of place from the material to the spiritual, than that so many should be born to lead a miserable life, and prematurely die—half developed, half fitted for the change of state.

A LECTURE ON AFRICAN COLONIZATION, *delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives of Ohio. By* DAVID CHRISTY, *Agent of the American Colonization Society.*

This is a lecture of fifty-six octavo pages, embodying a large mass of facts on the subject of the slave trade and the Liberia Colonization. We take it up for the purpose of clipping its facts. It is needless to say that the lecture is an exceedingly able one, uniting great labor and care in its production.

The following table is taken from Parliamentary documents:

Dates.	Annual average number exposed.	Average casualties during the voyage. *Per Ct.*	*Amount.*
1798 to 1805	85,000	14	12,000
1805 to 1810	85,000	14	12,000
1810 to 1815	93,000	14	13,000
1815 to 1817	106,000	25	26,600
1817 to 1819	106,000	25	26,600
1819 to 1825	103,000	25	25,800
1825 to 1830	125,000	25	31,000
1830 to 1835	78,500	25	19,600
1835 to 1840	135,800	25	33,900
1840	64,114	25	16,068
1841	43,097	25	11,274
1842	28,400	25	7,100
1843	55,062	25	13,765
1844	54,102	25	13,525
1845	36,758	25	9,189
1846	76,117	25	19,029
1847	84,356	25	21,089

This enormous increase of the slave trade, it must be remembered, had taken place during the period of vigorous efforts for its suppression. England, alone, according to McQueen, had expended for this object, up to 1842, in the employment of a naval force on the coast of Africa, the sum of $88,888,888, and he estimated the annual expenditure at that time at $2,500,000. But it has been increased since that period to $3,000,000 a year, making the total expenditure of Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade, at the close of 1848, more than *one hundred millions of dollars!* France and the United States have also expended a large amount for this object.

Table showing the number of the Free Colored Population of the United States.

YEARS.	1790	1800	1810	1820	1830	1840
Total number	59,466	108,398	186,446	238,197	319,499	386,235
Actual increase		48,932	78,048	51,751	81,402	66,636
Increase per ct. per annum		8.22+	7.20+	2.77+	3.41+	2.08+

Table exhibiting the number of Slaves in the Free States from 1790 to 1840.

YEARS.	1790	1800	1810	1820	1830	1840
Total number	40,212	35,803	27,181	18,001	2,774	764
Actual decrease		4,409	8,622	9,180	15,227	2,010
Decrease per ct. per annum		1.23+	3.17+	5.04+	18.88+	26.30+

Rate per cent. per annum of increase of Population of the United States.

Years.	Whites.	Free colored.	Slaves.	Free colored and Slaves.	All combined.
1790 to 1800 - -	3.56	8.22	2.79	3.22	3.50
1800 to 1810 - -	3.61	7.20	3.34	3.75	3.64
1810 to 1820 - -	3.43	2.77	2.95	2.93	3.33
1820 to 1830 - -	3.38	3.41	3.01	3.06	3.32
1830 to 1840 - -	3.46	2.08	2.32	2.33	3.26
Average - -	3.48	4.73	2.88	3.06	3.41

We find the following statement in relation to the number of slaves in the United States at an earlier period, in a religious periodical. At the time of the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, the whole number of slaves was estimated at 500,000, viz.

Massachusetts, - -	3,500	Maryland, - - -	80,000
Rhode Island, - - -	4,373	Virginia, - - - -	16,500
Connecticut, - - -	6,000	North Carolina, -	75,000
New Hampshire, - -	629	South Carolina, -	110,000
New York, - - -	15,000	Georgia, - - - -	16,000
New Jersey, - - -	7,600		
Pennsylvania, - -	10,000	Total, - - - -	502,133
Delaware, - - - -	9,000		

The number of slaves that have been emancipated during various periods, is as follows:

1790 to 1800	emancipations were	- - - -	37,042
1800 to 1810	" "	- - - -	56,414

1810 to 1820	emancipations were	- - - -	14,471
1820 to 1830	" "	- - - -	33,772
1830 to 1840	" "	- - - -	000

By a law of New York 10,000 slaves were emancipated in one day, in 1827, thus decreasing the number of slaves, and increasing the free colored, as stated in this table.

The following table shows the number of free people of color in each of the twenty-four principal States:

Maine,	1,355	Pennsylvania,	47,854	Tennessee,	5,524
N. Hampshire,	537	Ohio,	17,342	North Carolina,	22,732
Massachusetts,	8,669	Indiana,	7,165	South Carolina,	8,276
Rhode Island,	2,238	Illinois,	3,598	Georgia,	2,753
Connecticut,	8,105	Delaware,	16,919	Mississippi,	1,366
Vermont,	730	Maryland,	62,020	Missouri,	1,574
New York,	50,027	Virginia,	49,842	Alabama,	2,039
New Jersey,	21,044	Kentucky,	7,317	Louisiana,	25,505

The rapid increase of our slave population is beginning to alarm the stoutest advocates of the perpetuation of slavery. With their uniform ratio of increase continued, which, it will be remembered, is *three per cent. per annum*, in 50 years, from 1850, the slave population of the United States will number 12,000,000, with an annual increase of 360,000. In 100 years hence, they will have increased to 44,500,000, with an annual increase of 1,300,000. And in 150 years their numbers will be 165,000,000, and the yearly increase 5,000,000.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—*A Quarterly Miscellany. Vol. III., No.* 1. *January*, 1849. *Philadelphia*, G. B. ZEIBER, *Agent.*

The leading article of this throbbing Quarterly, is by Horace Greely, entitled "The Pilgrimage to Manhood." The author lays hold of the strong points in Human Nature, and forcibly sets forth the prerequisites to true manhood. He explodes many erroneous views, among which is the puerile notion that the learning of the schools—a regular diploma—is essential to the triumph of Genius. On touching this subject, we are reminded of the forcible remark of the Lynn Pioneer, in a recent article on the study of the dead languages:

"A Washington in statesmanship, a Napoleon in arms, a Franklin in philosophy, a Marshall in jurisprudence, a Fielding in romance, a Henry in eloquence, and "one Will Shakspeare" in poetry, demonstrate the possibility of some considerable success

in the highest departments of mental exertion, with the smallest possible knowledge of the defunct tongues of those old Greeks and Romans. * * * Dr. Spurzheim, who sometimes wrote in Latin, as well as lectured in three or four of the living languages, complained, when examined for admission into the London College of Surgeons, of being asked if he knew Latin. He thought it enough if he were acquainted with the science he proposed to practice, and remarked, that he anticipated no occasion for talking to his patients in Latin. The acquisition of one new idea is of more value than that of twenty new names for an old one. There was wisdom, therefore, in the reply which Dr. Franklin is said to have made, when asked why he did not study the classics. He found his own language adequate to the expression of all the ideas he had, and chose to occupy his time in teaching those, and learning new ones."

Mr. L. M. Knowlton contributes a sprightly poem, entitled the "Snow King."

The next article is by William Henry Channing, on "The Christian Church and Social Reform." The author follows the Church through its various eras, and concludes that the fifth era into which we have entered, is that of *Co-operation.* The spirit of the paper is that of Association—its philosophy that of Fourier. The following reference is made to *Communism:*

"In the State arises the cry of *Communism.* What means it? Not plunder, not murder, not arson, or rapine. No, O trembling brothers! it is the memory of your own selfishness, which haunts you now with fears of violence. The masses are not mad: they are only so eager in pursuit of an indispensable end, that they break down the palings of your trim gardens, and tread upon your flower-beds, quite unawares. Their meaning is simply this, that wealth is wrung out of the hands of workers; and that earth is the realm of the evil one, if it is actually necessary, that the growers and gatherers of corn should starve, and the weavers of cotton and wool freeze, and the builders of all homes be houseless. And, before Heaven, are they not right? Yet, doubtless, there is this error in their logic,—which makes pale the cheek of the proprietor,—that they forget how much faster labor, in the shape of material and machinery, facilitates their present toil, and therefore do not estimate fairly the share of profits which capital may justly claim."

Will the author estimate the profits which capital may justly claim beyond the wear and tear?

S. D. Anderson contributes a stirring "Song of Toil," beginning—

"Toilers, see, the day is breaking,
Man, from chains and bondage waking,
Off the badge of slavery shaking,
Will be free.
Look and see yon flag unfurled;
Give this watchword to the world:
Despots to the earth be hurled!—
On for liberty.
'Up and at them,' ever onward,
Keep your hearts and purpose sunward."

Cora Montgomery contributes "Our Late War with Mexico," and argues that it was unjustly commenced, dishonorably prosecuted, and unsatisfactorily concluded. C. Chauncy Burr, the editor, contributes "A Hymn to Beauty," and "Men of Genius;" Carlos D. Stuart contributes "Shelley, the Democrat," and "The Poor Man's Hymn;" George Lippard, "The Iron Door;" Theophilus Fisk, "Abuses in the Navy;" Thos. Dorsy McGee, "The Five Irish Felons," illustrated with portraits; Henry Reeve translates from the German "The Hours of Life, and the Hour of Death;" and R. W. Brown contributes the "Song of the Hand." To show the style of the editor, we will quote a paragraph from his "Men of Genius:"—

"And yet, if we are to believe the newspapers, and to respect the estimate which each and every man puts upon himself, there is, after all, really no such thing as a *great man.* But we are all of us only very convenient and plastic earth, formed and made up of *circumstances*, into the various shapes, grave or fantastic, in which we find ourselves existing. So every man would be a genius ready made, if the *circumstances* were but polite enough to come that way and draw him out of the present slough of despond. This appears to be the popular doctrine. And so every simpering lover, and, it may be, every goated dandy, whose heart thumps his ribs at the sight of some beautiful girl, conscious that the *circumstances* have come at length to wait upon his genius, and forthwith he falls to writing sonnets on alabaster necks and snowy bosoms. And does this account for the poetry of the magazines and newspapers? Alas, our country is getting to be crowded most uncomfortably full of genius. And, as if it

were not enough that every timid tape-and-bobbin measurer in the land is a regular genius, after the order of Melchisedec, we still hear marvelous accounts of the vast amount of undeveloped genius in our borders."

THE WESTERN LANCET *and Hospital Reporter. Edited by* L. M. LAWSON, M. D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics and General Pathology, in the Medical College of Ohio; and* JOHN P. HARRISON, M. D., *Professor of Theory and Practice in the Medical College of Ohio. February,* 1849. *Cincinnati:* E. PENROSE JONES.

We feel called upon to speak particularly of the editors of this work. Dr. Lawson is a man of rare acquirements and industry in his profession, and discharges his duties as Professor and Editor with dignity and ability. But we cannot say this of Dr. Harrison. He is the best specimen of a Literary Quack we know. He is destitute of all decorum as a man of science, and his recent connection with the Lancet has injured it. For instance, there is an article in the January number, on "Medical Reform," which would do honor to the most scurrilous sheet of the land. It is the lowest species of ribaldry. Dr. Harrison is a decided Bombastes Furioso in defending the Regular Profession, as instance the following, from an address of his delivered a year or two since, on the necessity of unity in the profession:

"The *manifested unity* of the profession is not a trivial concern in this day of hydra-headed empiricism,—this laudible manifestation of oneness among us can be, in no mode, more luminously evinced than in our spontaneous aggregation, under the law of an elective affinity, which receives its primary force of action, from the impellent movement of a magnetism, which is neither animal nor terrestial, but sciential. Our pole star is truth; the compass we steer by is benevolence to man; and the chart which lies before us is the knowledge of man's physical frame, in its varying modes of health and sickness; in its gradual growth from the intra-uterine punctum saliens to its more advanced condition of joyous activity in youth, its matured energy in manhood, and its declining powers as years accumulate, to the decadence, and final extinction of all its phenomena in complete senescence. Our noble ship is well timbered, for already she has rode the rude surges for more than two thousand years;—she

is tightly rigged; her sails are open to the favoring breeze, and all things are ready for a prosperous voyage. Shall not all hands be aboard;—shall there be any mutiny in her crew, or want of intelligence in her officers,—that will frustrate her destination, or subject her to piratical marauders?"

The author of this beautiful extract is Dean of the Faculty of the Ohio Medical College. The following passage is from his valedictory address to the graduating class of the last session:

"The same sun that quickens into beauty and usefulness the foliage, and flowers, and fruitage of the earth that delight the eye, and please the palate, and nourish the body, imparts virulence to the lurid plants which prove inimical to the life, as well as nauseous to the taste of man. Thus whilst the vivifying beams of popular freedom have nourished into life the fair and useful results of legitimate medicine, they have animated into disastrous being the vile offspring of a crude system of medication.

> "So when the Jewish leader stretched his arm,
> And waved his rod divine, a race obscure,
> Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth;
> The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook,
> Nor halls of legislation 'scaped,
> And the land stank, so numerous was the fry.

"Let us with earnestness, as a profession, oppose these abominable imitations of true science; these spurious, ill-concocted, misshapen, abortive schemes of practice, which conceived in ignorance or wrong-headedness, brought forth in impudence or strong-headedness, dry-fed by vanity, or light-headedness, and distended by the fumes of a fitful, popular breath, are strutting and vaporing in professional apishness, as if truth smiled on their impostures, and science claimed their trickeries and shallow devices, tattered and made stale in the service of quackery."

We would quote a passage from the article in the Lancet referred to above, but, really, it is too indecent to appear in print.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW—*Vol.* XXXI. *Fourth Series, Vol.* I. *January*, 1849. J. M'CLINTOCK, D. D., *Editor. New York. pp.* 160.

It is pleasant to read this periodical on account of the neatness of its typography, if nothing else. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of the art that comes to our table.

It opens with a portrait of Rev. James Dixon, D.D., President of the Conference, accompanied by a biographical sketch. This

is followed by a disquisition on "The Lord's Day, the Christian Sabbath."

The next paper is concerning "The Literature of Politics—the Reporter and the Letter Writer," wherein it appears that the reporter is entitled to much of the literary credit awarded to the political orators of the world.

The fourth article is on Dr. Channing, in which a very liberal view is taken of this Theological Reformer—liberal, we mean, for an orthodox writer. It is said of him that he never read the eulogistic review of his works in the Westminster Quarterly, nor the malicious criticisms of Hazlitt and Lord Brougham in the Edinburgh Review, though they were several times in his hands. He said, "I have felt that the less I read about myself, the better." Few authors can say as much. It is related of him, that in a conversation concerning barbarous modes of punishment in the navy, he silenced all defence of the lash, by exclaiming, in his peculiar manner, "What! *strike a* MAN!" Channing was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780; entered Harvard University at fourteen, and graduated at eighteen; spent two years as private tutor in Richmond, Va.; returned to Cambridge, as Regent, in 1801; was settled as pastor of Federal street Church, Boston, in 1803; visited Europe in 1822; began his celebrated essays on Milton, Napoleon, and Fenelon, which distinguish the commencement of his literary career proper, in 1826; visited the West Indies in 1830; commenced his anti-slavery labors in 1835; and died Oct. 2, 1842.

The next article elucidates the meaning of the Hebrew word *sheol*, and concludes it to be the place of the dead.

Article sixth is on "The Progressive Principle of Language and Style," in which many inaccuracies of writers are exposed—inaccuracies found in the classics, such as want of perspicuity and an improper collocation of words.

We then come to a review of the Biography of Rev. Edward Irving, which concludes with this singular sentence—"His errors were of the judgment, not of the will or the heart; and we feel convinced that all candid minds, by whom this truly great and good man was duly appreciated, will consent to a like decision." It strikes us that it is no apology for a man's errors to say, they

"are of the judgment, not of the will or heart;" for errors from either source are the result of some mental deficiency—some lack of development, for which the individual is as much responsible in one case as in the other.

After a review of Carlyle's works, we come to a long table of short reviews and notices of books, to which we shall pay no attention, except to the charge of plagiarism clearly proved against Dr. Paley, the Blackstone of Theology, as he has been called. The charge was made and supported in the London Athenæum. It appears that Paley's Natural Theology is but a running commentary upon Dr. Nieuwentyt's Christian Philosopher. Dr. Nieuwentyt was a divine of Holland, and published his work in 1700. The general arrangement is not only similar in style and the same in substance, but the introductory argument of Paley is copied nearly verbatim from Nieuwentyt! The book of the Holland divine was published about one hundred years before that of Dr. Paley.

PSYCHOMETRY.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man, for January, February, March, and April.*

As we would attend to all matters of interest that arise, we would not forget the theory of Psychometry, of which Dr. Buchanan claims the paternity.

The term *Psychometry* is derived from two Greek words—*psuchee*, signifying spirit, and *metron*, measure; and both combined may be interpreted the measure of the soul or mind. That is, the theory of Psychometry instructs us in the mode of determining the relative strength of each of the faculties of the mind, the power of the whole mind, as well as the dominant impulses and motives of action which govern each individual, all of which can be determined as well in the absence as in the presence of the subject, and as well after he is dead as while living.

All that is necessary to enable us to thus measure a human spirit which is invisible to the physical sense, is to put a person of "peculiarly fine, sensitive, and intellectual endowments" into a species of semi-magnetic state, in which the mind receives additional power by a contact with another mind, and the individu-

al rises into a state of partial mental illumination, in which he can spiritually perceive facts in the past, the future, or in the distance, as though they were present. Yea, the individual thus situated is enabled to make discoveries beyond the reach of the mind in its natural state, and to compass almost an infinite range of inquiry. For instance, a folded letter is placed in the hands of the subject, and without any knowledge of its contents he will tell every idea recorded, and even describe the whole character of the writer, and give his ruling motives—in short, the cloak of the hypocrite and the most ingenious disguise of the knave are torn asunder, and the most secret thoughts revealed. The same may be done with the simple autograph of an individual, according to Prof. Buchanan's theory; though a thoughtful friend has suggested that all these wonderful results can be obtained as well, whether the name be written by another, or by the individual who is under examination.

We have thus briefly given an idea of Psychometry. We will cite a few examples as given by Prof. Buchanan himself, in the April number of his Journal of Man. In speaking of the scenes presented when one human spirit is thus attempting to reveal another, the Professor says:

"Oftentimes the scenes which are thus presented will be highly picturesque and poetical—happily illustrative of the true spirit of man. In trying several autographs upon the head of the Rev. Mr. G., I was struck with several of his picturesque sketches. For example—in portraying the Rev. Mr. Bascom, the eloquent Methodist divine, who rose by his own energies from an humble position, he said that the first scene that rose to his mind was an humble forest residence—a small clearing in the woods—the kettles hanging over the fire with forked sticks—a youth of studious disposition cultivating his mind—the various transitions occurred—the country advanced in cultivation—villages and cities sprang up—the youth was observed in other scenes, and soon became a powerful, eloquent, and universally admired orator of the pulpit."

But the most striking experiment mentioned by the Professor, was with his own autograph. After reading it, no one acquainted with him will fail to recognize the truthfulness of the description:

"I placed my own autograph upon his head, and it produced the scene of a leader or adventurer marching on towards a dis-

tant height, while a multitude behind were looking upon his progress, and as he looked back he paused to wait until the foremost could overtake him. He appeared to be covered, as to his head, by a species of Roman helmet, which rendered him insensible to the missiles and weapons which he expected to encounter. As this was a true statement of my position at that time, I thought it a happy sketch; for I had slackened my scientific investigations, and was engaged in propagating my neurological discoveries, hoping that public sentiment might be gradually brought a little nearer to my advanced position in science."

We might criticise the Doctor's manners as a scientific man somewhat, and not prejudice his cause, but rather benefit it. He is, we think, disposed to excite the wonder and curiosity of his readers overmuch. He labors, we had almost said, more to cause his readers to marvel, than to instruct them. This will injure him and his journal; because, if he carry the tide of curiosity too high, and fail to gratify what he excites, there will be a reflux that will be apt to carry the people farther from his reach, and dampen his scientific ardor.

Another fault is, that he does not sink self sufficiently in the all-importance of his discoveries. A true scientific inquirer should let the truths he developes occupy the front ground, and not paint himself there in full giant size.

We would not, however, be fastidious. The Doctor is doing great good, and we invoke the earnest attention of the people to his researches.

THEOLOGY.—*Lectures on Systematic Theology: embracing Lectures on Moral Government, together with Atonement, Moral and Physical Depravity, Regeneration, Philosophical Theories, and Evidences of Regeneration. By* CHARLES G. FINNEY, *Professor of Theology in the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Oberlin, O.:* JAMES M. FITCH.

The book before us is an attempt, attended with more or less success, to reconcile the great doctrines which have been drawn from the Bible with the conclusions of the Reason and the intuitions of the Soul. It is an attempt to banish the idea of mystery that has hung over theological subjects, and to enable man to grasp

them with his own intellectual powers. This is what no former theologian has attempted. "God's ways are not man's ways," has ever been the answer made to many of the main questions that arise in studying the orthodox theories of God, a Future State, Salvation, &c. Many thoughtful theologians have perceived that this mode of disposing of difficulties will not answer the demands of intelligent and inquiring minds. All feel a consciousness of a light within, and that they were created to let that light shine upon their pathway; that every one has faculties to use, and is bound to use them, let their determinations be what they may; and that if he undertake to cut off inquiry in one respect, there is no limit which can be prescribed to the annihilation of human thought, and the consequent annihilation of the whole man himself.

Mr. Finney is one who has become alarmed in view of the "desolations of Zion," occasioned by the failure of the Church to reconcile reason with revelation, and has really applied himself to the task in "good earnest." His book is one of progressive theology, and will do much good. It has been met by some of the old thinkers (or, rather, no thinkers at all, when reason interposes difficulties) with great acrimony, and is denounced in unsparing terms. Indeed, we anticipated this violent reception in his preface:

"I am too well acquainted with the prejudices of the great mass of professing christians, and with their unwillingness to be at the pains of studying elementary truths and of judging for themselves, to expect that this book will soon find favor with a majority of them. Still, I am aware that a spirit of inquiry into the fundamental and elementary truths of religion, and of all science, is abroad, and is waking up more and more in the Church. There is a deep and growing demand for explanation in regard to the subjects discussed in this work. Especially is this true of ministers and leading laymen and women. This work is an humble attempt to meet this demand. My object has been to simplify and explain. The book has no literary merit, and claims none."

Mr. Finney has been an energetic Church Reformer. His labors have been productive of great good. He has hammered away heartily at the wedge that has been inserted in the old gnarly log of theology, and it has cracked under his blows. He

has established a flourishing Theological Seminary, where young men are educated in the progressive faith.

Mr. Finney has large sympathy with his fellows of all conditions, and he hopes to be recorded, as he will be, among the great Reformers of the Nineteenth Century. We strike hands with him in his efforts to emancipate the human mind, as we are ever ready to second any that look to the abolition of superstition and the triumph of reason. We hold that there is no revealed truth that cannot be demonstrated by the faculties of man. There cannot be such a truth; because as long as man cannot understand a principle, it is to him unrevealed, and it is absurd to call it a revelation. But we did not design an essay in calling attention to this work.

VOICES OF NATURE, *and Thoughts in Rhyme. By* SIDNEY DYER. *Louisville:* COWLING & DAVIS, 1849. BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.*

The dedication of this work smacks somewhat Magoonish. Thus—"*To all young men who are too aspiring to remain ignorant, too indomitable to be depressed by poverty, and who would rather be wise than wealthy, this volume is respectfully inscribed, by the author.*" It is, nevertheless, a capital dedication, and will serve to start the sluggish blood of many a young man into whose hands we hope the volume may fall.

Before advancing beyond the dedication and preface, we became much prepossessed in favor of the youthful author. The following from the preface is good, because it ridicules the almost universal apology, that the author publishes by particular solicitation, or to distribute among his friends. Thus: "We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are, the liberty to write rhymes when they please, and to publish them in a book when it suits their purpose; and that every individual has the right to occupy and improve a portion of the demesne of Literature; provided, always, that he does not appropriate to himself the betterments of his neighbor, without giving due credit for value received."

This volume is neatly printed after the best eastern models, and is of much poetic merit. It is made up of short pieces, of great variety, with many of rare beauty. We have not space to specify, but will give a brace of pleasant pieces, entitled *The Snowflake* and *Song of the Sunbeam :*

THE SNOWFLAKE.

Little evanescent thing,
Flitting on thy jewelled wing,
Soon to press the plain so drear,
And dissolve into a tear!
Yet I will not weep for thee—
Brighter is thy destiny.

Though the frost may on the plain,
Hold thee with an icy chain,
Spring will come with sunny glee,
To unlock and set thee free.
Mounting up on wings of air,
When the forked lightnings glare;
Riding in the thunder's car,
O'er the spicy lands afar;
Breathing in the leaves of flowers,
Sparkling in the summer showers;
Glowing in the vernal bow,
Leaping with the streamlet's flow;
Mingling with the ocean's waves,
Coursing through the coral caves;
Swimming in the peasant's bowl,
Nectar to the thirsty soul;
Thus a merry round thou'lt go—
Back again a flake of snow!

Such is changing life to me—
Now in sadness, now in glee;
Bathed, at times, in sorrow's tears,
Mounting now above all fears;
Soaring upward to the skies,
Prostrate as the flowret lies;
Doomed to sleep within the grave,
O'er me soon the grass will wave;
Yet as deathless still I know,
As the changing flake of snow!

SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

I'm the bright SUNBEAM!
I flit as a dream,
Which gently comes down from the skies,

When sleep with delight
Holds infancy bright,
To close up its soft silken eyes.

O'er lake and o'er sea,
As tripping with glee,
Reflected my beauties I trace;
So soft is the wave,
As lightly I lave,
It trembles as still we embrace.

I lie in the rose,
When freshly unclosed
Its leaves to the sun and the breeze;
I skip o'er the plain,
And ripe waving grain,
Or glide o'er the leaves of the trees.

I shun not the cot,
Where poverty's lot
Holds often the wise and the good;
Through thatch and through pane
I leap in again,
A gift all unsullied from God.

I shrink from the halls,
And thick curtained walls,
Where wealth lies in sorrow all day;
But in at the door
Where dwelleth the poor,
A daily warm visit I pay.

I never will shrink
From the cataract's brink,
But paint in its moisture my bow;
And down on the stream
With radiance gleam,
As stars floating up from below.

On death's pallid cheek,
I often will seek
To glow with the beauty of even;
But finding has fled
The soul of the dead,
Will mount with it gladly to heaven!

The night for awhile
May shadow my smile,
Then Nature in sorrow will reek;

I'll come o'er the lawn
At first peep of dawn,
And wipe each sad tear from its cheek.

In each opened grave
I'll pour in my wave,
To show there is light in the tomb;
And smiling will say,
Come, this is the way
To where I eternally bloom!

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS, *in familiar Letters to friends. By* HENRY COLEMAN, *author of European Agriculture, and the Agriculture of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland. In two Volumes.* LITTLE & BROWN, *Boston.* BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.* 1849.

We kept our eye upon Mr. Coleman while publishing his Agricultural series, and from them are prepared to recommend the books before us. The author is not a one-sided man, and he travels to some purpose, by observing all that concerns the well-being of man as well as what relates to the special object of his tour. We cannot forbear quoting a passage from the author's account of his visit to Edinburgh:

"Here, indeed, was such a population as I had never seen before, and human beings in a degree of degradation and lower than any in what I had supposed it possible for human beings to subsist. The filth, the nastiness, the nakedness, the drunkenness, the horrible condition of the streets and yards, the narrow wynds, the dark closes, the loftiness of the houses, (some seven and some eleven stories in height,) with family piled over family, without a foot of yard room or even the most common conveniences of life, staircases without a single window, or any light, excepting what was admitted by the opening at the foot of the passage, (for an outer door is never hung here,) presented a hideous spectacle; and the street crowded with people, bare-headed and barefooted, exhibiting an assemblage of thousands of miserable, starving, drunken, ignorant, dissolute, poor, forlorn, wretched beings, in the midst of what is called a christian community. After this sight, I went to church, and with what heart I leave you to conjecture—and here I found churches crowded with people full of rancor, breathing anathemas against those who differ with them in opinion, and contending with each other wth all the fury of ancient clans, about church government. What a commenta-

ry suggests itself to a reflecting mind! It seemed to me to resemble nothing more than a contention between the Priest and the Levite about sacrifices over the body of a wounded, robbed, bleeding traveller by the wayside. These people, too, will spend their thousands and thousands for Missions to the Heathen, many of whom are really more of christians than they are themselves, and neglect their poor, suffering brethren, wallowing in wretchedness, and destitution, and vice, at their own doors. * * * These people are many of them engaged in linen manufactories; the wages of many of them do not exceed four shillings per week, out of which they pay three shillings and sixpence for board, and the rest goes for incidentals and clothing, of which, indeed, they have precious little. Their living consists of oat-meal porridge and a little milk in the morning, potatoes and sometimes bread at noon, and porridge again in the evening; and they work fourteen hours in the mills, including an hour and a half for meals. * * * Hardly one woman or child in twenty, I might, perhaps, more properly say one in fifty, has either shoe, stocking, shawl, or bonnet on, and I have some doubts whether petticoat either, and probably are not washed once in a month. * * * There, too, in the midst of all this wretchedness, these poor creatures are thrust one side lest they should be run over by the carriage of the rich man, who comes lolling in his charriot, with a postilion, a driver, and perhaps two footmen, with their powdered heads and gold-headed canes, to serve his pleasure or his pride."

CHURCH AND STATE.—*Essay on the Union of Church and State. By* BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, M. A. HARPERS, *New York.* BRADLEY & ANTHONY, *Cincinnati.* 1849.

This book is valuable for the locality for which it was designed, but is of little service here, except as it embodies useful facts of Church and State folly. A simple argument against such a union is not needed in this country.

We are, of course, opposed to what is commonly understood by union of Church and State. But the only true idea of the Church ought to sit aloft o'er the State, and control all its doings. What is this idea, you may ask, that should thus be sovereign? We answer, that the idea of the Church is the highest principle of excellence comprehended by man. Every one has an ideal of the true life above that which he actualizes. The object of the Church is to embody this idea and furnish the means of attain-

ing and realizing the ideal. It should embody the highest sentiment of the age; and whosoever strives for greater purity of life, and desires, above all things, the advancement of his own and his fellows' highest good, is a member of the true Church. This idea should actuate men on all occasions and in all they do. It should be uppermost in the thoughts and motives of the statesman, and thus be united with the State, and supreme in all its deliberations. There is no other true idea of the Church. It is, we repeat, an embodiment of the highest excellence, without which it is no Church.

CHRONIC DISEASES.—*Banning's Common Sense on Chronic Diseases, or a rational treatise on the mechanical cause and cure of many chronic affections of the visceral organs, of both the male and the female systems. By* DR. E. P. BANNING. *Ninth Edition. New York,* 1848.

We seek useful books to commend to the attention of our readers as well as new ones, and indeed prefer a valuable old one to a worthless volume just from the press.

Such books as the one before us are rare, as well as rarely studied, and at the same time they are invaluable and indispensible to the health and progress of the race. Man cannot greatly improve either in his physical or mental condition, unless he learn the laws of his being and obey them. To acquire this knowledge we must study ourselves, and become familiar with all that is known concerning our constitutions. Physiology should be as indispensible a branch of education as Mathematics, English Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic may not save us from a thousand sins and a life of wretchedness; but we know that an acquaintance with Physiology will protect us from injuring ourselves, preserve our health, and, if we be deformed, enable us to correct the deformity and transmit to our children better organization than we have. When our Presidents, Professors, Teachers, and Clergymen, shall learn the first principles of human well-being, and the secret of the improvement of the race, we shall be induced to employ our studious hours more judiciously, and our children will be taught "*useful* knowledge." A society was organized some years since in London called The

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but in all their publications we know not as they have attempted to impress the public with the importance of acquiring the *most useful* knowledge—a knowledge of the philosophy of human life, and the true means of physical improvement which involves the happiness of mankind.

Mankind need a physiological as well as a spiritual salvation, and the latter in a great measure depends upon the former. It is useless to talk to us of the spiritual salvation of a man, the base of whose brain is developed beyond the control of the superior region, for it is impossible for such an one to control his propensities to evil. But Physiology tells us how to prevent the transmission and perpetuation of such unfortunate organizations, and no other gospel will give us this knowledge.

It is a sin, therefore to suffer the young to grow up in ignorance of themselves, and as strict an account will be hereafter demanded for neglecting Physiology as for disregarding the Bible.

We, therefore, call attention to Dr. Banning's work as affording many important hints. The author employs his time in lecturing on Physiology and instructing in the exercises which can be adopted to produce a symmetrical and healthful development of the body. An individual of hollow breast, and stooping down over a contracted chest, can become erect, and obtain a capacious breast with lungs full and healthy, by pursuing the proper physical training. Thus, one who would otherwise prematurely die of consumption, will be saved for many years to be admired for his symmetrical power and perfect health. Let the people think of these things.

THE ADVENTURES *of Caleb Williams; or things as they are. By* WILLIAM GODWIN. *J. A. & U. P. James, Cincinnati.*

William Godwin, the author of that inestimable work, entitled Political Justice, occupied a position in Philosopy, at least a century in advance of his age. He taught truth to which few, even now have attained, though there is a slow but certain progress of the general mind in the reception of his doctrines. He was a most ardent sympathiser with his fellows, and a most gener-

ous enthusiasm animated his spirit. We have not space here to enlarge upon his peculiar views, but will quote a few passages that scintillate the fire of his soul.

"Children are a sort of raw material put into our hands, which if we do not ultimately mould in conformity to our wishes, it is because we throw away the power committed to us, by the folly with which we are accustomed to exert it."

Again, speaking of education, he says:

"Our labor is expended, not in teaching truth but in teaching falsehood. When that is the case, education is necessarily and happily maimed of half its power. The success of an attempt to mislead can never be complete. We continually communicate in spite of ourselves, the materials of just reasoning; reason is the genuine exercise and truth the native element of our intellectual nature; it is not a wonder, therefore, that with a crude and abortive plan to govern his efforts, the preceptor is perpetually baffled, and the pupil who has been thus stored with systematic delusions, and half discovered, clandestine truths, should come out any thing rather than that which his instructor intended him. * * * * *

"Speak the language of truth and reason to your child, and be under no apprehension for the result. Show him that what you recommend is truly valuable and desirable, and fear not but he will desire it. Convince his understanding and you enlist all his powers, animal and mental, in your service. How long has the genius of education been disheartened and unnerved by the pretence that man is born all that it is possible for him to become."

Again, speaking of the obligation of all to act for the general good, he is inspired to utter the following truth:

"Suppose, for example, that it is the right of one man to possess a greater portion of property than another, whether as the fruits of his industry, or the inheritance of his ancestors. Justice obliges him to regard this property as a trust, and calls upon him maturely to consider in what manner it may be employed for the increase of liberty, knowledge and virtue. He has no right to dispose of a shilling of it at the suggestion of his caprice. So far from being entitled to well earned applause for having employed some scanty pittance in the service of philanthropy, he is in the eye of justice a delinquent if he withhold any portion from that service. * * * In the same manner as I hold my property, I hold my person as a trust in behalf of mankind. I am bound to employ my talents, my understanding, my strength and my time for the production of the greatest quantity of general good.

Such are the declarations of justice—so great is the extent of my duty."

Under these principles how long would it take to regenerate all mankind and banish the evils of poverty and ignorance? These quotations are sufficient to commend any thing he has published to the careful attention of the people.

ADDRESS *on the progress and dignity of the Medical Profession; delivered before the trustees, faculty, students and friends of the Starling Medical College, at its Annual Commencement, February* 17, 1849. *By* B. T. CUSHING, ESQ., *Columbus, Ohio.*

This is an interesting address from which we take a passage Speaking of the Black Death, or Great Mortality, in illustration of the progress of Medical Science, Mr. Cushing says:—

"This dreadful scourge broke out in the east in the year 1333, and with various symptoms traversed, during twenty-six years, the whole of the Old World, from China to England. Wherever it came, people were oppressed with dumb fear, or grew mad with terror. The churches were closed—family ties were dissolved—mothers deserted their children, and children their parents. The miser forgot his gold, and the lady her lover. Every thing the sick had touched, their breath and clothes, spread the contagion. Merchants of immense wealth brought their goods to the church, but money had become poison, and the monks only received it to die. The churchyards could no longer contain the corpses, and they were left unburied, or arranged by thousands in pits, or thrown into the rivers. China lost thirteen millions of inhabitants. India was depopulated. Tartary, Mesopotamia and Syria were covered with dead bodies. The Kurds 'fled in vain to the mountains.' In Caramania and Cesarea, none were left alive. Only a few cities of Asia escaped, and her loss, aside from that of China, was nearly 24,000,000. From the Orient, preceded by an offensive mist, the plague settled down upon Italy and Europe. Here ensued the same scenes—the closing of churches, the division of families—the destruction of business, and the devastation of cities. More than 200,000 towns and villages were depopulated. Italy lost half of her inhabitants. Germany 1,200,000. In many places in France, not more than two in twenty were left alive. In England, it is said nearly nine-tenths of the inhabitants perished, This last is evidently too large an estimate, but without exaggeration, Europe was dispoiled of 25,000,000, or one-fourth of its

entire population. In Florence, it was forbidden to toll the bells, lest the survivors should surrender to despair; and the historian records, that when the plague had ceased, 'men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so livid had terror and anxiety left the countenances of the survivors.'

"Amid this terrible havoc, when death appeared, seated upon his pale steed, waging a war of extermination against mankind, where were the Medical Profession of that age? With a laudable desire for self-preservation, the most of them declared that medical aid was unavailing, and sought, in contagion, to justify flight. Guy de Chauliac alone remained at Avignon. And now we behold one of the most curious documents recorded in history. The College of Physicians of Paris, being the most celebrated of the fourteenth century, were called upon to give their opinion regarding the Great Mortality. They published a bulletin, which is still preserved, and which, as a professional exposition, is certainly without an equal in this or any other age. They gave, as the occasion of the plague, that the 'Constellations which combatted the rays of the sun, had struggled with the waters of the Great Sea, and originated vapors'—that 'the sun and fire had attracted a great portion of the sea to themselves, that the waters were corrupted, and the fish died, and the vapor over-spread the earth like a fog,' and the like would continue 'so long as the sun remained in the sign Leo!' Thus much for the opinion of the very learned faculty regarding its cause. The means of prevention pointed out were equally singular. The Medical College stated that they relied on 'Constellations striving with the aid of nature, by virtue of their divine might to protect and heal the human race,' and followed this by recommending some simple rules for diet and exercise, for the burning of vine wood and green laurel, and by the sage advice that 'fat men should not sit in the sun,' nor 'rain water be used in cooking.' Of the astral influence in producing the Great Mortality, all the physicians of that day were fully convinced. A grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, in the sign of Acquarius, was considered the primary cause of the Black Plague."

EMERSON BENNETT.—*Bandits of the Osage, Mike Fink, Kate Clarenden, Prairie Flower, Leni-Leoti, &c.*

The celebrated actor, Garrick, was asked by a friend of the Theological profession, why it was that actors, who represent fiction, make so much stronger impressions upon their auditors, and control their feelings so much more effectually, than clergymen,

who teach the truth? The reply was truthful as it was witty—"We, actors, portray fiction as if it were truth; while you, clergymen, speak the truth as if it were fiction."

This may account, in part, for the greater popularity of works of fiction than of works of philosophy, theology, art, and science. The novelists descend into the deep and strong nature of man, and lay bare the human heart. They enter into the spirit of the various characters they describe, and impart something of reality to their ideals. The fault, on the other hand, with those who speak and write in the cause of truth, is, that they fail to get into the spirit of truth themselves, and do not warm with the theme and glow with the ardor that should inspire them.

Mr. Bennett has written many powerful novels during the past three years. The great fault we have heretofore noticed in his works, is the too great familiarity with cruel scenes, which is injurious to his readers. We think he is fast correcting this fault, and is courting the higher and more genial manifestations of Humanity which are rapidly taking hold of the masses. The time is fast approaching when all portraitures of blood will be revolting to the millions, and few will be found to read them.

Mr. Bennett's novels have been extensively sold, and their popularity is sufficient testimony of the mental strength expended in their composition. We shall await each new publication of this author with interest, looking for still further improvement in the matter to which we have referred. The public taste is ripe for more of the gentle and amiable in human nature, and he will be fortunate who most successfully supplies this growing demand.

ART. XVIII.—MRS. LEWIS' POEMS.

The Child of the Sea and other Poems. By S. ANNA LEWIS. *George P. Putnam, New York.*

Mrs. Lewis acquired, almost immediately upon her literary *début*, a reputation of which any American poetess might be proud, and has since steadily and very rapidly advanced in the public estimation, both in securing the voice of the *many*, and in winning the hearts of the few whose appreciation a poet could alone desire, the author of "Florence," of "Zenel," of "The Bride of Guayaquil," of "The Forsaken" and of "The Child of the Sea," has been pre-eminently *successful*. Mr. Willis, Mr. Bryant and many others who hold the highest rank in our literary Republic, have not only felt but cordially expressed their sense of her genius. If *laudari a laudatis* be grateful to the soul of a poet, then Mrs. Lewis has had abundant reason to be happy and proud.

Our authoress is one of the youngest of American poetesses, and gave indication, at a very early age, of the powers she has since so strikingly and fully manifested. The first poetical effort, however, which brought her name very especially before the eye of the public, was "The Ruins of Palenque" which appeared originally in "The New World." This poem, which was extensively copied, is based on a passage in Stephens' "Travels in Central America." In 1844 the Appletons published, at New York, her "Records of the Heart," a large edition of which was soon exhausted. In 1846 appeared, in "The Democratic Review," her "Broken Heart," a poem in three cantos; since which she has given to the world a number of minor compositions, chiefly poetical, through the medium of various periodical works—among which the principal are the Democratic and American Reviews. Her last, longest, and beyond all question her most meritorious production, however, is that which Mr. Putnam has just issued and which forms the heading of the present hurried critique.

With the exception, perhaps, of "The Broken Heart," (which forms a portion of the volume now before us) the best of Mrs. Lewis' earlier poems are included, for the most part, in "The Records of the Heart." "Florence" is the opening composition in that collection; and is strongly characteristic—embodying nearly all the author's peculiarities of subject, manner, and turn of thought. It is a tale of fervid romance, instinct with the poetic sentiment and spirit, although neither so accurately finished nor so elaborate as some of her late productions. "Laone," "Melpomene," "Zenel," "The Bride of Guayaquil" and "The Last Hour of Sappho," are the most important of the remaining poems in the volume. They all breathe, however, the same spirit and are distinguished by the glow, the enthusiasm, the dreamy romance and apparent (or perhaps real) *abandon* of expression. To quote individual passages from poems so long as are all those just mentioned, would be to render the author a disservice—but we will make our readers *amende* by the citation of two of her shorter pieces—each exquisite in a different way.

TO E.

Thou'rt gone from this cold world of ours,
  A resident above—
An angel midst unfading flowers
  And songs of changeless love;
And com'st no more at eventide
  To lay thy hand in mine,
With smiles to cheer our fire-side,
  And bid me not repine;
And yet, lost one, thou art to me
  More than the living all can be—
A light that shines from Heaven afar,
  My morning and my evening star.

I ne'er shall hear again on Earth
  Thy footstep's blithesome bound,
Nor meet thee by the parent hearth
  When there we kneel around:—
No! nevermore shall see below
  Beloved, thy form so fair,
Thy lily cheek and snowy brow—
  Thy wealth of golden hair;
And yet, lost one, thou art to me
  More than the living all can be—
A light that shines from Heaven afar,
  My morning and my evening star.

Around me—near me—every where
  I hear thy angel voice—
Sweet accents from a viewless sphere,
  Bidding my heart rejoice.
At morn or eve—in vale or grove—
  Where'er my footsteps tend—
Down from thy starry realms above
  Thy meek eyes on me bend.
And thus, lost one, thou art to me
  More than the living all can be—
A light that shines from Heaven afar,
  My morning and my evening star.

There must be something more than ordinarily impressive, both in the sentiment and expression, as well as in the cadence, of a *refrain*, to enable us to admire it, or even to tolerate it, unaltered in its phraseology, through the whole of even a brief poem. We must therefore consider the lines "And thus, lost one," &c., &c., as essentially poetical; and *they are*. Throughout the whole composition there is a sustained and quiet dignity which is very impressive. But in terse, natural, passionate expression they are not to be compared with

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said for all who die
    There is a tear—
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
    O'er every bier:—
But, in that hour of pain and dread,
    Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
    One farewell tear?

Who watch life's dim departing ray
    In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
    With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
    "In weeds of wo,"
And follow me to my long home
    Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed
    In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
    Will come and weep—

By the pale moon implant the rose
    Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose—
    My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
    Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
    Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
    That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
    And light the tomb.

Yes! in that hour if I could feel,
    From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence, one would steal
    In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
    In night's deep noon—
Oh, I would ask of Memory
    No other boon!

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
    A deeper wo!
From all I love in youth's sweet prime
    I soon must go—
Draw round me my cold robes of white
    In some dark spot,
To sleep through Death's long dreamless night
    Lone and forgot.

We can never speak or think of these lines without enthusiasm. They are supremely beautiful in their *natural* pathos. The passages italicised fill us with a shuddering delight in which we recognize the earnest power of the poet. This poem could not have been written without first being profoundly—despairingly—*felt.*

The "Child of the Sea" is a tale of romantic adventure—of love, sorrow and crime. It most fully exemplifies the peculiar tone of the author's mind—its *romance* first—its enthusiasm—its *abandon.* It is more skilfully executed, however,—better versified and more artistically constructed as a tale, than "Florence" or any other similar narrative by this author. The story is

deeply interesting—full of adventure, passion and imagination. It would not be doing Mrs. Lewis justice to give any digest of the story; and we must content ourselves with a merely general expression of admiration, and the citation of some passages at random.

CRIME.

Oh Crime! thou mayst escape the Laws of Earth;
Mayst trample on the hearts of Love and Worth;
Imbrue thy hideous hands in human blood,
Remorseless as within the limpid flood,
The priceless mines of Ophir mayst unfold,
And clothe thy ghastly form in glowing gold—
The brightest gems from coral caves upcast;
But Heaven's avenging hand will seek thee out at last!

DEATH.

Death touched his heart, and every pulse grew still,
Immovable, and stark, and coldly chill,
As ice that clings around the Boreal Pole;
The last warm spark that played around his soul
Was quenched. Vitality forever flown,
And like a frigid monument of stone,
Prostrate he fell, a senseless, lifeless clod,
Unwept on Earth—an outcast from his God—
A foe to Virtue—to mankind a curse—
A slave to Crime—the Victim of Remorse.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

Ye Powers! that rule the destinies of men!
By some swift blow, obliterate my pain!
My brain is maddened with revengeful Ire,
My heart encompassed by the scorpion's fire.
Angel of Beauty! Virtue deified
On Earth! yet not to earthly things allied!
Thou art too beautiful for mortal touch—
For this vile orb, Heaven ne'er created such—
Thou art the fair Redeemer of my heart:
All sinful thoughts thy presence bade depart—
Heaven cannot fathom all my Love for thee—
'Tis pure—'tis boundless as Eternity!